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THE

COURT MAGAZINE,

CONTAINING

Original Papers,

BY DISTINGUISHED WRITERS,

AND

FINELY ENGRAVED

PORTRAITS, LANDSCAPES, AND COSTUMES,

FROM PAINTINGS BY EMINENT MASTERS.

VOL. VI.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1835.

LONDON:
EDWARD CHURTON, HOLLES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.
(LATE BULL AND CHURTON.)
1835.
EMBELLISHMENTS TO VOL. VI.


A Landscape View of Eastnor Castle, the Seat of the Right Honourable Earl Somers, engraved by J. C. Armytage, from a Drawing by W. Daniell, Esq. R.A.

Two Coloured Figures of Costumes, from Original Drawings by Mr. Parris.

No. II.—Portrait of the Right Honourable Lady Radstock, engraved by Henry Brett, from a Painting by W. Barclay, Esq.

Three Coloured Figures of Costumes, from Original Drawings by Mr. Parris.


A Landscape View of Althorp, the Seat of the Right Honourable Earl Spencer, engraved by Tredaway, from a Drawing by W. Daniell, Esq. R. A.

Two Coloured Figures of Costumes, from Original Drawings by Mr. Parris.

No. IV.—Portrait of the Right Honourable Lady Helena Caroline Cooke, engraved by W. H. Egleton, from a Miniature by Collen.

Three Coloured Figures of Costumes, from Original Drawings by Mr. Parris.

No. V.—Portrait of the Right Honourable Viscountess Newark, engraved by J. Cochran, from a Miniature by Collen.

A Landscape View of Belvoir Castle, the Seat of his Grace the Duke of Rutland, engraved by M. J. Starling, from a Drawing by W. Daniell, Esq. R.A.

Two Coloured Figures of Costumes, from Original Drawings.

No. VI.—Portrait of Lady Chetwynd, engraved by J. Cochran, from a Miniature by C. Ross, Esq.

Three Coloured Figures of Original Drawings.
THE COURT MAGAZINE.

AND

Belle Assemblée,

FOR JANUARY, 1835.

GENEALOGICAL MEMORIAL OF LADY ERKINE.

The precise time when or by whom the appellation of Erskine was first assumed cannot be shown, yet it is certain that it was derived from the barony of Erskine in Renfrewshire, and thus as a local surname bears the stamp of antiquity. Mention of this noble house first appears in the time of Alexander II, in the twelfth year of whose reign.

Henry de Erskine witnessed the gift which Amalek, brother of Maldwin, Earl of Lennox, made, to the Canons of Paisly, of the patronage of the church of Rosemething, with the titles thereunto belonging.

Sir John de Erskine, his son and successor, likewise witnessed a donation made by Walter Steward, Earl of Menteith, to the Abbot of Paisly. The grandson of this Sir John, Sir William Erskine, a strenuous asserter of the right of Robert Bruce, joined, in 1322, the Earl of Murray and Sir James Douglas in an expedition into England, where his gallant behaviour procured for him the honour of knighthood and other marks of the royal favour. He was succeeded by his son, Sir Robert Erskine, whose son and successor, Sir Thomas Erskine, espoused for his second wife Janet Keith, only child of Sir Edward Keith, Mareschal of Scotland, and great grand-daughter of Granty Marr, eleventh Earl of Marr. He was succeeded by his eldest son,

Sir Robert Erskine, of Erskine, who upon the death of Alexander, Earl of Marr, in 1436, laid claim to that earldom in right of his mother. His claim, however, continued a plea with the crown, which was not determined at his decease in 1453. His son and successor,

Thomas Erskine, prosecuted with vigour his father's pretensions to the earldom, but having the powerful party of the court for his opponents, a decree was given against him in parliament on the 5th November 1457. In the following year he had a charter, to Thomas, Lord Erskine, of the lands of Dalnoter in Lennox. He left a son and successor,

Alexander, second Lord Erskine, governor of Dumbarton Castle in the reign of King James IV, and a privy councillor to that prince. He died in 1510, and was succeeded by his son,

Robert, third Lord Erskine, who fell at the battle of Flodden, 9th September 1513, and was succeeded by his son,

John, fourth Lord Erskine. This nobleman married Lady Margaret Campbell, eldest daughter of Archibald, second Earl of Argyll, and dying in 1552, was succeeded by his eldest son,

John, fifth Lord Erskine, a distinguished statesman in the reign of Queen Mary. In 1565, he renewed the claim of his family to
the Earldom of Marr, and having made a fair title through a long deduced pedigree, his pretensions were allowed, and ratified by parliament. In 1571, upon the death of Matthew, Earl of Lennox, the Earl of Marr was, by the unanimous consent of the King’s party, chosen Regent of Scotland in the room of that nobleman. This high office he held but thirteen months, when dying the 28th October 1572, he was succeeded by his only son,

John, of right seventh Earl of Marr, of the Erskine race. On the 27th March 1604 he obtained from James VI the munificent grant of all the lands, baronies, &c. which belonged to the Priory of Inchmahome, and the Abbeys of Dryburgh and Kambuskenneth, all erected and incorporated into a free Lordship and Barony, to be called the Lordship of Cardross, which was confirmed by act of parliament, passed 10th July 1606, conferring upon the earl the honour and precedence of a Lord of Parliament, as Baron Cardross. And by a subsequent charter, 10th June 1610, he acquired the right of assigning the said Barony to whomsoever he thought proper. He had likewise a charter, on his own resignation, of the Earldom of Marr, Lordships of Strathdown, Strathdee, Garloch, Alloa, &c.; the inheritable offices of Captain of the Castle of Stirling, and Sheriff of the Shire thereof, &c. &c., to him and his heirs, and erecting the whole into the Earldom of Marr, 3rd February 1620. The Earl married first, Anne, second daughter of David, second Lord Drummond, and had an only son, James, his successor in the Earldom of Marr. He espoused, secondly, Lady Mary Stewart, second daughter of Eane, Duke of Lennox, and had, with other issue,

James, of whom presently.

Henry, to whom his father assigned the peerage of Cardross, but who dying before the Earl, the Barony devolved at his lordship’s decease in 1634, upon the said Henry’s son and successor, David Erskine, second Lord Cardross, whose grandson was David, fourth Lord, afterwards inheritor of the Earldom of Buchan.

James Erskine, the second son of the Earl of Marr, having espoused Mary, Countess of Buchan, became sixth Earl of Buchan in right of his wife, on whose resignation he obtained a charter of the Earldom to him, and Mary, Countess of Buchan, his wife, remainder to the heirs male of their bodies, which failing, to the nearest lawful heirs male, and assigns of the said sixth Earl. He was one of the Lords of the Bedchamber to Charles I, and resided much in England, where he died in 1640, having survived his Countess twelve years. He was succeeded by his son,

James, seventh Earl, who died in 1664, and was succeeded by his only son William, eighth Earl, on whose death in 1695, the issue male of James and Mary, Earl and Countess of Buchan, became extinct. In consequence, however, of a deed of entail, executed in 1677 by the last Earl,

David, fourth Lord Cardross, succeeded as ninth Earl of Buchan. This nobleman dying in 1745, was succeeded by his son, Henry David, tenth Earl, who left, with other issue, three sons; David Stewart, his successor; Henry, an eminent Scottish barrister, father of Henry David, present Earl of Buchan; and

The Honourable Thomas Erskine, who having served both in the army and navy, devoted at length his talents to the bar, to which he was called in 1777. Gifted with the most powerful eloquence, Mr. Erskine attained at once the summit of his profession as an advocate; in which capacity he continued until 1806, when he was appointed Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, and elevated to the peerage 8th April, in the same year as Baron Erskine of Restormel Castle. His lordship died 17th Nov. 1823, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

David Montagu, present peer, who in 1800 espoused Frances, daughter of General Cadwallader of Philadelphia, the lady whose portrait forms this month’s illustration, and has issue,

THE GARLAND OF MUSICIANS.—No. VI.

BY HENRY F. CHORLEY.

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN. Born at Bonn in the year 1770, died at Vienna, March 26 1827.

I.

Bend we to thee, our last and mightiest now!
Crown thou the pile mine eager song would raise
To Music’s chosen ministers—let praise
Take from each crown a garland for thy brow:
Calm Handel’s grandeur—Haydn’s manly glow—
Mozart’s impassioned tenderness—the joy
Of gay Rossini*—Weber’s fancies high—
All these on thee good angels did bestow,
Nor to the thankless gave. Thy toil by day,
The haunting thought which canopied thy rest
Was all thine art†—thou didst not her betray
For sordid hire—thou bowed no careless guest
With lukewarm homage at her public shrine,
But sought her inmost cells, and made their treasures thine.

II.

Thou livest in all thy hundred works—there speaks
A giant’s voice in each—now soaring high
In full consent of richest harmony;
When every tuneful instrument awakes,
And the high vault their joyous concert shakes.
Now, breathing softer through the vocal tale
Of the fond wife;—one hour a woman frail,
Trembling, and full of love—whom peril makes
A lion in the hour of need, to brave
A tyrant’s rage, if only she may save
Her captive lord—ere long, in high delight
To embrace that lord—his heavy fetters riven,
When blessed Mercy guides the arm of might,
And haggard prisoners leap with joy to look on heaven!

III.

Farewell!—with thee my coronal complete
I lay aside—but something of regret
Tempts me to linger o’er my garland yet,
Before I fling it at another’s feet.
What thousand memories, mournful, grave, and sweet,
Have swept across my soul—the while I wove
My votive lay—what thoughts of those I love—
What joys which coming years may ne’er repeat—
What hours of pain beguiled—what sudden mirth
Kindled where was but gloom—what meeting eyes
And smiles that echoed smiles:—how many a hearth
Circled with friends. Ah me!—the vision flies!
Farewell!—my song to gentle ears depart,
If nought beyond, thou bear’st the language of my heart!

* Lest any one should think I have attributed to Beethoven a character beyond his merits, I just refer to the numerous Scherzi and Rondeaus scattered through his instrumental works, than many of which nothing more fascinating and airy can be imagined.
† Many anecdotes are current of Beethoven’s absence of mind, and singular inattention to his worldly concerns.
‡ The Opera of Fidelio.
There is nothing else in nature or in art, nor even in art and nature united, that may compare with the Ring in Hyde Park on a fine Sunday at four o'clock, P.M., "in the pleasant month of May." There is no other sight in the world "so lively, audible, and full of vent." There is nothing else so brilliant in equipage, so bright in female beauty, so fertile in materials for the picturesque, so pre-eminent in birth and fashion, so prodigal in the evidences of national wealth, so productive of intellectual associations, so pregnant and overflowing with that spirit of society which is after all the only true "beauteous and sublime" of human life. The Longchamps of Paris, the Corso of Naples, the Prado of Madrid, and in short all the other public promenades of continental capitals, are poor and paltry by comparison. And as to our own of a similar kind,—the Regent's Park, St. James's, and the Green,—the first is but a receptacle for wandering cockneys, wasted West Indians, and captive wild beasts; the second is only a pretty play-ground for "the youth of both sexes," after school hours,—with the temptation of drowning themselves always at hand;—and the last is but a green retreat for a few favoured cows, and (in virtue of its basin) a refuge for the West-end destitute of all denominations, who do not think themselves worth powder and shot, and cannot screw up their courage to the parapet of Westminster Bridge.

The only efficient summary we have ever met with of the scene in question is included in the passionate exclamation (as we once heard it reported by poor Coleridge, who was present on the occasion) of a young English lady, at the first sight of Mont Blanc.

"Oh! It is beautiful! It is magnificent!! It is sublime!! It is very pretty!!"

To describe that scene—(not Mont Blanc but the Ring in Hyde Park)—to describe it in all its varied and vivid details—to paint on paper a moving panorama of it, after the pleasant fashion of Mr. Barford, "from authentic drawings taken on the spot," and to illustrate the view by a series of portraits sketched from life, are the somewhat bold and ambitious objects we have now in view. And if our readers will but lend us as large a portion of their imaginative faculties as they are wont and willing to do for the ingenious artist just named in respect of his little circular creations in Leicester Square, we shall not despair of performing our office to their amusement and satisfaction. And this whether they have been partakers and parties in the scene to be set forth, or not: for if our picture should fall short of realising the recollections of the first, we flatter ourselves it will not fail to overstep the anticipations of the second. We cannot hope to make it so good a thing as the reality; but we must not doubt of making it better than any thing else.

But first let us pay a due tribute of applause—(in this no more than echoing the popular feeling on the point in question)—to that excellent taste and discretion which have recently put into a new and perfect frame-work the great national picture we are about to copy.

There is nothing like despotic and irresponsible power, in effecting national improvements that are necessarily to cost great sums of money. Where would the pyramids of Egypt have been if "the people" had had any voice in the matter? If ancient Rome had rejoiced in a "limited monarchy," the eternal city would at this moment have been a morass. Could the sublime cathedrals of the Middle Ages have grown out of any thing less despotical than the decree of a National Church? Would Mr. Hume and the honourable member for Oldham have consented to the erection of our glorious St. Paul's? Being optimists, we do not absolutely despair of seeing England powerful and happy, even under a Reformed Parliament. But our great consolation under the new millennium is, that it did not arrive twenty years ago. If it had, where would Regent Street have been, or Waterloo Place, or Carlton Gardens, or the York Column, or Trafalgar Square, or the Club Houses, or the New Strand, or ("though last not least in our dear love") the lovely screen and gateways, the noble Triumphal Arch, the Achilles, and the other improvements and completions
SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE,

appertaining to the beautiful national scene we are about to describe?—“Where?” we demand—and echo answers “where?” In short, every thing would have remained in statu quo ante bellum; and London would have been the laughing stock of Europe, instead of its envy and admiration; the disgrace of England, instead of her boast and glory.

We will enter Hyde Park by the gateway of the beautiful screen we have just glanced at—turning back as we go, to admire the rich completeness given to the noble spot adjacent, by the massive Triumphal Arch leading into St. James’s Park, its gorgeous gateway, the neighbouring buildings about the top of Grosvenor Place, and the lovely opening across the Green Park, terminated by its misty back-ground, in which the stately towers of the West Minster stand supreme in their antique beauty.

It is Sunday; and we are accompanied on our entrance by streams of well dressed pedestrians, throngs of well mounted cavaliers, and strings of well appointed equipages, all tending to the same point of popular attraction,—the northern portion of that irregular shaped rings which is now our business to describe, with all its extraneous chasings, and all those temporary adjuncts which it wears so profusely on this its weekly jour-de-fête.

On first passing through the Screen which separates Hyde Park from the point of junction between the western extreme of Piccadilly on the one hand, and the great western road on the other, we find ourselves in an angular area, of irregular shape, and branching off, on the left, into two long and spacious carriage roads, running parallel with each other to an extent that (in our misty metropolitan atmosphere) the eye can scarcely take in. To-day these two roads are enlivened at intervals, “few and far between,” the one on the left by various unpretending equipages, rolling steadily along in both directions, as if willing to avoid the vulgar noise, bustle, and dust of the public road on the one hand, and the aristocratic gaiety and splendour of the crowded ring on the other. Their inmates are “steady and respectable” people, going to dine (at a “reasonable” hour) at Kensington Gravel Pits or their pursuits, or coming thence to their friends in town for a similar purpose.

The other still broader and more stately road, running parallel with that just referred to, finds its spacious solitude enlivened by a few quietly disposed equestrians alone: for carriages are interdicted there, save those of royalty itself, and of one favoured exception, His Grace the High Falconer of England:—this being, so far as we can understand, the only merit, emolument, or distinction its present possessor derives from that stately relict of feudalism. Unless indeed (which is more than “probable to thinking”) his grace owes to this so envied piece of apparent emptiness the more solid advantages and immunities of a buxom wife and a boundless fortune. Certain it is, his Duchess does not fail frequently to avail herself of this imaginary approximation to royalty. Nor can we blame her for so doing. To pay a hundred thousand a year for a turnpike ticket entitling one to travel the eight furlongs of “royal road,” between Kensington and London, and then not to use the privilege, were a superfluous piece of magnificence.

It grieves us to the heart to be able to say, that we remember the time when the two “splendid deserts” we have just now adverted to were the sole scenes of public favour, and when the ring of the present day was as barren of ornament as a wedding one—when it had not even a name to bless itself by, and its pursuers were at best but the Pré aux Clercs of pretty nurserymaids and ambitious gouvernantes. Ah! then were the times for England, when War, Wellington and Waste Paper ruled the roast all over the world, and wks and Rotten Row were in our glory—at least during the Oxford vacations: for we shall candidly confess that we never remember to have felt that Rotten Row or the Gardens had put on their full completeness until we formed a component part of their living ornaments!—Alas! in the Row, never more will

The left heel turn’d insidiously aside,
Provoke the coper which it seems to chide;

in the promenade, the embossed riding whip (now become a vulgarism) will never more invite female attention to the fair boot-top, and fairer buck-skin, and thus proclaim the equestrian order of the wearer;—the long, massive, down-pointing hunting spur will never more advisedly entangle itself in the frail flounce of the trim-waisted marchande de modes, and thus, by means of the necessary deprecations and apologies, precipitate and complete an acquaintance which the eyes initiated a fortnight before, and which can end only with the death of—the season! Alas! The glories of “The Gardens” are gone—Rotten Row is desolate—and the banks of the Serpentine (once weekly over-
spread, winter and summer alike, with the artificial flowers of the metropolitan parterre as profusely as a Persian carpet are as green, as silent, and as solitary as those of the Susquehannah!

But a truce to this Janus-faced mode of making oneself uncomfortable. Let the old editions of that pleasant periodical, Hyde Park, be abandoned to the criticisms of the Retrospective Review. It is our business to describe the Edition of 1834, with its new and noble frontispiece (executed at the cost of the ladies of England) by Mr. Westmacott; its numerous pictorial embellishments, done from original designs by Messeurs of the Woods and Forests; its translations, transpositions, and new readings, as directed by that most innovating of all commentators, Fashion,—to whom "slashing Bentley" was but a "piddling Tibbalds;"—and finally, the beautiful and classical binding which clasps and embraces it on all sides, from the taste ful atelier of Mr. Decimus Burton.

From the angular area gained on entering the park from Piccadilly branches forth, on the left, those two roads we have just referred to; then another, more narrow, winding, and picturesque with trees, leads through pleasant green pastures to the distant solitudes of this unrivalled spot; and lastly, on the right runs the ring itself, extending about half a mile towards Oxford Street, and then winding round to the left, making a circumvallatio of the whole open plain of the park, and joining on the opposite side the other road last mentioned: thus forming a continuous ring.

It is this ring which is the chief object of our present attention, and its jewelled portion in particular—that portion which lies between Grosvenor and Buckingham Gates. At this time (suppose it a fine Sunday in May or June, at four o'clock, P.M.) the streams of well attired pedestrians, gallant horsemen, and glittering equipages which enter at the different gates and roads leading hitherward, are all of them tending to and concentrating themselves into one channel, consisting of the gravelled drive between the two gates above named, and the grass-grown mall which runs parallel to it on the western side,—where they now form a dense mass, moving it true, but not progressing, and each divided into two distinct streams, running in opposite directions, and at intervals intercepting or blending with each other.

Let us join the throng; but as momentary observers of the moving scene, rather than part and parcel of it; for which purpose we will pass across the area which forms the hall of entrance from the Piccadilly gate, and having penetrated the light and almost invisible fence which separates the walk from the drive, place ourselves at that point which we shall choose to designate as "Poet's Corner"—no other or less imaginative title being able duly to express the associations connected with the scene before us,—than which nothing in the Arabian Nights was ever more pregnant with a pleasant mixture of reality and romance.

We will, the more conveniently to perform our office, lean our (for this one) unnoticcd person listlessly against and half over the smooth-rubbed rail which interposes its scarcely perceptible barrier between the plebeian promenaders and the patrician equestrians; and while trifling with our plain wand of ebony, and seeming to see nothing but the foot-prints on the road to which it points, penetrate with our furtive glance every noticeable equipage that passes; note down in our mental tablets the "whereabout" of every well known "leader" of the unmarrried ton (alas! a very limited circle now for petit-maitre-ship has fairly yielded the pas to politics—and mere dandyism has degenerated into indifference)—and not even disdain to cast our occasional regards towards the pedestrian department of the scene,—since mingled with its aspect we may chance to meet with individual exceptions to that unnoticeable character which it presents as a whole.

Observe that green chariot just making the turn of the unbroken line of equipages. Though it is now advancing towards us with a dozen carriages between, it is to be distinguished from the throng by the elevation of its driver and footman above the ordinary level of the line. As it comes nearer we can observe the particular points which give to it that perfectly distingué appearance which it bears above all others in the throng. They consist of the white wheels lightly picked out with green and crimson—the high-stepping action, blood-like shape, and brilliant manège of its dark bay horses — the perfect style of its driver—the height (six feet two) of its slim, spider-limbed, powdered footman, perked up at least three feet above the roof of the carriage, and occupying his eminence with that peculiar air of accidental superiority, half petit-maitre, half plough-boy, which we take to be the ideal of footman-like perfection;—and finally, the exceedingly light, airy, and (if we may so speak) intellectual character of
the whole set out. The arms and supporters blazoned on the centre pannel, and the small coronet beneath the window, indicate the nobility of station; and if ever the nobility of nature was blazoned on the "compliment extern" of humanity, it is so on the lovely face within; as lovely to-day as ever, though it has been loveliest among the lovely for a longer time than we dare call to our own recollection, much less to that of the fair creature before us. If the Countess of Bl-s-g-n (for it is she whom we are asking the reader to admire, howbeit at second-hand, and through the doubly refracting medium of plate-glass and a blonde veil) is not now so radiant with the bloom of mere youth, as when she first put to shame Sir Thomas's chef-d'oeuvre in the form of her own portrait, what she has lost in the graces of mere complexion, she has more than gained in those of intellectual expression. Nor can the observer have a better opportunity than the present of admiring that expression; unless indeed he is fortunate enough to be admitted to that intellectual converse in which its owner shines beyond almost any other female of the day, and with an earnestness, a simplicity, and an abandon as rare in such cases as they are delightful.

The lady, her companion, is the Countess de St. M—t, her sister, whose finely-cut features and perfectly oval face, bear a striking general resemblance to those of Lady B. without being at all like them. The reader must be good enough to reconcile this seeming contradiction in the best way he can; since the Ring in the park is by no means a fitting place in which to philosophise, unless it be on the text of the preacher, touching the all-embracing character of human vanity.

Observe, as a contrast to the above, that somewhat lofty, but lumbering and nondescript vehicle, half phaeton, half brizetta, with a spacious box in front, and a double set of seats behind, drawn by a splendid pair of bays, which are driven by a man in plain clothes, and whose appearance by no means seems to correspond with the aristocratic air of the whole set out, especially as indicated by the two attendants who occupy the hinder seat, and by the splendid character of the horses. Beside the driver sits a lady of a certain age, and in the seat behind, two young ones, all three muffled up to the chins in cloaks, shawls, and bonnets, so that you can scarcely distinguish a feature of any one of them. Perhaps you take the whole company for the upper servants of some great house, going down to the country seat to prepare for the reception of their lord and lady, who are to follow by and by. You have not examined with due care the face and expression of the driver who directs the vehicle with such consummate skill among the entangled thongs; or you could not, notwithstanding its cloudy, clod-hopping, and altogether uncouth appearance, have mistaken its owner for anything but a lord. It is the Apicius of his day, the Earl of S—f—n, to whom that Charlemagne of cooks, Monsieur Ode, will owe (under heaven) his immortality, and who will in turn be immortalised as the Mecenas of Monsieur Ode. The recent retirement of this nobleman from the turf, to which he had for so many years been one of the most honourable and liberal ornaments, and his comparative cessation from dispensing the hospitalities of a table which he administered with a delicacy of tact and a refinement of combination never before equalled in this country, are already felt as a national loss. The lady by his side is his Countess, and those in the seat behind are his daughters, the ladies M—x.

But see!—what is this vision of the age of chivalry, that comes careering towards us on horseback, in the form of a stately cavalier, than whom nothing has been witnessed in modern times more noble in air, more splendid in person, more distingué in dress, more consummate in equestrian skill, more radiant in intellectual expression, and altogether more worthy and fitting to represent one of those knights of the olden time, who warred for truth and beauty beneath the banners of the brilliant Cœur-de-Lion? As we attach no slight value and importance to personal appearance, especially in the younger branches of our aristocracy, we are sorry we cannot claim as our own this noblest specimen that our metropolis can boast of "the human form divine." It is Count d'O——y, brother of the Duchess de G—e, and son of General Count d'O——y. Those who have the pleasure of being personally intimate with this accomplished foreigner, will confirm our testimony that no man has ever been more popular in the upper circles, or has better deserved to be so. His inextinguishable good spirits and good nature, his lively wit, his generous disposition and varied acquirements, make him the favourite companion of his own sex; while his unrivalled personal pretensions, render him, to say the least, "the observed of all observers" of the other sex. Indeed, since the loss of poor William Locke, there has been nobody to even dispute the palm of female
admirable with Count d'O----y. What is still more remarkable, he is the sole arbiter elegiasticum in respect of male attire—a superiority that we confess ourselves not so able to forgive him as we can all his others. For a Frenchman to set the fashions of English male attire, is a concession to the supremacy of the Grande Nation that we for one can never willingly grant. We must therefore venture to hint, that if Count d'O----y has a defect which redeems him from the unenviable condition of being "a faultless monster," it appertains to his taste in dress. In all other "compliments externi;"—in his personal appearance and bearing, his manner and address, in his equipage, his horses, his——in short, in everything but the fashion of his attire, he is perfect. But his dress is too individualised in its character. Its principles are excellent, but the practice of them is warped by private feeling. He pays too much attention to the "becoming," and thus

To person gives up what was meant for mankind.

I am sorry to be obliged to hint this fault in one otherwise so consummate in all those pretensions and appliances "that may make up a man" (of fashion); but the importance of the subject will not permit me to be silent. Count d'O----y sometimes sets a fashion on the same principle as that on which the big boys at a great school conduct the game of "follow my leader" with the little ones: he goes where nobody can follow him without breaking their necks! This is not generous. Moreover, it may be laid down as an axiom in respect of costume, that he who

"Dares do all that may become a man,"

has no just notions of the dignity of a man of fashion. In fact, if once the becoming were to be tolerated, even in male attire, much more in female, "the estate of the world (of fashion) would be undone," and Fashion herself might as well abdicate at once, and throw herself into the arms of Nature in the Otahitian Islands.

Thus much we have thought due to the claims of that fourth estate of the realm, the World of Fashion, on whose fate the very existence of our main theme wholly depends. We now return to that theme itself, with the promise not again to wander from it.

Be pleased to mark that exceedingly staid, quiet, and perfectly gentlemanlike, but somewhat prim and precise looking man, who wends this way on horseback, his steed and its trappings as staid, quiet, and gentlemanlike as himself. All is exquisitely neat and point-de-vice about them both, but nothing is in the slightest degree "noticeable," except to an eye profoundly practised in such matters. The individual in question is of a most uncertain age; not "elderly," yet anything but "young;" and evidently wholly incapable of satisfying himself as to which of these two categories he is entitled to take rank in. There is, however, a settled smile on his fine-cut and amiable countenance, which shows that he has grown pretty nearly indifferent on the point. He feels that he has had his day, and as a man of sense, he cannot hope to have it twice over.

That is Dandy L----d, the most distinguished exquisite of his day,—that day having departed from the face of our planet some twenty years ago. If this shade of defunct dandyism still haunts the scene of his former glories, let him at least be forgiven——though for our parts we hold him in honour, as a rare instance of human resolution. Bonaparte, when he abdicated, wanted to come and hide himself in England; and Brummell, under similar circumstances, fled to conceal himself in France. But Dandy L----d still lingers fondly among the scenes and objects of his triumphs, albeit every one of them is so changed that he himself can scarcely recognise them, and himself more changed than all the rest! If those who know him only under his present aspect, doubt the change that "time and the hour" have operated upon him, let them turn to an equestrian portrait of him from the pencil of Dighton, the HB of the "sinking generation," under-written "A scene from Rotten Row." Never shall we forget the pride of heart that came upon us on the occasion of this portrait first making its appearance at the well-known shop in St. James's Street. On entering the private apartment of our honoured parent two or three days after the above event, we were somewhat surprised at hearing ourselves greeted as follows:

"Well, Sir! a pretty fool you've made of yourself at last!"

"In what, Sir?"

"In what, Sir! Why arn't you stuck up in the print shops? Are not your silly coxcombes held forth to the gaze and ridicule of the town, and to my disgrace! I knew it would be so."

"I have not the honour of understanding you, Sir."

"Indeed! then be pleased to go and look at the window of the caricature shop in St. James's Street."

We went on the instant, and with a beat-
ing heart—not (shall we confess it?)—not without a faint hope, that in point of fact we might possibly have attained to the distinguished honour predicated of us by our mistaken parent. Alas! he was mistaken in both senses of the term. The effigy which had been reported to him as representing no other than the sole hope and heir of his house and honours, was that of—Dandy L.—d.

One more relic of the by-gone time, and we have done with retrospect.

Observe that singular specimen of humanity which is directing the course of a plain Stanhope, drawn by a somewhat dilapidated steed, not without a sporting look about him, but "so quiet that a lady might drive him"—(the steed we mean—though the description applies equally to the horse and its master). He is muffled up to the ears in a huge, many-buttoned coat; a thick shawl loosely encircles his neck, and forms a deep nestling-place for his unseen chin; and a long-crowned and broad-flapped hat eonsomes half the rest of his face. But by what remains visible of it, you can perceive that it bears a striking resemblance to that of Bill Baldwin's famous bull-dog Billy, now that he is retired from public life to the "otium cum dignitate" of his master's warm and cozy dung-hill. That is the once famous Sir John L——d. once the prince of horse jockeys, and the pride of Newmarket; more lately Groom of the Stables to his most equestrian majesty George the Fourth. Those who remember him as the model and leader of the four-in-hand club, and have witnessed the perfect skill with which he used to wind his team of gallant greys through the seemingly inextricable mazes which half a score such used to create daily on this very spot where he is now content to tool along his humble Stanhope at "a market trot," will do well to reflect on the perishable nature of human greatness.

Turn we now to the things and beings of this world—the Lads, the Lloyds, and the Lumley St. Georges of a quarter of a century ago being destined, like extinct volcanos, never again to "flare up" in the world of fashion.

We hope the reader of these pages needs not to be instructed, that the English exquisite of the present day piques himself on being distinguished by nothing that can in the minutest degree distinguish him from anybody else. He is the very quaker of his "order," and quietism in all things is his only aim and attainment. His dress must be of the most "quiet" cut, colour, and conformation; his cab is the perfection of "quiet" no-pretence; his horse is quietness itself; his manner is "quiet"; his amusements are "quiet." In short, he is quietism personified. Behold the two most un-conspicuous models of this "order," the Viscounts C——h and R——h, both of them clever and accomplished young men, and both of them destined for better (and perchance worse) things than those at which they have hitherto aimed. To describe them were as difficult as superfluous, since it could be done only by negatives, and has moreover been done by those already. They are to be distinguished only by a certain air of distinction, which nothing but the actual attainment of distinction can give. There is nothing in the smallest degree uncommon about them, either in person, manner, or attire; and yet nobody can mistake them for common persons.

The above two personages belong to, and represent a class; whereas most of the conspicuous men of the day are classes by themselves; they stand alone—"none but themselves can be their parallel." Such are George W——1, Tommy D——e, the S——h, Lord A——y, &c. Our present position at once enables and entitles us to glance at the external characteristics of each and all of these, for the benefit of those who have never had the advantage of being enrolled among the "Slaves of the Ring."

George W——1 has the merit of having being the most conspicuous "young man" of his day for the last twenty years!—an extent of personal distinction never before accorded in that most ephemeral of all human systems of government, the realm of fashion. Look at him as he sits there on horseback, gazing briskly about him, his right hand supported at arm's length by the sturdy riding cane of hisesy whose extremity rests on his knee. Observe his fierce, fighting-cock air; his coal-black gipsy curls; his aristocratic (not to call it arrogant) expression of countenance—never laid aside, whether he is smiling on a fair dame, or frowning on a fawning dun; his trim and well-built person, elevated at least two inches above its natural height by the force of family consequence. His style of dress, though bold and original, is in perfect keeping and good-taste. The broad, loose-lying collars, contrasting with the trim contraction of the waist, give a breadth to the shoulders, and an expansion to the chest, on which he evidently piques himself. We
have heard of “a pocket Venus.” George W——I would pass (and may) for a pocket Hercules. He has, however, one fault (and who has so few?): there is, about his personal bearing, an air of swagger and bravado not in keeping with that character of a man of spirit and a gentleman, which he has always maintained.

How different from his friend W——I in all things external (and we profess to look no deeper) is that “pet of the Petticots,” Tommy D——; unless it be in his being above imitating any body, and every body being incapable of copying him. Mark the perfectly self-complacent air with which he sits in his quiet pannel-bodied Tibury, his chiselled features beaming with a perpetual smile, ready set for the recognition of any good thing that may fall from his own lips, or those of his sparkling companions; for to call one up (a smile we mean) on each of the thousand and one occasions that daily occur in his enviable round of boon companionship, would be too much trouble to ask of so pious a disciple of the poco-curious school of wits and good-fellows to which honest Tommy belongs.

D——’s dress is, if you examine it closely, the perfection of careless no-contre. And yet to look at him with a cursory glance you would mistake him for a mere dandy. He is nothing of the sort, but a man of quick and lively wit, sound sense, and excellent discretion *. That he is so, witness the singular fact that he, the idol of exclusiveness and the model of aristocratic fastidiousness, should have been able twice to worm himself into the representation of the scot and lot ragamuffins of Hertford, and now of the not more refined radicals of Finsbury. These are signal achievements. They are as if Mr. Cobbett should persuade his grace of Newcastle to return him for one of his boroughs.

Remark that most “military-looking” of personages,—using the phrase, however, in the militia-man’s and maid servant’s sense of it. He is so be-wigged, be-whiskered, and be-waddled, that you cannot gain a fair glance at any particular portion of his person; but the tout ensemble answers pretty exactly to the lyric description of that “gay deceiver”

“The captain bold from Halifax,”

whose pretensions prove so fatal to the peace and reputation of “poor Miss Bailey.” He is mounted (with the air of a riding master) on an enormous grey horse, that steps along proudly under its stately burden, as if it were as amply convinced of the consequence of its rider as he is himself. That is the Hon. Col. Lincoln St nh ** e.

You would scarcely suppose the above to be the brother of that very odd and essentially un-military-looking person who is driving, in a nondescript phaeton, as shabby in its externals as his own coat, a fair creature fit to have graced the sun-lit chariot of Phaeton himself. The one brother, Lincoln, is all for externals. In the Elizabethan era he would have been a soldier of fortune, a swash-buckler, and a roaring boy; in the Georgian era he is content to be the very model and ideal of “a bold dragoon.” His brother Leicester is all for intellect. In the days of the maiden queen he would have been the rival and companion of the Raleighs, the Sidneys, and the De Brookes; he would have sailed round the world, patronised Spenser, and, if he had not perished in the Dutch wars, would, in all probability have fallen in love with his virgin mistress, boldly declared his passion, and lost his head for his pains. As it is, he establishes printing presses where nobody can read; helps to re-elevate the Greek nation by promoting the son of one of its chiefs to be his cab-boy; patronises polite letters by setting on foot a subscription for Mr. Silk Buckingham; and evinces his self-devotion to the sex by marrying a handsome wife who is young enough to be his grand-daughter. It is impossible to observe any thing more characteristic than the face and person of this eccentric gentleman. His figure is long and gaunt as that of the knight of la Mancha——attenuated and drawn out to a thread-paper, by the subtlety of his schemes and contemplations for the glory of his name and the good of mankind. And

“His face is as a book where men may read strange matters.”
It combines all intellectual opposites: the pride of the aristocrat with the humility of the man of the people; the enthusiasm of the poet with the cunning of the trading politician; the intense thought of the metaphysician with the vacuity of Matthews' old Scotch women; the far-reaching glance of the leader of a sect with the flat credulity and empty imbecility of a follower of Owen or St. Simon.

Behold the Lord of Al—y, the Falstaff of the fashionable world—for to such distinctive and distinguished honour is he entitled no less by the capaciousness of his person, the fineness of his wit, and the fullness and facetiousness of his humour, than by his knowledge of life and society, his negligence of his own interest, and his early devotion to "the true prince." There is nothing to remark about his person, but its noble expansion,—worthy symbol of those gastronomic pursuits in which he is so consummate a practitioner; and with his intellectual man we must not here concern ourselves.

Yonder handsome aristocratic face, graceful person, and perfectly quiet gentlemanly air, appertain to the Marquis of W—r, son and heir to the Duke of B—t. He was once the mirror of exquisites, the hope of handsome actresses, the ornament of the coulisses, and the oracle of the green room.

"Years have now brought the philosophic mind," and Lord W—r is only conspicuous and enviable as the favourite of all his friends. But we are bound to notice him here, in virtue of what he was. A leader in the race of fashion cannot put off his honours merely by changing his tailors. He may abdicate the throne, but history will claim him nevertheless—or perhaps so much the more.

Observe that singularly inconspicuous young man, who is riding a slight, full blood horse. In his physiognomy there is something that is familiar to every one who looks on him, though he is unknown to almost any one except his personal intimates. His perfectly simple attire; his plain, honest, open, and by no means unintelligent face; his small unnoticeable person, and the utter absence of all conventional superiority or presence in his outward bearing, are quite incapable of accounting for the feeling of curiosity that you can scarcely help entertaining, when looking at him, as to who and what he is. The reason of the interest you feel in him is to be found in that peculiar form and expression of his face, which points him out as—the son of his father. That is the Marquis of D—o, eldest son and heir to the most illustrious Captain of the age.

Near him is another youthful scion of a conspicuous house, who is, however, not content to let his distinctions rest upon the merits of other people, but is determined to achieve them for himself. At present they are limited to a fine person, a fashionable tailor, a somewhat florid taste in attire (especially in the articles of brocade waistcoats and jewelled shirt-buttons), a stylish cab, a slapping horse, and a smart tiger. That is Mr. Sp—g, step-son of the other great man of our day—of him, on the turned-up tip of whose illustrious nose the destinies of the English nation are at this moment balanced*., and where they appear to hold about as precarious a position as that of the little boy whom the street jugglers clap upon the top of a coach-wheel, and elevate to a like unenviable eminence, to the surprise and admiration of all beholders, no less than to the imminent peril of the patient's neck, in both instances.

It should seem, from a recent attempt of young Mr. Sp—g to represent in Parliament the precious constituency of the borough of Hertford, under the radical auspices of his friend Tommy D—c, that he has "a soul above (shirt) buttons."

But, for ambition and dandyism united, commend us to that dark, oriental-looking personage, whose long coal-black curls, and velvet cravat, serve to set off to the best disadvantage the bilious hue of his fine but repulsive countenance. If it were not for the finical air and kangaroo attitude with which his kid-gloved hands hold the white reins of the dark cab in the profound recesses of which he sits retired, like a Persian satrap in his palanquin, you might mistake him for the captain of a Calabrian banditti in disguise. Could you persuade him to emerge from his place of half-concealment, this supposition might be strengthened; the probabilities being that you would find his lower man attired in green velvet trowsers, scarlet morocco boots, and other corresponding cetera, of an equally novel and novel-like description. If you are not acquainted with the erratic nature of the human intellect, you will be surprised to learn that the singular-looking personage now before you is (seriously) the greatest genius of the day. It is no other

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* It would appear that the illustrious individual here alluded to, if we mistake not, has over-balanced those destinies, which, since this was written, have slipped off his nose to fall upon the shoulders of the "great Captain," for whom they may, perchance, prove too heavy. —Es.
than "the younger d'l's-i," such being the style and title which it pleases him to assume; Christian or conventional cognomens being too common-place to suit with the originality of his ideas. Lions are pretty well exploded in society now-a-days, but this gentleman would remain a "lion" all his life, even if he were to pass the rest of it in one of Mr. Owen's parallelograms. Before his late sojourn in the East, he was merely an amusingly singular person; but since his return, he has become a singularly amusing one; his only fault being that, in his recognised capacity of a "lion," he is not content with less than the lion's share of the feast, which generally amounts to the whole. I wish this were a place to expatiate a little on his intellectual pretensions, which are well worth examination and study. But even he himself could not expect to find listeners to philosophy in the Ring in Hyde Park.

One more portrait, and we have done. Nor should we have ventured to introduce this in a place like the present, but that the distinguished original does not scruple to do the same. Nothing is either too grave or too light for his attention. He can settle the character of a nation, and hit the colour of a neckcloth, with equal tact and precision. He is equally ambitious and able to shine in the councils which originate the one, and the coteries which decree the other. As he is, upon the whole, the best writer, so he is (when he pleases) the best dresser of his day. Need we, after this, say that the person we are speaking of is Mr. E. L. B—? You observe that he is on foot. It is not aristocratic to be on foot in the Park on Sunday; and therefore it is that he is on foot; for, all aristocratic as he is, it is not for him to be bound by conventional rules. You observe that he is dressed in colours that are not the exact fashion of the hour; and to have a fashion of one's own is not gentlemally. But he, perfect gentleman as he is, he would no more follow a fashion than he would lead one. He dresses as it pleases him to dress; and what pleases him is sure to be in perfect taste. For the rest, his dress is curiously and studiously adapted to the cast of his complexion and the colour of his hair. His coat is never of a determined colour, but of a mixed tint, that will blend favourably with his waistcoat on the one hand, and his whiskers on the other. His figure is slim, but of perfect symmetry, and the exact medium height;—which latter, as we venture to judge, does not quite reach the standard of his own ideal of what is fitting, since his invariable mode of wearing his hat indicates a desire to look an inch taller than he is. His face is one of the most intellectual that can be conceived, but one where, if we mistake not, the learned in face lore may read more than the owner of the book would fain have disclosed; though he knows full well that those who are able to read what is written there, are not the persons likely to make an ill use of the knowledge. When he looks in his mirror he must know what we mean.

When Rogers was asked his opinion of Walter Scott and Wordsworth relatively to each other, he is said to have replied—"Wordsworth is the greatest genius of the day, and Scott is the cleverest man that ever lived." Dicta of this kind luckily never hold good for more than about ten years. It may now be said of the two last remarkable persons whose "compliment extern" we have just taken the liberty of setting before the reader, that the first is the greatest genius of the day, and the second is the cleverest man in the world*. The probable inference is (at least it is so in times like ours), that the one will never be anything better than conspicuous, while the other will give a character to the literature of his age, and an impulse and direction to the destinies of his country; for your geniuses, for the most part, do but mark and illustrate the age in which they live, and prophesy of that which is to come: it is ambition, talent, and industry united that work out those prophecies, and educe the future from the past.

Was there ever such a conclusion from such a commencement! The destinies of nations in the hands of a brace of Hyde Park

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* We do not quite agree with the writer in his estimation of the two distinguished individuals whom he here describes. The younger d'l's-i is undoubtedly a man of genius—and of powerful genius. He has an energetic and lofty imagination, teeming with beauties; yet these beauties are transient: they strike forcibly, but leave no lasting impression. In conversation he is inimitable; and he keeps up in his listeners a rich stream of excitement, wonder, and delight, but he will never write anything that will be read beyond the passing hour. Why is this? Because judgment is not the pilot of his genius. Let him beware of resembling one of those meteoric eruscations in the heavens, which blaze intensely for an instant, and then disappear for ever.

On the other hand, Mr. E. L. B— is more than a clever man; he is a man of striking genius, surpassing, at the present day, almost all his contemporaries. His imagination is bold, vivid, clear, and beautifully refined; by his judgment he has subdued his genius to his will, and applied it to the benefit of his country. Mr. B— has a useful aim in all his writings; he will be judged by that posterity which the name of the younger d'l's-i will never reach, unless he makes a fitter use of the extraordinary gift with which nature has endowed him.—Ep.
exquisites!! And yet we—even we who write these ephemeral lines—have witnessed stranger things. Have we not seen a little lieutenant of engineers, moving the moral and political world from its foundations, even without the aid of another world on which to fix his levers!—a horde of northern barbarians hoisting it back half-way to its former position!! and a handful of Parisian cafetots arresting for ever its retrograde movement, by overturning a few omnibuses in its path, and then precipitating it forwardly than ever in its onward course, by flinging a few paving stones at its head!!

At present, as we have hinted above, it is balanced on the sky y-pointing promontory of a special pleader's nose*. What is to become of it next?

This is more than can at present be answered by Proteus Plume.

* See our former note on this subject, page 11.—Ed.

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REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDESTINATED ROGUE.

No. V.

"Having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in a rogue."

Winter's Talk.

We left our hero upon a wide heath, offering up a prayer to heaven for, a night's lodging anywhere, so long as there was a covering between him and the deep blue sky, in which not a single star was visible. After he had put up his presumptuous supplication, he pondered upon the chances of a shelter from the cold, when his eye was attracted by a tall gigantic object, which seemed to emerge from the mist, and advance towards him. He silently awaited its approach. Its outline was dim and shadowy, and it was evidently endowed with the power of locomotion; but whether it were a goale or a mortal was yet to be discovered. The action of his heart increased, and smote almost audibly against his side. He did not absolutely quail, but his courage swerved. He was in a new position, and, although habitually bold, he was nevertheless somewhat superstitious, and, like conscience, superstition

"Doth make cowards of us all."

As the figure approached, it appeared to diminish, and the outline became less tortuous and undefined. It had at length advanced to within a few feet of the spot where Dillon stood, when he discovered the object of his apprehension to be a man, "in form as palpable" as the moon which was beginning to glimmer through the mist. No sooner did he perceive that the figure exhibited evidence of living flesh and blood, than the pulsations within subsided. A rough, coarse voice demanded who was there.

"A traveller," replied Dillon, "who has lost his way, and would fain know where he may be likely to get a night's lodging."

"On the heath here, where you may get lodged without paying for't; and you wouldn't be the only beast on the heath that slept without a bolster."

This was no very courteous greeting, and there was a sulkiness and sibilant hoarseness in the man's tone, the infallible diagnostics of heartless selfishness and habitual intemperance, which satisfied our benighted traveller that he had no courtesy to expect from the stranger. Nothing abashed, however, by the churlishness of the greeting, he replied—

"Hospitality, my friend, is the English peasant's virtue. I am overtaken by the night, and have lost my way; could you either direct me to a night's lodging, or furnish me with one?"

"I am not an English peasant, the more's my pride, but a straight-forward descendant from the Pharaohs, who taught the world wisdom when your ancestors, like toads, skulked in the trees for shelter, and ate acorns like hogs, though now some among them walk in ermine, and look upon the sun and moon as their servitors. Go and lie where the hogs may be your bedfellows; there are plenty around ye!"

"You refuse to lodge me?"

"And suppose I did, what then?"

"Come, be for once a benefactor, and shelter a weary traveller."

"The gipsy's abode is spurned by the sleek of the earth, those minions of fortune, who go about in fine linen, like foul corpses in
a shroud, and fare sumptuously every day, as it is written in their book of wisdom."

"But I am one of those citizens of the world who would at any time prefer a gipsy's dormitory to the open air; so come, show me the way to your tenement."

"Thank ye for nothing; I'm not so blind as a sucking wheelp, though there's darkness and a mist between thee and me, nor so big a fool as to do a man's bidding who can't do better than ask for a benefit. Hak ye, my burly petitioner, I've too many mouths to feed to provide either victuals or a night's lodging for the love of humanity. Benevolence was never the virtue of poverty—tis too expensive a quality. Take the bed that thy Maker provides for thee, and be content."

"I don't seek from thee a favour without a quittance. Provide me a shelter, and I'll give thee more than the worth of anything thou canst bestow, and something over for thy good will." So saying, Jemmy Dillon took half-a-crown from his pocket, and placed it upon the rough palm of the gipsy, who clutchèd it with an eagerness that most expressively proclaimed his love of the precious metals. Dark as it was, he had a sensibility of touch when a piece of gold or silver, bearing the king's image, happened to be placed between his fingers, that would have done honour to the most subtle, in the mysteries of mintage, of the remnant of the ten tribes.

"Follow," said the man, as soon as he had secured the coin within the pocket of a tattered waistcoat. "Follow," and he stalked sturdily, but in silence, before his new guest. The common here gradually sloped until at length upon a sudden the descent for several yards became extremely steep. As they reached the bottom of the precipitous dell, the moon glistened more distinctly through the mist, which had by this time partially dispersed, and discovered the entrance of the gipsy's tenement. Following his guide, our hero passed into a deep and capacious chalk pit. About six feet from the bottom was the stranger's abode, to which there were steps cut in the chalk. This singular dwelling was a square vault hollowed out of the bosom of the hill. Dillon's host ascended the steps, and passing into the hovel, invited him to enter. The entrance was so low that he was obliged to stoop his head; but a single step brought him within this troglodyte retreat. He could see nothing; there was not a glimmer of light to guide his footsteps; he stood perplexed. He heard the din of many voices, but an intensely black vacuum was before his eyes, which yearned for an object to rest on.

Here no dear glimpse of the sun's lovely face
Strikes through the solid darkness of the place;
No dawning morn does her kind rays display—
One aught, weak beam would here be thought the day.*

At length a light was suddenly kindled by the stirring of some embers in the middle of the cell, and the application of a small quantity of gunpowder. In a few moments there was a feeble blaze, when the surrounding objects became visible. The dark area within which Dillon stood, appeared to him, as he measured it with his eye, to be about twelve feet square. Though cut from a bed of chalk, it was as black as if it had been prepared for the devil and his angels. The smoke of three months had imparted to it that hue which is considered a symbol of all that is melancholy and miserable. The fire now began to burn briskly from the cover of an old tin kettle, and our hero soon found the smoke so oppressive that he could scarcely breathe. It was a far worse evil than the darkness, being so thick and pungent as to force the water in streams from his eyes. In a short time it became less distressing, and he was able to examine with a more deliberate scrutiny the objects by which he was surrounded. He was surprised to find, within this den of poverty, eight inmates besides himself and his host. Around the ruddy blaze sat the gipsy's mother, his wife, and a young person, but of what sex it was not possible upon so hasty an examination and in so unstationary a light to determine. Within the vault were four children, from the ages of two to fourteen years, stretched upon straw, and that they were sleeping was soon fully ascertained by those heavy respirations with which young and sound sleepers usually accompany their slumbers as a gentle lullaby; though in the present instance the lullaby was the exact converse of gentle, for the snoring was so hard and continuous as to exceed in harmony the carols of a disturbed piggery. Every successive interval of time was filled up with a snore that would have awakened the echoes anywhere but in a chalk cavern, whither they are not in the habit of seeking a sanctuary. The gipsy now demanded his supper in a tone so peremptory and abrupt, that it was evident no one could say of his little commonwealth,

"The specialty of rule hath been neglected."

His wife was on her legs in a moment, and the supper as instantly placed before him. It consisted of a piece of broiled hog's flesh,

* Cowley's Davidis, Book I.
REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDESTINATED ROGUE.

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cut from the chine of a huge porker that had
died of measles, and been cast upon the
common to the crowns; to which was added a
lamp of stale barley bread, a half fermented
onion, and some raced mutton fat as a substi-
tute for butter. Dillon's host was professionally
a tinker, and it was upon part of the principal
implement of his craft, the portable stove,—
which was nothing more than a tin boiler, the
cover supplying the only kitchen range to be
found in the gipsy's establishment,—that the
culinary processes of this nomadic family were
completed. Our hero partook not of the unpa-
latable provisions which had been set before
his host, but taking a roll and a piece of cheese
from his pocket made a tolerably hearty meal,
washing it down with some water which one of
the snoring urchins had been awakened to
fetch in a fractured pipkin from a neigh-
bouring brook.

Supper being concluded, without a grace,
except from Dillon, who never neglected the
forms of holiness, and often prayed for suc-
cess while he was planning a robbery, the
fire was allowed gradually to exhaust itself,
and although the smoke soon found its way
through the common entrance, it was never-
theless as quickly succeeded by a vapour
equally dense and far more pungent, which
rose from the pipe of the host, who smoked
with a vehemence and a love of narcotic
fumigation altogether new to the Hobgoblin;
for though the latter occasionally indulged in
inhaling the fumes of tobacco, he had been
accustomed to a long pipe and a milder leaf.

"Dame," said the gipsy, after the gross-
ness of his refection had been somewhat qua-
lified by the "backie," "this is a traveller who
has lost his road, and seeks shelter with the
vagrant; he's the first that ever crossed our
threshold. He must have a bed as well as a
shelter, for he had rather sleep upon chalk
than upon heather. Make him welcome, and
pick him some new straw for a bed. He has
paid for his night's rest, and must have the
best corner of our hovel."

The old woman to whom this was addressed
spoke not, but rising from the ground with
indolent deliberation, as if she felt little in-
terest in administering to the comforts of a
guest, took some straw from a bundle upon
which she had been previously seated, shook
it out against the wall, and within two mi-
utes announced to her son's guest that his
bed was prepared. By this time the cavern
was in total darkness, and so indistinct had
been almost every object from the first mo-
ment of his entrance, or at least after the fire
had been rekindled, that he had no power to
distinguish accurately either the persons or
the figures of the family into whose abode he
began to think he had somewhat rashly
committed himself. The gipsy continued
to smoke, and the small glowing spot of
fire in the bowl of his pipe, rendered
visible with every inspiration, was the only
object that broke the intensity of the dark-
ness. Our hero being much fatigued, for
he had walked five and thirty miles during
the day, threw himself upon his straw for a
night's sleep. He soon perceived that he
had bedfellows on either side within a few
inches of him, but whether male or female was
a problem which he had neither the curiosity
nor the desire to solve. He guessed they were
the children of his host, and he had no wish to
make impertinent inquiries, believing that the
urchins were too young to be mischievous,
however strong might be the animal pro-
penity.

The gipsy, as soon as he had smoked out
his pipe for the sixth time, with a loud, tight
yawn lay down upon his straw, having first
placed a moveable door before the aperture
by which entrance into the hovel was ob-
tained. Jimmy Dillon, meanwhile, thought
upon the various accidents of his life with
much self-complacency, as sleep was rather
slow in sealing his eyelids; and when he re-
called to mind the numerous remarkable
escapes which he had already experienced,
he felt only the more confident of his absolute
predestination. "The lot is cast into the
lap," said he, mentally, "but the whole dis-
posing thereof is of the Lord; and has not
mine turned up favourably wherever I have
drawn?" He offered up a thanksgiving.
But can such aspirations ascend as welcome
memorials before God? Alas! that so gross
a perversion of the sublimest creed ever of-
f ered to the faith of man should be tolerated
for one instant in a rational community of
Christians! The religion that sanctions
crime cannot emanate from the fountain of
all good; it is nothing better than a delusion
conjured up by the all but omnipotent enemy
of mankind, to betray those who are naturally
prone to vice into the meshes of temptation,
whence they easily fall into the toils of the
destroyer. And yet how often have the
sanctions of religion been audaciously set up
as a plea for some of the worst failings of the
human heart.

"O ye fall'n!

Lords of the wide creation and the shame,
More senseless than the irrationalis you scorn.
In the coarse drudgeries and sinks of sense
Your souls have quite worn out the make of heaven."
"Did people consider as they ought," writes
the eloquent Cicero, "they would not, as they
so commonly do, admire an astute and crafty
set of knaves, and esteem that to be wisdom
which in truth is no better than roguary.
This error therefore should be wholly eradi-
cated from the minds of men, and all should
be made sensible that if ever they hope for
success in any human enterprise, they should
not attempt to compass it by knavery and
fraud, but employ integrity both in their
actions and designs."

After a while our hero, overcome by fatigue,
sunk into a profound and refreshing repose.
Upon awaking he found that the whole
family had risen, a labour of no great com-
plexity, as they had no toilette to perform,
and ablution was a ceremony of periods,

"Like angels' visits, few and far between."
The obstruction had been removed from
the entrance, and the light of heaven
partially admitted into this miserable den
of licentiousness and bereavement. Our
hero now perceived that the walls, if I may
so call them, though by nature of an in-
tense white, were smoked to such a degree
as to be soot black. As the morning ad-
vanced the sun shone out vividly, and his
sight being better accustomed to the dingi-
ness and gloom of the cavern, he could sur-
vey the different objects within it with toler-
able accuracy. The gipsy was a thick set
muscular man, his age about five and forty,
with black wiry hair, and bushy, grizzled
whiskers. He had one blind eye, the
orb of which was hideously prominent; the
other was deeply sunk beneath a fierce
shaggy brow, under which it absolutely
glared. The man was a perfect type of
cruelty and heartlessness. His mother, whose
age, from her withered decrepitude, did not
appear much less than ninety, would have
represented a gorgon to the life.

Her tawny
skin, and bony angular frame, equal to the
last degree, and trembling with continual
palsy, were pitifully frightful; and yet the
haggish, nay, the almost fiendish expression
of her features stilled every emotion of pity
the moment it began to awaken.

"Her face most foule and filthy was to see,
With squinting eyes contrary ways extended,
And loathly mouth, unmeet a mouth to be,
That nought but gall and venin comprehended,
And wicked words that God and man offended;
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did speak and both contended;
And, as her tongue, so was her heart decided,
That never thought one thing, but doubly still was
guided."

* Cic. Offic. lib. 2, cap. 2.
† Spenser’s Faerie Queene.

The gipsy’s wife was a stout, swarthy, comely
woman, hale and well formed, with intensely
black eyes, in which there was generally an
expression of languor and indifference, save
when she was roused to anger, and they
then sparkled with an expression so fierce
and concentrated, that it seemed as if every
stormy passion of her soul had been kindled
within them. The prevailing trait of her
character was indolence; and though she
feared her husband extremely, yet whenever
her rage got the better of her discretion, which
was sometimes the case, she would recklessly
brave his ferocity; and no sooner had he exer-
cised it upon her, much more to his own satis-
faction than to hers, than she would wreak her
frantic vengeance upon the children, towards
whom she felt in her sober moments all a
mother’s tenderest yearnings, and often for
weeks have they borne the marks which she
has inflicted in her ungovernable paroxysms
of anger.

The eldest of the brood was no longer so
indeterminate a being as she had appeared
the preceding night. She was in her six-
teenth year, but so clad as to render it a
matter of some difficulty, upon a superficial
view, to pronounce whether she were boy or
girl. She wore a loose tattered jacket and
waistcoat, beneath which depended a scanty
petticoat that did not extend below the calf
of the leg, leaving exposed to the sight a
limb of rare symmetry and exquisite delicacy
of proportion. Her long glossy hair, which
was of the deepest flaxen, hung in wild pro-
fusion over her shoulders and bosom; her
clear, laughing, springy voice, of a firm sono-
rorous treble, told at once that if she was of
the less honourable gender, according to the
philological dictum, she was certainly of the
most beautiful; and, in truth, Jenny Dillon
was surprised to see anything of so prepos-
sessing a shape in such a wretched abode,
and among such a barbarous community.
The girl was really handsome, and, in spite
of her attire, excited our hero’s astonishment.

I have mark’d
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes.

Although her skin was a deep nut-brown,
her eyes were of an intense blue, sparkling
with the lustre of youth and health, and pro-
claiming in characters too positive to be mis-
understood that there was an intellect behind
them which only required culture to draw
from it a rich harvest of fruit.

There was no furniture within the cavern
but the tinker’s portable apparatus and tools
for the various operations of his trade, a few
shards of common earthenware, which were used as platters, and a huge wooden spoon. The sides of the tenement were the naked chalk, as was the floor, upon which straw was pretty prodigally scattered, except in the centre, where the process of cooking was carried on. Nothing could exceed the visible bereavement and misery which this haunt of the destitute presented. Here was nothing to endear existence, and yet it is notorious that this class of vagrants cling to life with an anxiety perfectly incredible, when it is considered that the harvest of enjoyment which they reap from it is so scant and worthless. The gipsy looks upon the end of life as his ultimate goal; he has no prospect beyond it. The soul has no being out of the body, so that with life all his capabilities of enjoyment terminate. He admits the existence of a God, but never troubles himself to inquire about his nature, attributes, or dispensations. He looks upon man to be only a higher order of brute, and to be levelled at death with the meanest beast of the field. With the gipsy, therefore, the present is everything. Sensual enjoyment is in his estimation the one thing needful, and consequently his sole object of pursuit. So great a luxury is idleness, that with all his love of administering to the animal appetites, nothing short of starvation will rouse him into active exertion. If he has sufficient food, he will lie for days upon his straw, smoking and sleeping until his store is exhausted, when he will plunder or take a dead carcass that has been cast to rot upon the common, rather than maintain himself by honest industry. He has always an ostensible trade, which he occasionally exercises, and this more to lull the suspicions of his neighbours than to provide for his own wants.

Such was the character of Jimmey Dillon’s host, known in the neighbourhood by the familiar name of one-eyed Bob, and suspected to be a bad fellow, but more, it must be confessed, from his sinister looks than from his actual delinquencies, for he had hitherto contrived to keep clear of the magistrates. Our hero, upon considering the family with whom he had so unexpectedly become an inmate, determined to continue among them for some time, not only because their haunt would be a place of present security, but because he had a natural love of romance which led him to relish an experience of life’s changes and chances. Besides, he had already seen enough of the gipsy’s daughter, Phoebe Burrows, to satisfy him that his abode would not be entirely among savages. He had indeed only yet seen her in a disguise very unfavourable to the development of those personal qualifications which were evident under her rags and unbecoming attire; but he had yet to learn that nature had done as much for her mind as for her person, although education had done nothing. On the contrary, she had been exposed to the influence of the most debasing example, which, though it had produced a moral impression by no means favourable, had nevertheless not corrupted her heart. He very soon discovered that in her there were

“Charms that never can decay,
For time, which gives new whiteness to the swan,
Improves their lustre.”

After our hero had taken his breakfast, which consisted of the remainder of his store of bread and cheese, he thus addressed his host—

“Burrows, what say you to having me for an inmate through the winter?”
“A word will suffice for that.”
“Well, out with it.”
“You shall have your money’s worth in bed and board if you’ll pay for it.”
“Agreed—now for the terms.”
“See if you can make it worth a poor man’s while to be hospitable.”
“There,” said Dillon, flinging him a guinea, “if that will do till Christmas, you shall then have its fellow, and we shall be better acquainted.”

The gipsy clutched the gold with a sardonic grin; the blind eye protruded with a raillery glare, and rolled in the socket as if something behind was putting it into an unnatural motion, whilst the other seemed to shrink beneath the lids, as if ashamed at the too manifest symptoms of delight exhibited by its effusated companion. It was now definitively arranged, that Slippery Jem should remain an inmate of the gipsy cavern, so long as he might be able to pay for his bed and board, and find it agreeable. Upon this understanding he determined to enlarge the dwelling, and after a few hours labour, dug a passage three feet wide and ten deep into the bed of chalk. On each side of this passage he formed two small chambers, one for himself, and another for part of the family with whom he had become domesticated. Thus were their social comforts considerably increased. As a gipsy never does more than his necessities immediately require, while this manifest improvement was in progress, Burrows twisted his nose in contempt, thereby expressing that he thought it a work of mere idle supererogation. Having completed this addition to the domestic estab-
lishment, Dillon took an early opportunity of proceeding to the next town, where he purchased suitable habiliments for Phebe Burrows, in which she attired herself greatly to her own satisfaction, and that of the whole family, save the old grandmother, who muttered curses upon the folly of spending money upon a young slut unable to earn her own bread. The transformation was almost magical. The girl's figure now exhibited all its fine but delicate proportions, and the natural freedom and grace of her motions became strikingly conspicuous. Dillon looked at the father, a perfect abortion, and wondered how anything lovely could proceed from such a coarse and rugged piece of deformity. The mother, it is true, was tolerably well-formed, but her gross, heavy frame, and vulgar, unfeminine gait, seemed to repel the thought that any thing so symmetrically beautiful as Phebe Burrows could have been begotten of her.

Our hero very soon made a confidant, to a certain extent, of the one-eyed gipsy, acquainting him with the avocation he had adopted in London, but carefully concealing from him his late success. There was something in this very congenial to the feelings of Burrows, who, though he had hitherto confined himself to petty thefts, was not a man to refuse joining in any unlawful enterprise, so long as he was likely to be a gainer by the issue.

The first adventure of the Hobgoblin, after he had been settled in his new abode, was of a more moderate kind than he had lately been accustomed to engage in; yet here his remarkable good fortune in escaping those perils, which, more or less, accompany all unlawful acts, was extraordinarily apparent. About three miles from the gipsy's retreat, stood the small neat vicarage of a tolerably large parish. The vicar being a man of limited income, a burglary would be attended with too great a hazard for so inconsiderable a booty as was likely to be obtained from the house of a parish priest, with a numerous family, and an income of only three hundred a-year. But the house was surrounded by a large garden, in which there was a great quantity of winter apples and pears, that had been left upon the trees in order to preserve their flavour, and whence they were plucked as they happened to be wanted. These fruits, being very choice of their kind, our hero determined to send them to a distant market for the benefit of himself and his new ally, in spite of the warning of man-traps and spring-guns. duly fixed in one corner of the garden, and threatening death or laceration to any trespasser who should dare to intrude upon the premises.

Notwithstanding this notice of danger, one dark night the Hobgoblin clambered the wall with his usual facility, and dropped into the garden. Having previously marked the position of the trees bearing fruit, he soon disencumbered them of their load, and put the produce of his exertions into three large sacks which he had provided for the occasion. Not satisfied with a considerable booty of fine apples and pears, the latter of which hung upon trees trained against the southern wall, he mounted a medlar tree, and having shaken off a sufficient quantity of the fruit, descended, dropping to the ground from one of the lower branches. It happened that under this branch, which was supported by a thick stake, as the tree was very old and in a state of decay, a steel trap had been placed, in the centre of which Dillon's foot struck when he dropped from the propped limb. The spring being thus relaxed, off went the terrible instrument, and his leg was within half a dozen inches of its steel fangs, when the post that had been placed as a supporter to the branch of the old medlar, released from its ordinary duty by the shock our hero had produced in descending, fell betwixt the teeth of the trap, just as the lucky rogue had put his foot within the formidable snare. The gin closed upon the unconscious stake, and Jenmmy Dillon, to his infinite surprise and delight, drew out his leg unscathed. He now gathered up as many medlars, in addition to the fruit already secured, as his sacks would contain. Having filled these, he dragged them to the wall, fastened two cords to the mouth of each, and, throwing one cord to the gipsy, who was waiting without, the sacks were severally raised to the top of the wall by Burrows, and gently lowered on the other side by Dillon, who quickly followed them, when they were placed in a donkey-cart, and soon secured within the cavern in the chalk pit.

The gipsy was delighted to find that he had acquired in Dillon so active a coadjutor, and already began to look forward to better quarters and better fare, which was his ultimate, never having heard the notable saying of Socrates to a certain epicurean—"One would think that thou believest happiness to consist in good eating and drinking. I, for my part, am of opinion that to have need of nothing at all is a divine perfection; and that to have need but of little, is to approach very near the Deity." Burrows had no

* Xenophon, Memorabilia, B. I.
A BIRD’S-EYE VIEW OF NAPLES.

I can conceive nothing finer than the situation of Naples. The view from the bay is superb. The city rises like an amphitheatre; the foreground broken and diversified by the old castle, the arsenal, the lantern, and the mole—shut in on one side by the bold and beautiful promontory of Prospolipo, and on the other stretching for miles round its sweeping shore, for Portici, and Resina, and the white villas scattered at the foot of Vesuvius, and Torre del Greco and dell’ Anunciata, look like a suburb of palaces; the heights above the city crowned by the dark and threatening St. Elmo; towers, or villas, or hanging gardens scattered on all its eminences; the brown barren cone of Vesuvius standing fearfully at the foot of the bay, with its dark streams of desolation marking their course amidst a profusion of luxuriant vegetation; the indented, and finely varied coast of Vico and Sorento on the opposite side, with the bluest of blue mountains rising sublime in the distance; the bay itself sheltered and adorned by the interesting promontory of Micenus; by Procida, Ischia, and Capri, the most picturesque of islands;—this is a scene that may be equalled but can never be surpassed; that must be felt, but cannot be described: mine is its mere topography, and you may send it to the Gentleman’s if you please.

Naples must be a delightful city for an intellectual idler. The scenery wants nothing but fine wood to be perfect; and I am not sure that fine wood would harmonize with it.
The climate is delicious—I know nothing of the sirocco for I have felt nothing; to me the air, as Duncan says, "smells wooring." The home scene, its Toledo, its Piazza del Castello, and its Mole, are a perpetual carnival—a five act farce,—a leaf out of Rabelais or Ben Jonson, which he that runs may read. The walks and drives have all the variety, and more than all the beauty of other beautiful places, with recollections exclusively their own, and natural phenomena, that has everlasting speculation in it.

I confess the Syren has subdued me, and to tell the truth, I have idled monstrously on the old Mole, and the Piazza del Castello, and passed half my time among the vagabonds there. I can conceive that the climate may make the difference between the Toledo and Regent Street, but ages mark the difference between the everlasting pantomime of the Mole, and any thing in England. Such life may have been even in England, when it was merry England; the old dramatists, and some of Dekker's odd volumes, give credence to this opinion; an imagined scene in Alsatia or the Broad Sanctuary, or Coleman street, on a fair or a festival day, may illustrate it; but in England it must ever have been a scene or sort of bye-play; while the Mole at Naples is a universal Gull's Horn Book. Such groups of merry mad devils in one corner; such philosophical and grave faces in another, all attention to a prosy tale-teller; such gaiety at the infallible elixirs distributing by a Septimus-Septimus; and then such confusion in all the groups, such stripping, leaping, diving, when a few coppers were thrown into the water;—why when they knew me, which they very soon did, I was afraid of feeling for my snuff-box, lest I should unbreach half Naples. Let those that talk of swimming come here: I once thought I could swim, but I have never but once plunged into this splendid sea out of mere shame and vexation—an Englishman goes to it with a sort of shudder; he has an eternal consciousness of cramp, and of being tickled under the short ribs by the grappling irons of the Humane Society: after his first plunge he comes up puffing, and blowing, and gapping, and grooping, and blind and stupid, like Lazzarillo de Tormes when he unwillingly played the sea-monster in the fisherman's water-butt; while these fellows give their head a shake, and call for more coppers. The sea is a sort of natural home to them; and I am ready to believe, if any man assert it, that they sleep there on wet nights.

I know not what travellers mean by abusing the Lazzaroni; if their nakedness offend, give them clothes, and they will wear them; if they are hungry looking fellows, give them macaroni, and see who cries off first; if you stumble over them in the dark streets or doorways at night, ask them to walk in and take a bed, and see if they will refuse; if they are idlers give them work, and they will thank you; if they are cheats, misfortune has made them so, they live by cheating their own natures; if they are buffoons, God made them so; action is their natural language; it is not the grace of ornament, as with the "old man eloquent," but a substitute for language itself. When our first acquaintance here desired to satisfy us of the reasonableness of his two crown charge for removing the luggage, he alluded to the trust reposed in him, the consequences of a breach of trust; but he did not tell this, he acted it; and I laughed outright when I saw him grinning and shivering, and playing the miserable, and peeping through his own out-stretched sublime fingers, to represent the horrors and the iron-grating of a prison. Humour, and good-humour are the essential differences between the Lazzaroni and the superabundant population of other great cities; between them and the beggars of London, the "Jacks" at the water-side, and the blackguards who sleep on brick-kilns in the suburbs. The Lazzaroni are joyous and happy, when they have a just right to be sad and savage: they most resemble an occasional group of the blue-stockings at the corner of Oxford Street; but here they are all merry, and not so pugnacious. They do not, as with us, and so much the worse perhaps politically, look on themselves as a degraded, but as a distinct class: poverty indeed can be no shame where thousands claim respect for professing it; begging is not disgraceful where we take off our hats to the scoundrels who call themselves followers of St. Francis. Mind I do not pretend to be critical, or to distinguish between the veritable lazzi, and the vagabonds, though such distinctions are made I well know; I include all the idlers on the Mole, or the Mercato, and the other places where the lower classes congregate. As to there being forty thousand that never enter a bed, or sleep under a roof, I suspect it is an exaggeration. A bed, indeed, is not the essential thing at Naples that it is in London, and where a man has but half what his necessities require, he is not likely to waste much upon luxuries. I saw one group of about twenty stowed away under the large balcony of a ground-floor. It was not more
than nine o'clock, and promised to be, and was, a desperately wet night, and they had retired early, I suspect, to secure one of the best beds in Naples.

When tired of these merry fellows, my delight has not always been to walk in the Villa Reale, unequaled as it is, but in the dark intricacies of the old town. There is more entertainment in one such walk, than in the five acts of a modern comedy. A stranger at Naples is saved all trouble of inquiring into the domestic habits of the common people, for they have none; their house is a mere sleeping place, their dwelling the public streets; there, are their tables and chairs; there, is the carpenter's bench and the shoemaker's stool and lap-stone— I think I have seen more than a hundred of these latter at work in one street. In the streets, indeed, the common people eat, and drink, and dress, and work; there, he that has a dinner of his own cooks it; and there, is the cook's-shop for others; chestnuts, beans, fish, macaroni are frying, boiling, broiling at every corner; and there, are the little temple-looking stands, so fine, so tasty, and really so pretty and full of fanciful conceits and ornament, of the iced-water sellers. I know no finer sight than half a dozen of the Lazzaaroni, with a few superior labourers intermixed, standing, at night, round a boiling cauldron of macaroni, "the strong reflection of the pile lighting their dark lineaments," some, like Subtle, making a meal of the steam; others with face glowing and burnished by the glare, with head thrown back, and mouth gaping, swallowing it by the yard; others, more epicurean, parting at the next stall with their last gruel for a bunch of grapes, or a pomegranate, or a glass of iced-water, and all merry, and all happy.

You have a feeling, as you wander about in the old town, that every thing belongs to what we call the past; that its chemistry is alchemy, its philosophy is Aristotelian, that astronomy here means astrology, and that religion itself is but the mysteries of Platonism. You expect to see 'Mathlai, Tarmiel, and Baraborat,' written in mystical characters over shop doors. There is a pervading truth in all nature, and there must be a learning corresponding to the ignorance; and what other could pass current here. I wanted to ask every man in black if he were a Thomist or a Scotist—for the Jansenists and Molinists seem a contemptible sect of yesterday, like our South-cotonians—to discuss with him the question of pre-existence, the locality of Eden, or that case of conscience which just now troubles me, how the Lazzaaroni eat their macaroni in Lent, seeing forks are unknown, and men, as Othello says, have "greasy palms."

I have said thus much of the sublime scenery which surrounds the city, and of the strange people who inhabit it—because cities have a distinctive character as well as men, and it is this individuality which most interests us. In other things Naples resembles other cities, and is inferior to many—but I will go more into particulars in my next.

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TO A VERY YOUNG FRIEND, WITH A PRESENT OF HIS FIRST PRINTED VISITING CARD.

BY T. HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

Dear Edmund, take the gift I send,
But listen while I speak demurely,
Lest some should think I lead my Friend
To copy Manhood prematurely.

Boys ever loathe the name of "Boy,"
And wish old Time to travel faster,
Write "Mister" on their cards with joy,
And frown on all who call them "Master."

They shave the downy cheek, and sigh
The whiskers' tardy growth to note;
They throw the graceful jacket by,
And glory in the long-tailed coat!
THE AMATEUR FESTIVAL.

They reckon Boyhood and restraint,
The worst of ills we suffer here,
While their imaginations paint
In brilliant colours Man's career.

Alas! to one so young, 'tis not
For me to paint life's darker side;
I'll hope that it may be your lot
To sail upon a tranquil tide.

But oh! however great your joy,
You'll often say in years to come,
"How happy was I when a Boy,
How dear my Parents, and my Home!"

Then be a Boy while yet you may,
With all the bliss a Boy inherits,
Without a pang to chase away
The transport of your joyous spirits.

Be patient of control, 'tis Love,
Fond Love that makes a Parent use it;
The silken string that holds a Dove
But proves that we are loath to lose it.

Ape manly graces if you will,
The dauntless heart, the spotless truth;
But be a Boy in meekness still,
With all the purity of youth.

Then take the cards, and may you find
Good use for them where'er you wander;
May they be left for Friends so kind,
That Time will make them all grow fonder.

But should aught impious or impure,
Take Friendship's name, reject and shun it;
And if you leave a card, be sure
To scribble "P. P. C." upon it!

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THE AMATEUR FESTIVAL.

When first the idea was conceived of trying what the amateurs of London could effect in performances similar to those which had taken place, some months before, at Westminster Abbey, the announcement of such a project was received with incredulity—almost with scorn. The public generally thought the attempt impracticable, and this impression increased its difficulty. Many amateurs themselves were afraid of coming forward in aid of an abortive attempt, which would only hold them up to ridicule. This unfortunate impression proved ultimately injurious to the undertaking, because several of the best instrumental performers among the amateurs, were prevented, by the lateness of their application, from forming part of the band, necessarily filled with the most skilful of those who had already offered their services. This may account for the comparatively small number of really superior violin players occupying stands in the orchestra, and explain why that instrument was weaker in the full parts
than it ought to have been. Nevertheless, all the gentlemen near Cramer were performers of superior skill; and were I at liberty to mention names, I could disclose a list of amateurs there present, scarcely equalled in any other city in Europe. Another circumstance ought not to be passed over in silence. A few violin players, from affording their aid too late, were stationed at the last row of desks. These, who undoubtedly deserved a better place, but lost it from their own fault, together with a few others rated according to their capacity, took offence at not occupying a more prominent rank in the orchestra, and deserted their stands. The band was therefore deprived of their services, and the violins consequently weakened to the amount of what these performers could have added. This may partly excuse the fault found by some critics with a branch of the orchestra, in which every blemish is more apparent than in any other. But there were two other causes over which neither the committee, nor the conductor, nor the performers had any control, and to which must principally be attributed the want of power complained of in the violins, and indeed in the whole orchestra, compared with the stupendous body of sound produced by the chorusses. 

The first of these causes existed in Exeter Hall itself, which is very ill adapted to musical performances. There is a constant resonance through the Hall, echoed from part to part; and, whether from the sky-lights in the roof, or from the ornaments with which the ceiling is thickly studded, the sound of stringed instruments loses not only much of its intensity, but much of its roundness. 

The other cause arose from the size of the orchestra, which was much too small for an adequate band of performers. This could not be avoided, as every corner was taken that the hall afforded. Could space have been obtained for fifty or sixty more violins, and a proportionate number of tenors, violoncellos, basses, and wind instruments, the additional power of sound would not have been too great for the chorusses. 

With these local disadvantages, much credit is due to the conductor, for the effective band he brought together. If I except the want of a few more violins, nothing could be more perfect than the elements of this orchestra, taking into consideration the want of room, and the natural defects of the hall. The tenors, with Monk at their head, were strong and powerful; the violoncelli and bassi, under the lead of Lindley and Drago-netti, were excellent; the wind instruments, with Willman, Platt, Harper, and Gratton Cooke among them, could scarcely be excelled. I must, however, state that one of the Ophicleides was incompetent to the task he had undertaken: he was once several bars out all through a piece, which is inexcusable in a professor, as this gentleman calls himself. Not one of the amateurs present would have made such a mistake. 

The organ was very defective—excessively out of tune, and its tone of very bad quality. This instrument was built gratuitously for the Festival; which circumstance, whilst it showed the liberality of the builder, deprived the committee of all power of complaint. Nevertheless, it would have been better policy to have incurred the additional expense of a good instrument, both for the credit of the gentlemen who successively acted as organists, and for the more perfect execution of those magnificent inspirations of Handel, in which the organ takes an indispensable part.

As I am bound to point out every defect in these performances, I must notice the manner in which the drums were beaten. The great point of excellence in these instruments, so effective in the full parts, is to give them a proper vibration, and not to thump them like a smith hammering upon his anvil. The two performers on the two pairs of drums seemed to vie with each other in illustrating what the Bastard says to Lewis, the dauphin of France:—

An echo with the clamour of thy drum,  
And even at hand a drum is ready braced,  
That shall reverberate as loud as thine;  
Sound but another, and another shall.  
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin’s ear,  
And mock the deep-mouthed thunder.**

The accompaniments to the songs and the mass music, were beautifully effective. Instead of a single violoncello and bass, there were four of each; and the violins here told beautifully, because they were all good, having been carefully selected for this purpose. The subdued tone of the instruments, without covering the voice, was rich, full, and harmonious: it produced a thrilling effect, such as I scarcely ever before witnessed in these accompaniments.

Come we now to the chorusses, which have certainly displayed power and precision never surpassed, perhaps never equalled in this or any other country. A majority of the men composing them belong to the industrious, and therefore the most useful classes of the

* King John.
community. They have cultivated music, and especially that description of music which constitutes the most sublime branch of the art, to a degree of perfection seldom found in those who seek only an agreeable recreation from manual labour. The most intricate measure was mastered, and the intellectual character of each of those noble compositions which, to the latest posterity will stamp Handel as the father of his art, were given with the skill and effect of experienced professors. Nothing could be more unexpected, nothing more astounding than this result. It proves that the want of musical feeling attributed to the British people is quite unfounded, and justifies the conclusion, that if the cultivation of music formed part of the national education among all classes, we might become a powerful rival to Germany. Whether such a thing would not be advantageous in helping to form orderly and peaceful habits among the lower orders, by affording them a recreation that would turn their minds from drunkenness and debauchery, to which they now devote their leisure hours, is a question well worthy of attention.

The excellence of the choruses, to which Sir George Smart and every other leading professor who heard them did ample justice, proves also that the choral elements which London possesses, are of a much higher quality than was previously supposed; that they excel those of any other town in the kingdom; and that, had the directors of the Festival at Westminster Abbey known where to find them, there would have been no need of obtaining, at a great expense, chorus singers from the country.

All the male singers at Exeter Hall were the type of a thriving community, strong, healthy, prosperous, open, and manly, with mellow and sonorous voices, reveling in the enjoyment of a noble art, with the beauties of which they were thoroughly imbued. Those of the other sex, more retiring and diffident, yet displaying equal enthusiasm, poured forth their rich stream of soprano with the most touching effect. Among the latter was a display of elegance, refinement, and in many instances of dazzling beauty, which no other city in Europe could rival, and all this attended with a softness and bewitching timidity of deportment peculiar to the women of our own happy land. And yet neither the skill nor the power of these gentle song-stresses was marred by their truly feminine feelings: the same excitement seemed to pervade both sexes, and the sublime masses

of choral harmony which burst forth upon the wonder-stricken hearer, were given with a warmth and an earnestness never found in those who professionally earn a precarious subsistence by filling the choral parts in the theatres and at the opera.

The first performance (Thursday, October 30th) consisted of selections from the “Dettingen Te Deum,” from the oratorio of “Judas Maccabeus,” from Mozart’s twelfth mass, from Beethoven’s “Mount of Olives,” from “Jephtha,” and from “Sampson.” It was concluded by one of Handel’s coronation anthems.

In the “Te Deum,” the only remarkable thing was the chorus, “To thee cherubim and seraphim,” which went so well as to give an earnest of what was to succeed.

The chorus in Judas Maccabeus, “O Father, whose almighty power,” was very effective; but that of “Fall’n is the foe,” was given with wonderful energy.

The air: “From mighty kings,” is, in my humble opinion, one of Handel’s failures. It is a jig-like sort of tune, devoid of elevation, grace, or energy, and is one of those redundancies that ought to be lopped off, because it is one of the weaknesses of a powerful mind. Mrs. W. Knuyett sang it as well as it could be sung, but she was not warmed by the subject.

Of the recitative and air which followed, by Mr. Hawkins, I say nothing, except that I enter my protest against his emasculate and passionless contralto voice.

“Lord worketh wonders” was sung with warmth and feeling by Mr. Leffler. This young professor holds out considerable promise, and if he has application to cultivate his voice and clear it of its asperities, he will reach a respectable station in his art.

I was much disappointed in “Lord remember David,” one of the most beautiful of Handel’s single songs. Mr. Sapiio, who sang it, has a hardness of style quite incompatible with the flowing tenderness of the melody. He was beautifully accompanied.

Miss Bruce might have sung “Angels ever bright and fair” much better. Perhaps there was a little timidity about her in this first song, for she greatly improved in the succeeding airs assigned to her. This lady has a pure and rich voice, but in her shake she has that unhappy defect peculiar to many of our fair songstresses of the present day: I mean the trick of making the shake almost a minor third instead of a perfect major second, and nearly a full tone when it
ought to be only a semitone. This is the result of an ill-judged system adopted by Mr. Welsh and some other masters, to obtain a very open shake. The pupil is made to beat a minor third, and this habit becomes so inveterate that it is never entirely lost. A shake thus acquired can seldom be reduced to a perfect second, even with great application and practice; and what is worse, the note upon which it ought to be made cannot be firmly held, but invariably falls so as to place this ornament quite out of the key. There cannot be a more striking instance of this defect than in Miss Shirreff, nor is Mrs. W. Knyvett free from it. One would think that all these ladies had studied in the same school.

Mozart’s mass music was given in most perfect style. Nothing could exceed the “Gloria in excelsis,” and the “Cum sancto spiritu.”

I am, I confess, no great admirer of Handel’s occasional overture. Composed in an age when instrumental music had made but little progress, it is an unmeaning compound of the conceit and stiff formality which characterised music at the beginning of the last century. This is one of the works of our great master which should be laid aside, as having an interest of only time and circumstance. When Handel wrote it, he surely never contemplated its reaching posterity.

Mozart’s motet was extremely well performed, though no true lover of this music can admire its adaptation to English words.

Luther’s hymn, with the trumpet solo at the end of every line, is the abomination of abominations. It means nothing—it kindles no emotion; as well might one of the common-place psalm tunes, squallèd by charity children to the bellowing organ of some second-rate chapel of ease in a country town, have been placed before the noble band assembled at Exeter Hall, as this contemptible composition. When the majestic and swelling strains of Handel and Mozart had raised the soul in religious meditation towards the throne of omnipotence, lo! this puerile attempt seemed thundered forth to verify the adage that there is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

The selection from the “Mount of Olives” was a gem in the day’s performance, and it is to be regretted that the whole of this noble oratorio was not given.

I was very much struck with the manner in which Mr. Turner gave “Deeper and deeper still.” This gentleman has a young, fresh, and beautiful voice, with much force and energy of manner; and though naturally alarmed at appearing for the first time before so numerous an audience to sing that which has ever proved one of Braham’s proudest triumphs, he acquitted himself marvellously well. Some have censured his singing this song after Braham. Why should he not have sung it? Mr. Turner, it must be remembered, is a young man who has just begun his career; Braham has nearly ended his. Mr. Turner has fame to win; Braham has enjoyed for many years past the highest that any singer could attain. Can fame be won without an arduous struggle? Did Braham evince intuitive perfection, or was his excellence the result of gradual improvement? Why may not Mr. Turner, so far as cultivation can reach, attain equal excellence at last? Why then debar him from the means which alone can stimulate him to exertion? It might with equal justice be said that Miss Clara Novello or Miss Postans ought never to attempt a song that had been previously sung by Pasta or Malibran.

Mrs. W. Knyvett gave the most exquisite expression to “Ye sacred priests,” and to the air, “Farewell ye limpid streams,” which followed. No singer of the present day can do more complete justice to this composition. The chorus, “When his loud voice,” came next, and produced an astounding effect.

“Total eclipse,” by Mr. Sapio, was decidedly bad. What does this gentleman mean by jerking up his voice as he does, and not only spoiling the words but destroying the expression of the music. As a specimen of this barbarous style, instead of “no sun,” he says, “no su-hun,” giving the “su” upon the note meant solely for “no,” and then bounding up his voice to “hun” in the most fantastic manner. This is a blench in many of our English singers. I have often wished I could apply to each the “vox faucibus hastis.”

The chorus of the priests of Dagon, and that beginning “Let their celestial concerts,” were sublime. Miss Clara Novello sang most beautifully “Let the bright seraphim,” with Harper’s thrilling trumpet accompaniment.

The coronation anthem, “Zadok the priest,” concluded the first day’s performance. Though not the best of Handel’s coronation anthems, yet the immense mass of harmony given out by the combined efforts of the singers and the orchestra, kindled a powerful emotion in the audience.

The second performance (on Monday,
November 3rd) consisted of selections from the “Creation,” “Judas Maccabaeus,” Beethoven’s mass in D, and “Israel in Egypt.”

Of the “Creation” I shall say but little. The choruses went admirably, especially “And the spirit of God,” “Despairing, cursing,” and “The Heavens are telling.” Mr. Phillips gave “Rolling with foaming billows” in his very best style, and Miss Clara Novello in “The marvellous work,” displayed taste and powers of a high order. Mrs. W. Knayvet failed in “With verdure clad,” which she utterly spoiled by introducing embellishments not only in very bad taste, but exceedingly ill-timed. There is always great sameness in her concluding cadences; they have been handed down by tradition from Madame Mara, only they want the feeling and pathos which that accomplished woman imparted to them. Mrs. W. Knayvet has too much talent not to be original, and she might if she pleased break through that eternal descent by two semitones from the dominant to the sub-dominant, which she sometimes takes the trouble to repeat twice or thrice before she reaches the concluding shake.

The overture to Joseph, by Mechul, was very effectively given, and this is the first time it was ever performed on so large a scale.

“O Liberty,” sung by Mr. Sapio, was rendered extremely attractive by Lindley’s violoncello accompaniment. The extraordinary beauty of tone which this unrivalled performer imparts to his instrument, and the smoothness and brilliancy of his execution, place him upon an eminence beyond the reach of every other violoncellist.

“Qual ancilante cervo” was well sung by Miss Clara Novello and Madame Garcia, who were supported by an admirable accompaniment. The older counterpart of this air, combined as it is with a sweet though quaint expression of tenderness, drags the mind back into the most pleasing associations of bygone ages. Seeming to lose the consciousness of the present, we find ourselves among those long since swept from the face of the earth, and do live, and breathe, and move before us. This duet has often haunted my dreams.

The “Benedictus,” in Beethoven’s mass, is a wonderful production. This man had the same feelings and inspirations, the same sublimity of imagination, as his great predecessor Handel. These two beings were formed in the same mould. Handel did not live in times when his most powerful strains could be done justice to; he therefore never heard them such as he had conceived them. Beethoven from deafness was debarred from hearing his. The “Benedictus” was well sung, and most exquisitely accompanied; each performer here seemed an accomplished professor.

“Israel in Egypt” is incontestibly Handel’s most powerful work. But the solo airs are antiquated; all the effects of this prodigious effort of human genius lie in the choral pieces. To speak of them in detail, to describe the precision with which they were given, and the enthusiasm with which they were received, would carry me far beyond my necessary limits. It is sufficient to say that these noble choruses succeeded each other like “wonders, each still more wonderful;” the genius of the composer seemed gradually to expand until it had embraced all that is vast and mighty.

“They loathed to drink,” “He spake the word,” “He gave them hailstones,” are miraculous specimens of descriptive music; they speak to the mind like the wonders of Michel Angelo’s pencil, but with more vivid and imposing effect. The imagination is wrought upon gradually by the paintings, the music takes it by storm. “He sent a thick darkness,” is a marvel in choral composition; it is a species of measured recitative in chorus. As it proceeds, you see the darkness slowly stealing over the bright and sunny land where hail and rain and fog were unknown until Almighty ire was roused. This chorus, though extremely difficult of execution, and rarely ever well understood, was given without a blemish. All the performers felt and were imbued with its spirit.

“He smote the first born,” is also a very difficult chorus, and was done ample justice to. Then followed “He rebuked the Red Sea,” which went with unparalleled firmness and precision.

It would have been much better if Mr. A. Novello had not attempted “The Lord is a man of war,” with Mr. Phillips. There is too great a disparity between these singers for due effect to have been given to this duet. Further, Mr. Phillips displayed more warmth than he is wont to do, which rendered the contrast still more glaring. Mrs. W. Knayvet electrified the audience with the words of Miriam the prophetess, “Sing ye to the Lord.” But this must always be the case when a singer of even moderate talent undertakes this solo, for the words actually sing themselves.

Now came, as a wind up to the performance of the day, the double chorus entitled, “The horse and his rider,” that climax of musical power. I feel that I cannot describe it. Perhaps it was never so well
performed before; at least, so thought some of the greatest professors of the day with whom I conversed on the subject. The audience who were preparing to depart, and many of whom had already left their seats, seemed suddenly palsy-stricken, and stood as if entranced until it was over. When the sounds ceased, a breathless silence prevailed, the hall for a few seconds before the bustle of departure commenced.

The third performance (Wednesday, November 5) consisted of the oratorio of the "Messiah," in which the great excellence of the choruses and instrumental band were as remarkable as during the preceding days. I would substitute for the overture to this oratorio, which is not sufficiently elevated for the subject, some grand instrumental piece by Beethoven, more in unison with the genius which Handel displays throughout this noble oratorio, second only to "Israel in Egypt."

"Comfort ye, my people," was creditably given by Mr. Sapio, and beautifully accompanied. The chorus "And the glory of the Lord," went off well, though perhaps with less fire than the choruses of the preceding performance. But the warmth and enthusiasm of the band were wrought up to their full pitch when they came to "For unto us a child is born," which swelled forth its harmonies in a manner to make the protecting spirit of the "great commemoration" stand aghast.

Mr. Hawkins sang "O thou that tellest." This gentleman has talent, but the unfortunate quality of his voice will always keep this talent below the poetry of his art. "O, it offends me to the soul," to see a huge man with fierce-looking whiskers and breadth of shoulders for a drayman, tuning up almost to "childish treble," in a hard, catarrhal voice di testa, attended with a few notes of a phthisical voice di petto. Those notes by which a female contr' alto would express the deepest energy of passion, are powerless and contemptible in a male voice. But these hybrid gentlemen say that their voice is nota "contr' alto," but a "counter tenor," which is different. This is not true. Contr' alto, haute contre, high counter, and counter tenor, mean precisely the same thing, and form the same dissonon of voice, which, to be effective, can be used only by women, or boys. "He was despised and rejected of men," that most melting and sublime of all Handel's single songs, was also assigned to Mr. Hawkins. And many of the audience had heard it sung by Malibran! The objection to male contr' alti, expressed not only here but in a former paper, extends to Mr. G. Pyne, whose voice is still more objectionable than that of Mr. Hawkins.

The affecting and lovely melody of "How beautiful are," was given by Miss C. Novello with great tenderness and feeling. This young lady is making rapid strides towards the highest station among our native songresses. I must not omit to mention in terms of praise Mr. Turner's "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron."

The Hallelujah chorus went with astonishing vigour and effect. Nothing in the whole of these performances was superior to it. The dead pause before the final cadence was as perfect as if the whole band had been but a single individual.

Mrs. W. Knyvett sang with sweetness, but rather coldly "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and Mr. H. Phillips gave great breadth and power to "The trumpet shall sound."

Miss F. Healy showed talent in "If God be for us." This young lady has a good voice, and the most perfect shake I ever heard. She has natural gifts sufficient to make her a good singer, but much remains for her to do. If she has already formed an overweening opinion of her musical attainments, she will never rise to eminence; if, on the contrary, she feels her present mediocrity, and has courage and application to overcome it, she will succeed. Her success is in her own hands.

The last grand chorus "Worthy is the Lamb," and "Amen" might vie with every other performance during the day. These strains are worthy of the subject; and they were never more worthily given:—so said Lindley, Dragonetti, Cramer and Dando,—so said the audience.

The fourth performance (Friday, Nov. 7th) was a repetition of the second performance.

Too great praise cannot be bestowed upon the conductor, Mr. W. Holderness, for the skill and care with which he managed these gigantic performances; for to him and to his able conductor Mr. Travers, director of the choruses, is the success solely due. It was no easy matter, even for the most experienced in conducting, to bring together and mould into one common will, seven hundred amateurs, many of whom had never joined an orchestra before. Neither in France nor in Germany has a concert ever been attempted upon so large a scale. "Monster concerts" as they are termed in France, have always failed at Paris, with only four hundred per-
formers, though conducted by Cherubini, who found it impossible to impart one mind to the band so as to ensure precision. The faculty of playing together in so numerous a body seems hitherto to have been enjoyed by the "unmusical" English alone.

Mr. W. Holderness, though a modest and diffident man, was selected by the committee, because they knew what he could effect if fair play was given him. And he has fully justified their confidence. No man understood the music better—no man could have given the time with more firmness and precision—and no man could, in every respect, have better fulfilled the duties he undertook. And yet he has been attacked, and sneered at without a shadow of justice. One attributed to his want of care the faults in the copied parts; and if he could have verified personally ten thousand sheets of written music, for the hire of which an enormous price was paid. Another stated that he was an amateur, and should not have conducted professors. Absurd! Did not an amateur conduct one of the performances at the "Great Commemoration?" Has Onslow—has Meyerbeer never, conducted professors? Yet both these gentlemen are amateurs. But, strange as the statement may appear after this, Mr. W. Holderness is a professor and not an amateur. I maintain that of those who have attacked Mr. Holderness, not one has been able to say that he did not understand his duty as a conductor, or that the music went off badly under his direction. All admit that every performance was admirable; and no stronger evidence in favour of the conductor's skill could be given; nor any more disinterested, since it came from those who would fain question that which, by their own showing, is not a question: namely, Mr. W. Holderness's competency to the task assigned him. I have felt called upon to say thus much in defence of a man whom envy has unjustifiably assailed.

In conclusion, I may express a hope that the result of this festival will form a closer bond of union between the amateurs and the professors, and that such of the former as are really competent will join the latter in any future national attempt to pourtray upon a grander scale the more elevated beauties of classical music. Beethoven, as he has often stated, to the writer of this article, conceived the possibility of forming an orchestra of three thousand musicians. If this were attempted in Westminster Hall, spacious enough for a band of that magnitude, with an audience of ten thousand persons, the success can scarcely be doubtful. Let professors and amateurs go hand in hand in such an undertaking, and let the wonders produced by their performances resound through the wide world, and throw every other musical nation into the shade. Success will warm and impart life to the seeds of genius, which at present cannot germinate because they have fallen in a barren soil; and a school of music will arise that shall bring to our island the genius of harmony, which has almost deserted the sunny plains of Italy, for the gloomy forests and mountain caves of Germany.

C.

LETTERS FROM A LATE ATTACHÉ.—No. V.

I would willingly, as you formerly suggested, give you a "peep into the privacy of German life," and transmit you a faithful picture of domestic manners in these circles, of which it has already been my fortune to see so much that is interesting; but I must crave your indulgence till I have once more passed the Bavarian frontier, to which, instead of the Prussian capital, I am now commissioned to proceed. The note, of which my last contained a copy, has not been literally fulfilled; but it has changed, as you perceive, my original destination, and sent me into Upper Saxony on a commission of observation, the political nature of which will, in all probability, have transpired before this reaches you. I am charmed, so far as regards my own prospect of personal enjoyment, with this mutation of purpose; for it opens to me a new field, and introduces me to most of the minor courts, which are so much more difficult of access than the greater,—where I may study, at my ease, the less frequented, and consequently the less artificial réunions of society, and where I shall have the mysteries of the Black Forest, the magnificence of the Thuringen, and the superstitions of the Hartz to employ my leisure, and conjure into reality those airy regions of romance of which I have hitherto read much, dreamt more, and seen but little. With these premises imperfectly stated, I return to the scene of my last,—not however to detain you with any elaborate account of the banquet, for of
this and others I shall have more especial cause to speak hereafter, but to communicate an anecdote which was related during dinner—for here there is neither dessert nor after dinner.

Over the marble chimney there hangs a striking painting of a member of the Ravenstein family, a young and handsome officer, who had distinguished himself in the service of the Great Frederick, by whom he had been esteemed and trusted on many important occasions. We had no sooner seated ourselves at table, than the prince, fixing his eyesteadily on the portrait, and then on the Comte, seemed to trace a strong resemblance in the features, and immediately inquired if it was not the “gallant Berthold,” as he was called in his day,—the pride of the old camp at Holtzheim?

“"It is," replied the comte," and no doubt your highness recalls the fate, while you recognise the features of one, whose firm and tried attachment to the royal cause excuses the pride I feel in beholding this flattering recognition of my gallant kinsman.”

“I have heard when a child,” answered the prince, “of several striking incidents connected with his acts of intrepidity, and self-devotion in the cause of my ancestor; for indeed his portrait was familiar to me from infancy; but further I am ignorant of any fact beyond the most melancholy one that he died in the morning of his career! Is there any circumstance, as you lead me to suppose there is, of which I am still ignorant?”

“There is,” replied the comte, “a melancholy interest connected with the subject, and which, since it appears your highness is unaequainted with the circumstance, I will, by your gracious permission, take upon me to explain.”

“Do so by all means,” said the prince, and at the same time, if you please, let the band intermit, for these bugles, though very well for the field, are superfluous at least to a speaker; and no one present I am sure would willingly lose a syllable of any thing that concerns your gallant ancestor.”

Rising half from his chair to make his acknowledgments by a profound obeisance to the prince, the comte resumed his seat and proceeded.

“About three leagues from this, in that part of the forest called Hochwald, where I was so lately to have had the honour of attending your highness at an ancestral hunt, is the ruined tower which but seventy years ago was the scene of many a martial fête and forest pastime. This was the property, and indeed the favourite residence of my great uncle, whose only son, the subject of this family record, was at that time in active service, and with what credit to himself is fully evinced by the bulletins of the day, and the testimony of his companions in arms. This campaign, however, was chequered with a signal reverse——”

“True, true,” interrupted the prince rather impatiently, “but Berthold, what of him?”

“Berthold,” resumed the comte, “but with more attention to political caution,) having obtained a short leave of absence, hastened to join his family circle, and in the interval of repose to espouse the orphan daughter of Ludolf of Hechingen whose portrait faces that in question, and whose beauty was the talk of the country, and the two-fold cause of much envy and admiration. This was a joyous prospect for the happiness of both parties, particularly for that of Berthold, whose death would have left his father childless and these estates to a lateral branch. The preparations made for his welcome, and the approaching solemnity, were got up in great abundance and brilliancy. The 24th of May was fixed for his return to the paternal mansion, and the 29th of the same unlucky month, as it is considered, for the marriage. On the evening of the 21st, both families had assembled to supper in the old hall, and in congratulation on the approaching event which was to seal for ever their mutual bond of attachment. On that evening, as I have often been told, the music was sweeter, the conversation more exhilarating, and the company, among whom the young fiancée presided, the happiest in the forest of Odin.

“At nine o’clock the family courier presented a letter to the baron, but which the latter laid carelessly aside, so as to attend, without distraction, to the duties of hospitality. Another eye, however, of more penetration than his, speedily detected the superscription, and presented it to the baron as the letter of his son! adding tenderly and emphatically, ‘Is it not his!’

“The Baron hastily broke open the seal to ascertain the truth, for the hand-writing was rather changed, although it bore the family crest. ‘Yes,’ he exclaimed, as he hastily ran down the column,—‘it is his,’ and read as follows:—’Impatient to accomplish the task which my duty imposes on me, and in which it is my glory to take a share, I have employed night and day in the arrangements for my journey, and if I survive the rencontre which this morning threatens my battalion, I shall bring with me an additional claim to
the love of my Adelheide, and one leaf more
to the little coronet of laurel with which the
chance of war has decorated my father's son.
An unpardonable infringement on the terms
of our late truce, renders our position, for the
moment, precarious, but nevertheless three
days hence expect me at the supper table.—
The happiness of this prospect overpowers me.'

"The mingled expression of joy and apprehen-
sion caused by this unexpected letter had
not time to manifest itself, when the rattling of
military accoutrements was heard in the anti-
room—at the same moment the door
sprang open with a startling clang, and
Berthold rushed into the arms of his father!"

"Very good, very good," interrupted the
prince, "but point, point if you please, and
less sentiment, M. le Comte."

"Thus, after five years absence," continued
the comte, "the young warrior returned
covered with glory, invested with a superior
rank, and decorated with several crosses
or other badges of honour. The overjoyed
father contemplated him with an honest pride
and exultation, and seemed to live over the
brightest days of his own career in that of his
son! His venerable aunt, the Fraulein v.
Rastadt, accusing the weakness of her sight
that still seemed to conceal from her some
trait in the face of the young soldier,
continued to gaze with unwearied eyes, embo-
ying, at the same time, twenty questions in a
breath.

"Adelheide, too happy to disguise the cause
of her happiness, manifested it by a thousand
little artless caresses and expressions, such as
did not understand, but the most delicate
love only can dictate or practice.

"They had been brought up together.
Adelheide was the orphan daughter of a
companion in arms, and the baron had
lavished upon her in infancy and youth all
the cares and attentions of an anxious and
devoted father. His parental solicitude was
well repaid, for she became in a few years the
most accomplished of her sex, and the idol of
the chateau and surrounding hamlets.

"The old gentleman having long observed
the growing attachment between Berthold
and his fair ward, resolved to throw no barrier
in the way of their union, and on the eve of
his joining the army, Adelheide became
Berthold's fiancée and bride.

"When the first transports of their joy had
subsided, it was observed that Berthold
carried his right arm in a sling. All the
fears of the family were again suddenly called
fors at the very supposition of any serious
wound; but as they anxiously questioned him
on the subject, a shade of melancholy seemed
to settle upon his countenance and they forbore.
A trifling contusion, he replied, rendered it
necessary to keep his arm suspended; but in
order to quiet all alarms, and to prevent fur-
ther interrogatories, he disengaged his arm
from the black silk handkerchief in which it
was slung, and as he appeared to use it with-
out pain or difficulty, succeeded in restoring
that hilarity which, for a moment, the cir-
cumstance had dissipated.

"In the mean time the happy news had
flown from house to house, while the more
immediate neighbours made all possible haste
to offer their personal congratulations in the
hall of the chateau.

"The same evening, therefore, the frugal
supper intended for the circle already men-
tioned, was superseded by a magnificent
banquet suited to the occasion. Berthold,
placed between his father and the beautiful
girl who was so soon to become his wife, did
the honours of the table with all the elegance
and grace for which the officers of that day
were famed, and in the joy of the moment
the oldest present seemed to have recovered
all the buoyant gaiety of youth.

"An old wine, reserved for great occasions
was now brought forth; the Rüdesheimer,
and the Red-comet sparkled on the board,
and the worthy chaplain observed that such
wine must not be allowed to circulate without
a specific toast.—It was on such occasions as
the present, he said, that the ancient Romans
sprinkled their altar with the blood of the
richest grape. The return of a youthful
warrior was the signal for domestic festivities,
and the first welcome that met him at the
door was the wine-cup. 'Let us imitate the
Roman welcome,' he continued, 'and drink
to the return of Berthold!'

"The toast was hailed with enthusiasm,
and the bumper drained to the exhilarating
sentiments it conveyed. Congratulations
passed from lip to lip, while the chaplain
watching the delight that sparkled in the
eyes of the lovely Adelheide, slightly in-
snunted that there was still another fête at
hand, and another toast to be proposed.

"At this moment Berthold rose to return
thanks for the most gratifying and cordial
reception he had just met with from the
friends of his boyhood. 'Delightful,' said
he, 'as it must be at all times to exchange
the tented plain for the paternal roof—the
nameless perils of a soldier's life for the
placid joys and sweet security of a domestic
hearth—still the happiness of being once
more received in the bosom of my family is
greatly enhanced by the presence of so many
friends—whom voices have been as ready to
console the father in the absence of the son, as they are now to offer their cordial felicitations on his return—friends who were the first to sympathise in the hours of solitude and sorrow, are the first to be found in the hours of returning festivity. Yes, my friends—mine must be a soldier's thanks—few, but sincere! I have of late been accustomed to action rather than speech—and when I look on those whose fervent vows have followed me in all my wanderings—when I find myself seated once more by the side of her who has been the guardian angel of all my campaigns—whose image has been present with me in every danger,—I ask my heart, what is it that I can have done to be thus reserved for so much unspeakable happiness.'—He fixed his look tenderly upon Adelheide, who smiled and then burst into tears. 'Yes,' he added, 'I feel that had I the eloquence of Demosthenes, it would not suffice me on the present occasion.'

'Seemingly overcome with the feelings of the moment, he raised the cup to his lips, but the next instant with a look of invincible horror, dashed it to the earth—and sprang convulsively from his seat—muttering with a hoarse and half-choked voice—'Wretch that I am—thus then—thus all my hopes are blasted for ever!'

The company, thunderstruck at his appearance, and horrified at the sentence which had just escaped from his lips, regarded him with fixed and fearful silence!

'He sprang towards the door—while each of the guests made an involuntary effort to detain him, but—Follow at your peril!' he exclaimed, in a wild accent that comprised both menace and command, 'Follow at your peril!—life will be the forfeit!' With these words he disappeared, leaving the company overwhelmed with astonishment, and vainly endeavouring to unravel the mystery that now preyed upon their distracted minds.

'The consequent distress and consternation which seized upon the baron forbade all commentary upon an event so totally inexplicable; and each of the guests feeling that his presence might be painful under such circumstances, took the first opportunity to retire.

'As soon as the baron found himself alone, he interrogated the domestics, in order to ascertain in what direction his son had retired. From them he learnt that Berthold, on leaving the supper table, had immediately ascended the stairs to his chamber and locked himself up. For some minutes they heard a continued noise; thereafter a dead stillness prevailed, which led them to suppose that he had gone to sleep.

'Little relieved by these partial details, the baron, by means of a pass-key, entered the chamber of his son, and found him, as had been conjectured, plunged in a profound sleep.

'After giving directions that he should be attentively watched, he returned down stairs a little tranquillised—there to await with impatience the explanation of such alarming and unintelligible conduct. The night, however, passed away without any relief to his distracted spirit.

'The following morning at break of day, Adelheide, who had never closed an eye the whole night, descended the great staircase, and entered the park, in hopes that the fresh air would dissipate the dreadful fever of anxiety under which her temples throbbed, and her heart trembled with agonising apprehensions. The weather was dismal; and the clouds gathering in dense volumes over the summit of the forest, appeared to conceal under their skirts, the embryo of an approaching tempest.

'To these external symptoms of nature, Adelheide paid no attention:—her heart struggled with emotions more powerful than those which rouse the elements to war—there was a denser cloud upon her fair countenance than that which now darkened the bright face of heaven. Guided by that gentle passion which had now, more than ever, become the ruling star of her destiny, she halted under the casement of Berthold, and there stood with aching eye to catch some symptom that should announce his waking. Few minutes had elapsed ere she heard the sound of steps in the avenue. She turned hastily round, and the same moment beheld the object of her unspeakable anxiety advancing towards her. His look was still paler than on the preceding evening, and as he approached, he smiled with a melancholy air, in which there was expressed more than the result of common sorrow.

'I have been seeking you, my Adelheide,' said he, mournfully. 'I am dying to speak with you.'

'With me, my Berthold? Oh why—what is this!'

'Yes, Adelheide, with you, for from you I am again doomed to part. scarce am I arrived, when circumstances of weighty moment demand my return to the camp—Yes, I must depart instantly, and I have sought you thus early that I might take my leave.'

'These last words he pronounced with a
deep and strange intonation of voice, and with an earnestness of gesture and expression, as if prompted by some inexplicable—some irresistible influence.

"Adelheide kept her eyes fixed upon him as he spoke; but as if not comprehending the mysterious import of his words, remained silent.

"At length unable to subdue her feelings, she inquired in a tremulous voice—'Am I to understand that my Berthold leaves me?—Can this be possible! And what stern motive can be adduced for this renewal of my bereavement?"

"For heaven's sake, and the sake of all thou lovest, my Adelheide, question me not.' This said, he folded her arm in his, and continued to walk with hasty steps down the avenue. In the mean time, the storm had advanced as far as the grounds of the château; the thunder was heard a hundred times reverberated amid the deep recesses of the forest, while the lightning, with fierce and fiendful playfulness, flickered and flashed among the linden trees of the avenue. Together they moved on in silence till, actuated by a sudden momentary impulse, 'Berthold!' said the beautiful girl, fixing her large dark eyes on his, with an expression in which was infused the tenderest and most melting affection—"Why am I thus debarred from your confidence?—have I no right over your heart? If any painful secret weighs heavy on your spirit, oh, trust it to me! Alas! who shall participate in or lighten your sorrows, if it is not she whom you have chosen for your companion through life? Speak, my Berthold, and relieve me from a suspense worse than death!"

"Thou, my companion—my wife!" exclaimed Berthold, wildly. —'Never! never! never!'

"Is this then the fatal secret, that you no longer love me."

"What sayest thou?" passionately interrupted Berthold. 'Not love thee! Heaven is my witness, that never hast thou been absent one moment from my thoughts! Adelheide! I love thee, with all the energy of my soul—and yet—thou cant never be mine!"

"At this moment a flash of lightning launched from the cloud, struck a tree at a few paces from them, and stove its branches on the avenue.

"Terrified at the lightning, and the loud explosion which followed, the trembling girl threw herself instinctively into the arms of her lover. The rain fell in torrents—the lightning flashed, and the thunder growled around them; but Berthold was insensible to this derangement of nature. He contemplated with rapture the angelic being that had fled to his bosom for protection. He inhaled her sweet breath; he felt her heart as it beat tremblingly against his own; to him all else of the universe had disappeared.

"Suddenly his eyes sparkled with unwonted lustre—it was not however the soft lustre of melting love—the penetrating glow of affection which animated them—it was rather an ominous glare—like that which flashes in the kindling gaze of the spirit of darkness.

"Hoarse inarticulate sounds struggled and issued with difficulty from his oppressed breast. With a convulsive motion he started back—then frantically drew the trembling girl towards him, who regarded his action and expression with inconceivable terror—the next moment pressing her forcibly in his arms, he applied his burning lips to the cold marble of her neck—but it was not to imprint upon that snowy tablet the soft seal of affection. The moment his lips touched her neck she uttered a piercing shriek indicating extreme pain, and the spot was instantly suffused with blood! At this horrifying sight, Berthold uttered a loud and frightful laugh, which died away in a protracted howl—such as at times is wont to startled the benighted traveller in the depths of the forest of Hochwald. The next instant his arms ceased to support her, and the unhappy girl dropt senseless from his grasp.

"He made no effort to render her assistance, but darted off like a maniac towards the château, but with a motion that belied his natural birthright.

"His father stood trembling at the door, and alarmed at his absence was preparing, in spite of the storm which was still raging, to enter the forest in search of him.

"Berthold rushed past without recognising him, and flew to lock himself up in his chamber.

"They hastened after him—but while they were making fruitless efforts to force the lock, a loud explosion was heard in the chamber. The door was broken open, and Berthold lay on the floor bathed in his blood.

"With the faltering accent of death, he uttered these words:—""Learn all of you herewith my fatal secret. In passing through the forest Hochwald, I learnt that a furious wolf laid waste the hamlet—I attacked the savage animal as it crossed my path, and delivered the neighbourhood from its ravages. This service has cost me dear: from a laceration on my arm, a horrible contagion has passed into my
THE DARK WATER KING.

THE DARK WATER KING.—A STORY OF THE NIGER.

BY H. W. WOOLRICH, ESQ.

SOME TIME in the nineteenth century, there reigned on the banks of the Niger, as you go northwards from the Ehoe country to Timbuctoo, two neighbouring kings, or chiefsains. They were neither Moors nor Arabs, nor yet had they all things in common with the woolly-haired Negro, but might rather be classed as the heads of an independent race living chiefly by extortion, and not averse to plunder, from whatever quarter it could be obtained. At one moment they were river wolves, seizing upon every canoe which floated on those broad blue waters where they held their sovereignty; at another they were wont to march inland with an armed banditti to prey indiscriminately upon all within their progress; and, in default of these robberies, they scrupled not, upon occasion, to invade each other’s territory. It was after one of these sorties when the monarch of the Dark Water had succeeded in carrying off cattle and slaves in abundance from the dominion of his unwary brother, that a palaver was held between the two nations for the purpose of arranging the quarrel, and, if possible, of averting open hostilities. Intrigue and diplomacy, as much in vogue here as among civilised countries, went on as usual, and more than one staggering reason was assigned, on the part of the the Dark Water King, for the mandate which had produced this formidable aggression of the Ghazzie. But money formed a chief article in this conference, the dissolution of which without the results of peace was not so much owing to the ambition or demands of the warring monarchs, as to a refusal, on the part of the invader, to make the remuneration of half a million of cowries for the damage done in his excursion. Both parties accordingly repaired to arms. The troops of Maharry, the king of the Dark Water, were posted in a valley with a rising ground in front, whilst in the rear was a chain of lofty hills skirting the majestic Niger. King Felatah, in person, commanded the adverse host. Impatient, and indignant at the transgression which had been committed against him, he bade his men advance across the sandy plain which lay between them and the enemy, and surround the elevated spot behind which the hostile lances towered. His men obeyed, and clad in their close iron jackets, defied the foe who had so lately plundered them. Maharry, with the tact of a European, permitted the attack, but no sooner had the boldest of his opponents gained the hill, thanouching his lance, he gave the order for an instant movement. Arrows sharp and poisoned soon flew on all sides with a precision equalled only by the fatal lance, and King Felatah found speedily how dangerous an experiment he had tried. Before his men could rally at the foot of the descent, they were assailed by unerring weapons at all points. They could not regain the brow from whence they had come; their foes pressed them in the front,

* Plundering excursions.
their friends from behind, and their only resource was in a valour and discipline to which African armies are in a great measure strangers. It was in vain that the king attempted to infuse life into the disordered band. His coat of divers colours, his decorated tobe*, the panther skin he bestrode, his uplifted arm and threatening spear were seen throughout the field; but the day was gone for him, and won by the sovereign of the Dark Water. A general rout took place, and happy was he who could count twenty miles between the scene of action and the place of his refuge; for the pursuit was hot and bloody, and victory was but the signal for stern butcheries. Many were the fugitives who fell slaughtered in the valley, the life of the quivering victims being merely spared whilst their captors were wrangling for the turban and the trouser they had despoiled. But of all the fruits of this conquest, that of the defeated Sultan's tent was the most to be coveted, and the king of the Dark Water failed not to assert his royal right to this chief of prizes. The camp was quickly plundered, and the party were now hastening forward to search for further prey, when they beheld, seated upon a horse richly caparisoned, a woman closely wrapt in the head-dress of the country. Hard by her noble white steed lay an expiring eunuch, whose duty it had been to guard his mistress in the expedition, and who had, probably, met his death by the stroke of a chance arrow. In his right hand he still held the bridle of the horse he had been wont to lead; in his left a wooden trumpet, or frumfrum, still lingered which at once proclaimed that the stranger belonged to the harem of Sultan Felatatah. Indeed, she had accompanied her husband on his military excursion, and according to the privilege of favourites, had been attended by one of the chief eunuchs of the seraglio. Such a prize was not to be slaughtered, and Fatima was quickly conducted to the king of the Dark Water. The monarch received his captive with generosity, and even with kindness; but no sooner had her veil been drawn aside, according to the custom observed towards prisoners, than he started, and clasped his hands, looking upwards, as if in intense agony. "Fatima! my favourite wife!" he at length exclaimed, whilst the attendants laid their hands gently upon her as he spoke. The next word they looked for was an order for her instant execution. The Sultan paused, and consulted Abn Solyman, an Arab, one of his chosen counsellors. "Fatima!" he again exclaimed, turning his eyes away from her, "let her be tried to-morrow by the water ordeal*. If she be innocent she shall surely go free."

"But what have we here—white men?" added the monarch, as two other strangers were brought into his presence.—"Taken in battle, and in arms against us?" he inquired and was answered in the affirmative.

"Taken in battle, but not fighting against the king," said one of the captives (who was an Englishman), when the Sultan's words had been interpreted to him.

"They must die," said the Arab; "they have been found in arms against the sovereign of the country, and with us that crime is punishable with death."

"What brought them here?" said Maharry.

"To see the country, doubtless," returned Solyman, with a sneer; "that is the excuse which these white men always make. The men who fell in the Haoussa country told the same story."

"The truth is, they are spies," exclaimed the king.

"And the truth is," said Gama, a sort of court buffoon, "that if the white men get a footing here by way of the sea, the cunning Abn Solyman will lose the traffic he has so long worked in his own way."

"Begone, Gama," said the Arab; "is this a time for jesting?"

But the rebuke had somewhat of bitterness in it, for the words of the fool had cut the Arab sorely. He was wily enough to perceive the silent laugh which passed round at his expense.

"This is for death then," at length the monarch exclaimed; "but do the white men say nothing for themselves?"

The interpreter said, that they had no plea to make, except that they were mere travellers and strangers, and had never lifted a spear against the troops of Maharry.

"Let the white men be brought out to-morrow by the river's bank," said the Dark Water King, "when Fatima abides the ordeal. They shall perish by the spear, as men taken in open warfare against us."

"God do so and more too to him who touches a hair of the white man's head," cried an aged voice; "he shall not go down in peace to the grave of his fathers."

"Forbear, Ali Danim," said the Arab,

* Turban or head-dress.

* Both the fire and water ordeals were in use in many parts of central Africa.
let not the king hear you: the doom of these men is sealed. Go home, old man."

The ancient counsellor changed his eye of mercy into sternness, and with a look which made Abu Solymun tremble, obeyed the order for departure.

The morrow arrived, and the Sultan's command remained unrevoked. The hour was come for the fatal ordeal, and for military execution. The King resolved to be a witness of the spectacle, and with a full attendance of bow and spearmen went at the appointed moment to the spot selected for these severities. There was the Niger, or Quorra, as it is called in those parts, flowing calmly in the fierce unclouded sunshine, with its islands and eddies; and there were the rising hills on either side of the river, now displaying rugged rocks and now towering inland with summits clad in verdure. Beyond were the gussal or corn fields, with here and there a village peeping from the bosom of the hills, and further still in the eye's most distant view, were other tribes with other customs, and other fleeting dynasties. On such a spot as this was the blood of Englishmen to flow unheeded; and here too was to be exhibited the wondrous test of innocence or pollution. But in the countenances of the white men nothing of fear or sorrow could be seen. They advanced slowly and with sullen carelessness to the place of butchery, whilst the lady Fatima approached amid the tears and cries of the multitude who escorted her in her turn to the brink of the stream. And now what doubts and questions were floating in men's minds on the subject of her guilt and punishment! Would she swim in the sacred waters, and bear herself, in spite of her iron bands, to the opposite shore? Would she drop like the plummet, and thus denote herself disgraced before God and man? It was a matter of deep interest to the people who crowded to he sight; but like our own ordeals of old, the priestcraft had settled the matter according to their own ordinance. To live or die was at their bidding: to rise as the buoyant cork, or go downwards as though mountains lay upon the victim, was for the decision of the holy brotherhood. They were not absent; they accompanied the condemned favourite to her trial, in dark and frowning procession, and as they approached the river, they poured out their offering to the God of the stream, invoking his essence while they muttered prayers and charms for a righteous judgment.

The sacrifice was now ready, and it needed only the pleasure of the Sultan to declare which should first be the victim of the executioners. "Fatima," he exclaimed; "let Fatima be the first." A murmur of anger was loudly heard amongst the throng, and yet there was a playful beam in the countenance of the Sultan which betokened an amicable arrangement with the priests. Maharry had gone too far to save his queen from the ordeal, but that he had privately ensured her safety was evident to those who were most familiar with his counsels. Fatima was brought forward. The lead was fastened round her waist, and it now remained to be seen whether the God of the river would absolve her, or fold her in his cold embrace,—or more truly, whether the brotherhood of priests had assented to the magic interference which alone could save her from the grave. In another instant, a heavy splash in the water proclaimed that the test was come. The crowd listened with intense emotion, and gazed insatiably upon the stream. There was a most solemn calm.

"She does not rise," at length cried Abu Solymun, the Arab; and he spoke with the air of a man who had been well prepared for such an issue.

"She sinks!" exclaimed the Sultan, starting from his place, and rushing to the brink.

"Infamous tribe!" added the monarch, turning to the priests. "What hellish craft is this?"

"Did we not receive the orders of Abu Solymun," returned the chief priest, "saying, that your Highness's commands were for death?"

"A million of cowries for the man who will save the queen," cried the Sultan, pushing aside the holy man. "Two millions! Save, oh save my Fatima!"

But not a foot stirred: of all the gazing throng, not one dared violate the law of the River God and the ordinances of the clergy. Some shook their heads, and others openly declared that the decrees of the mighty Jolita were against the victim. At this perilous moment the eyes of the King fell upon the captive English, bound with rushes, and awaiting the spear-stroke with unblenching fortitude. He waved his hand in haste, and at his signal the bands were rent from the prisoners; again he motioned, and the white men sprang into the stream. They could not mistake his beckon as his dark eye flashed upon them, and that eye remained fixed upon the cleft waters, till it beheld the body of Fatima buoyant on the wave. Slowly did the English bear their burden along the shore, and loud indeed was the Sultan's cry of joy, when he was assured that the cold dews of death had not yet settled on her brow. But his countenance soon fell, and
vengeance against the priesthood was his first resolve.

"White men," said he, sobbing with passion, "you are free; but as for these traitor priests, and that false Arab,"—he turned round to his bowmen—"let them be bound hand and foot and thrown into the river before our eyes."

And now there had, indeed, been a day of slaughter, but for the report of cannon, which burst suddenly upon the ears of the affrighted natives. Even the Sultan, a man of invincible bravery, was abashed, whilst his subjects fell prostrate on the ground, exclaiming, as the Indians of old, that the thunderbolt of their God had fallen among them. But the Niger had never borne so grand a pageant as that which now moved majestically upon its blue stream. Again the cannon roared, and the monarch of the Dark Water beheld a vessel with its colours flying in sight, and scudding along the great river with a speed which the African had never yet conceived. It was a mighty steam-ship, bawling in triumph both wind and stream, with guns which could sweep a thousand sun-burnt savages from their lair, and a crew whom neither sickness nor strangers could subdue. The Sultan beheld with awe the hastening mast; his rich turban studded with gems shook wildly as he bowed his head in homage to his fearful guest, and his warriors with equal wonder made obeisance after the manner of their chief. The criminals gained a short reprieve—for who could accomplish the decree for their execution when the wheels plied stronger, and the vessel came closer, and each man thought solely of his own safety? At length the noise was hushed, the boat lowered, and as the Sultan walked firmly to the Niger's bank, the captain of the steam-ship leapt on shore with a chosen force, and, in his turn, saluted the chief-man he encountered.

"Welcome!" said the monarch of the stream.

"Before we answer your greeting," replied the captain, "we must know if those white men whom we saw bound, and in the hands of spear-men, are alive."

"Whence did you behold them?" inquired the Sultan in astonishment.

"With our glasses we saw them far away; returned the captain.

"Magicians!" exclaimed the chief priest, with dismay.

"They are alive and free," said the Sultan, presenting the Englishmen to their friends.

"Then in the name of my master," replied the captain, "I am able to return your greeting."

"And your business with us?" again asked the Sultan, his eyes still gazng on the towering mast and pointed guns.

"In the name of my master, King William," replied the English sailor, "I bid your Highness God speed. The king, my master, desires that there be peace between us, and that a traffic be freely opened between our nations by the way of the sea."

"By the way of the sea!" exclaimed the Sultan.

"You shall give us your palm oil and cocoa-nuts, and we will give you in turn our merchandise; you shall send us by the ocean your ivory and bees-wax, and of our muslins you shall make tobes and turkades."

"Abn Solyman," said the monarch. The prisoner was brought before him. "Abn Solyman, we want thy counsel. I give thee thy life. The English strangers would have us trade with their nation by the sea: shall we agree with them?"

"Never," replied the Arab; "the English will come and take away our place and nation: they are the robbers of the world."

"Sultan!" said the British sailor, "that crafty Arab would fain keep all your commerce at his own bidding. Have not the Moors and the men of his wild country shared the spoils of ages? Have not all the brave strangers who have ventured within their grasp been detained as captives or murdered?"

"We will think awhile," replied Maharry. "Have you any further message?"

"That your highness would abolish throughout your dominions the custom of selling men for slaves."

"What say you, Abn Solyman?" said the sultan. The Arab shook his head.

"Another rich branch of your traffic at stake, Abn," exclaimed Gama the jester, who had come forward during these latter speeches.

"Gama, forbear," said the King of the Dark Water. "Stranger," continued he, addressing the captain, "I send my message to your master, King William, to whom be peace for evermore. May a blessing rest upon his footsteps! We have thought upon his message to us, and are willing that a trade should be opened with his children by the way of the sea; and considering that we ourselves hate the traffic in human blood, which we hear of in many parts near to our kingdom, we gladly assure your master of our will to destroy it as far as we have any power."
Our mission then is accomplished," said the captain; "we will take our countrymen, and depart."

"First let the Fatah* be read," exclaimed the Sultan, earnestly, and the ceremony was quickly performed. The king watched the gallant steamer as it darted forward towards other stranger lands, and turning round to his couriers, declared aloud, that such a nation, if at peace with itself, must command the world.

We must relate, as a matter of history, that queen Fatima recovered, and that she was restored to the favour of her husband; but the priests, who, from a grudge they bore her, had connived at her destruction, were put to death on the same afternoon without pity or remission.

"And now," said Gama, "Abu Solymen! thou cunning Arab, thy trade is gone into the Red Sea. The English once suffered to put their heads into this rich country, will neither rest nor spare till they are sovereigns from hence to Timbuctoo. You may laugh, friends," continued the man of merriment, "but mark my words, they will do great things. The wilderness will become a fruitful field. How do I prove that? They will cut canals throughout the deserts, and in time, instead of the senna and coloquintida, the gussab, and the palm, and the date tree will flourish on the sandy waste.

* Religious Farewell.

EASTNOR CASTLE,
THE SEAT OF LORD SOMERS.

The ancient name of this patrimonial estate of the family of Cocks, in Herefordshire, was Castle Ditch, an appellation conveying some idea of its primary destination. The original mansion, however, being found unadapted to the uses of modern display, and situated, moreover, not so advantageously as the beautiful elevations around it would admit, Lord Somers has recently constructed a splendid pile upon an eminence adjacent, in a style of architecture corresponding to that nationally adopted during the early part of, and prior to, the reign of Edward the First, an improvement of the old Norman school, with high embattled towers, the relics of feudal times and the pride of chivalry. The massive circular turrets, connected by walls with embrasures, seem calculated for a regular and protracted defence. In fine, Eastnor Castle, in every respect, resembles the ancient hereditary structure in its external appearance, embracing, at the same time, in its interior arrangements the commodiousness of the old with the elegance of the present period, all the convenient domestic offices so essentially attached to large buildings, and the whole adorned with that elegance of modern refinement that seems best fitted for the more effeminate and luxurious spirit of the age in which it is our destiny to live. The designs for this building were selected by Robert Smirke, Esq., from the most perfect specimens of that early period still extant, and, in the execution of his plan, that gentleman has considerably added to his fame as an architect; this specimen of his skill and talent in the castellated style, so beautiful a branch of his noble and graceful art, manifesting powers of an order by no means inferior to those he has already displayed in his numerous other works, after the manner and character of the Grecian models.

The entrance hall is of great dimensions, being upwards of sixty feet long, and of a corresponding height. The ceiling is formed into compartments, and the whole made of oak, reared in the neighbouring woods. The apartments communicating with the hall are numerous, and of a size proportionate to the majestic dimensions of the castle; while in the decorations and arrangements of the principal chambers, the same spirit and fashion are as rigidly maintained as in the construction of the outer parts. His lordship possesses a small collection of pictures, among which are several of the most celebrated masters. The library is an apartment of very considerable size, and contains, among its numerous and well-selected volumes, the works of all our most distinguished authors, with others considered valuable either for their scarcity or obsolete merit. The situation of Eastnor Castle, or Castle Ditch, is very beautiful; surrounded by a succession of undulating hills and eminences, tipped with a profusion of waving foliage, the deep valley and the velvet meadow intervening and delighting the eye at every aspect with new and diversified scenery. The grounds are rich with fruit and fancy trees, and irrigated and refreshed on the North and East fronts of the castle with two rivulets, which at one point unite and spread themselves into a lovely lake of great extent, glittering in the sun, and presenting a pleasing and welcome relief to the whole prospect, as viewed from
the castle terrace. Thick shruberies shield Eastnor at the back, and large and flourishing oaks, the immemorial tenants of the place, are very numerous in the ancient park belonging to the property. It takes its name from the little and beautiful village of Eastnor, in the church of which place are several handsome monuments of stately marble to the memory of various individuals of the Cocks family. Among them is a bust of Joseph Cocks, Esq. executed by Stewart and Scheemaker, and another also by the same artists to the memory of Mrs. Mary Cocks, supported by the figure of Hope, with a rich sun, and a boy inverting a torch. A very neat monument commemorates the name of John Cocks, Esq., nephew to the great Lord Somers: he died in 1771.

The neighbourhood of Eastnor Castle has been remarkable for the appearance of several strange phenomena and appalling visitations. One can hardly resist a smile on reading of these terrible and blood-curdling facts which are repeated with such solemn and grave assurances of their absolute verity in old topographical works, and other records of the credulity of our ancestors. Nor were these strange appearances, the narration of which lifted the hair erect on the heads of the hearers, except indeed, in the case of an auditor who, perchance, was bald of tresses, or whose vanished locks were succeeded by an anathetic and immovable scratch-wig, confined to the belief of the ignorant and poor. The wealthy, and, in some instances, even the wise, partook of this strange superstition, and we read of one of our most celebrated men, who gave in to the popular opinion, and believed, himself, in supernatural visitations to the last. Eastnor and its neighbourhood, at our time, we learn, was alarmed by the appearance of a monstrous dragon. The abode of this dreadful visitor, as we are informed by testamentary history, was a thick woody steep; his depredations were of the most destructive character, carrying off beasts and, sad to tell, even men also, to his horrible cavern, and there incontinently devouring them. None could be found hardy and intrepid enough to question his unceremonious proceedings in deadly combat; until, at length, a condemned criminal, urged by that natural love of life which clings to all of us, and the possibility of escaping death if he adventured it, was permitted to make the trial, with an assurance of immediate pardon, if successful. Now, it should be known that this serpent, or dragon, or whatever it might be, was in the habit of resorting to a particular spot near the confluence of two rivers, to slake his thirst after his murderous meal; and here the man, having concealed himself, commenced the assault. Taken thus at odds, (for the monster was bloated with his infamous repast, and would rather have slept at the moment than have entered into a matter of life and death,) the man waged the battle against him with such fury, that, after a contest of some continuance, the beast was brought to the earth. The poisonous breath, however, of the monster, proved fatal to the valorous champion, and bereaved him of life in the moment of victory. In memory of this event, a large graven dragon, with expanded wings, and web-footed, is represented on the East side of the village church, nearest to which this fell encounter took place. Some authorities vary this traditional account, and represent the monster as amphibious, and as having been left on the banks after a considerable flood. The former story, however, is the more popular. The description of the fight, heightened by the solemn trembling tones of some antiquated dame on a winter's evening, is impossible to be dispensed with.

There is another marvellous occurrence woven in the history of this part of Herefordshire, which happened in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Camden relates the story. It appears that Marcey Hill on a sudden rose as it were from sleep, and for three days moved in its vast body with a horrible noise, driving everything before it to a higher ground. According to Fuller, the extent of this locomotive field was twenty acres; it travelled fourteen hours, and ascended eleven fathoms up hill, leaving a chasm four hundred feet wide, and five hundred and twenty long. "In some sort," he adds, "it might seem to be in labour for three days together, shaking and roaring all that while, to the great terror of all that heard or beheld it." Sir Richard Baker, in his "Chronicle of England," explains this same phenomenon as follows:—"In the thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth a prodigious earthquake happened in the east parts of Herefordshire, at a little town called Kinnastor. On the 7th of February, at six o'clock in the evening, the earth began to open, and a hill with a rock under it, making at first a great bellowing noise, which was heard a great way off, lifted itself up, and began to travel, bearing along with it the trees that grew upon it, the sheepfolds and flocks of sheep abiding there at the same time. In the place from whence it was first moved, it left a gaping distance forty foot broad, and four score ells long: the whole
field was about twenty acres. Passing along, it overthrew a chapel standing in the way, removed a yew tree planted in the churchyard, from the West to the East: with the like force it thrust before it highways, sheepfolds, hedges and trees; made tilled ground pasture, and again turned pasture into tillage. Having worked in this sort from Saturday evening till Monday noon, it then stood still.”

The place where this happened is called Wonder, although the phenomenon appears to have been neither a second dragon reverting itself upon the remorseless inhabitants for the death of its brother, nor anything else horrible, but only a land-slip, similar in cause and occasion to that which took place at Pitland, in the Isle of Wight, in February 1709. The yew tree, however, is still existing; and the chapel bell was redeemed from its subterranean destination some years ago, and is preserved, we presume, as a memento of the dancing hill.

The present Lord Somers, the proprietor of Eastnor Castle, is descended collaterally from the great Lord Somers, Lord Chancellor of England. The sister of that distinguished legal character married Charles Cocks, Esq., grandfather to Charles Cocks, created Baron Somers in 1784. John Somers, the first lord, commanded, in his youth, a troop of horse in Cromwell's army, resigning his commission for the profession of law immediately after the battle of Worcester. He was a poet of no mean pretensions, and exercised a graceful taste for the belles lettres, at the same time that he laboured with much assiduity at the dry details and distinctions of the law. In 1668 he distinguished himself as counsel for the seven prelates who were tried for opposing the dispensing power of James the Second. He was chosen member of parliament for his native city of Worcester in the convention-parliament; and in the conference between the two houses about the word abdicated, on which he delivered a celebrated speech, he was appointed one of the managers of the House of Commons.

On the accession of William he was made solicitor-general, and recorder of Gloucester. Subsequently, he was appointed attorney-general, and lord keeper in 1693. William was sagacious enough to see the superior powers possessed by Somers to most of those about him, and, accordingly, created him Baron of Evesham, and Lord Chancellor of England.

A party in the House of Commons opposed to Somers, concerning various bills which had been treated, as they thought, without consideration by the Chancellor, concerted an address in April 1700, that “John, Lord Somers, Lord Chancellor of England, should be removed for ever from his Majesty's presence and councils;” but the majority of the house voted against any such address. The house being prorogued next day, the King sent for Somers, and desired him to surrender the seals voluntarily; but this his lordship declined, thinking that it would imply a consciousness of error. The King thereupon commanded him to deliver them up, and certain of the commons commenced an impeachment, a motion to that effect having been carried by a majority of seven or eight against him.

The House of Lords acquitted Somers, and consequently the prosecution of the Commons fell to the ground. Upon a reaction he was restored, but again went out upon another change of measures, and remained in the uninterrupted enjoyment of private life till his death, which happened towards the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, on the 26th of April 1716.

Burnet says of Lord Somers “that he was very learned in his own profession, with a great deal more learning in other professions, in divinity, philosophy, and history. He had a great capacity for business, with an extraordinary temper; for he was fair and gentle, perhaps to a fault, considering his post: so that he had all the patience and softness, as well as the justice and equity, becoming a magistrate.” Lord Oxford calls him, “one of those divine men, who, like a chapel in a palace, remain unprofaned, when all the rest is tyranny, corruption, and folly. All the traditional accounts of him, the historians of the last age, and its best authors, represent him as the most incorrupt lawyer, and the honestest statesman, as a master-orator, a genius of the finest taste, and as a patriot of the noblest and most extensive views; as a man who dispensed blessings by his life, and planned them for posterity.” Somers was one of the first to redeem “Paradise Lost” from neglect and obscurity, and lift it to that eminent station which Addison, following so nobly, achieved for that magnificent poem. The noble owner of Eastnor Castle may well be proud of his descent; and deem more honourable than all his wealth and grandeur the name he bears of Somers.
THE COURT.

A gloom has been cast over the Court during the last month, by the death of His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, who expired on Sunday the 30th of November, at seven o'clock in the evening.

On Thursday the 4th ultimo the King, accompanied by Sir George Seymour, went to Brighton to console with the Duchess of Gloucester on the lamented death of her illustrious consort. His Majesty repeated his visit of condolence at Bagshot on Monday the 8th.

The funeral of his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester took place on Thursday night, the 11th instant. The preparations for the ceremony were commenced at an early hour at Bagshot, where many persons were assembled to witness the procession. The deep regret exhibited by all classes, the poorer more especially, was highly honourable to the memory of the Duke. His Royal Highness seems to have been universally beloved by his tenants and neighbours. The hearse was drawn from the park amidst the tears and sobs of the poor. The children of a charity school supported by the illustrious deceased, sang a hymn as the procession moved along. The hearse, the late Duke's own carriage, and three mourning coaches, with between forty and fifty private carriages, formed the procession, which was escorted by a detachment of the King's own Light Dragoons. The cortège reached Windsor Park about noon. The body lay in state in one of the rooms of Cumberland Lodge, which was opened to the public till about four o'clock. At eight the body was removed to St. George's Chapel. The Dean of Windsor received it soon after nine, and the procession moved on, flanked by the Foot Guards, every man carrying a lighted torch. The Duke of Sussex appeared as chief mourner. The Duke of Devonshire as Lord Chamberlain, with the late Duke's pages, squires, physicians, and the Norroy King at Arms, composed the procession as it moved up the nave of the chapel into the choir. Among the attendants were the Duke of Wellington, Lords Hill, Verulam, Rosslyn, and Jersey, Sir Robert Peel, Sir George Murray, Sir James Scarlett, and several clerical dignitaries. The Dean of Windsor read the funeral service. The corpse was laid in the vault prepared for the father and mother of the deceased. A plain marble slab, with the simple inscription, "Frederick William, Duke of Gloucester, 1834," is to close up the recess wherein the coffin is placed.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

My Daughter's Book; containing a Selection of approved Readings in Literature, Science, and Art, adapted to the Formation of the Character of Woman. By the Editor of the "Young Gentleman's Book."

This book, like its predecessor for the use of young gentlemen, contains a vast variety of information, and fully justifies its pretensions of forming the mind of young females. Not only the topics which it embraces, but the manner of their treatment, display the judgment, elegant taste, and extensive reading of the compiler. Scarcely any subject is omitted that can interest the feelings of a woman. Her own nature, both moral and physical—her dress, her accomplishments, writing, painting, music, drawing, dancing, natural phenomena, walking, gardening, and various other subjects, all intellectually handled, compose this delightful volume. By it a young lady may make herself acquainted with many branches of knowledge omitted in ordinary education, and in a very short time may, through its means, display a store of useful and elegant information obtained by few of her sex, who want opportunities for laborious and persevering study. The manner in which this little book is got up, does great credit to the publishers, whom we have no doubt an extensive patronage will fully indemnify for their outlay.

At a period when the beautiful works of Mr. T. Carlyle, and Mr. Hayward's translation of Goethe's Faust, have propagated throughout the land a taste for German literature, the book before us comes very auspiciously to facilitate our acquiring that language hitherto much neglected among us for want of a simplified process for learning it. Mr. Klattowsky's "German Manual" contains every requisite to enable a person of ordinary capacity to teach himself sufficient German in five or six months to be able to read and understand most of the ordinary works in that language. It offers, besides, another great advantage. Being written in English, French, and German, it enables the English learner to acquire or perfect himself in French at the same time that he is studying German, and the French learner to enjoy the same advantage with regard to the English language. Thus it answers a double purpose; and in its use embraces three distinct languages. We sincerely hope that the author's labours will be adequately appreciated and encouraged.


These elegant little volumes are tasteful selections from the best writers of Germany, and enable the learner to put in practice what he has acquired from the "German Manual." Every difficult expression in these compilations is translated into English, which goes a great way towards familiarising the pupil with the German idiom. Mr. Klattowsky, by his choice of matter, shows a refinement of mind, and an acquaintance with the higher beauties of German literature, that give him a very distinguished rank among the teachers of that language.


Most of the égéantes of our day are fond of the little feathered captives which transfer the wild and sweet music of the perfumed grove to the luxurious drawing-room, or, enjoying a half freedom, warble their strains of joy or sorrow in the costly aviary. The information given in this book must therefore prove most valuable, as enabling ladies to improve the condition of their little pet songsters, and preserve them from those fatal diseases which elicit many a limpid tear from youth and loveliness. The success of Dr. Bechstein's book in Germany has led to the present translation, which is extremely well performed, and the work, altogether, deserving of high patronage.


These three little volumes are the most useful of their kind that we ever read. Professor Rennie has written the third upon a plan suggested by I. S. Menteath, Esq., of whose experience he has availed himself with regard to a plan intended to convey practical and scientific information to the uninformed. The first was written at the request of the same gentleman. Everything in these works has a useful object, and their price, the first 1s. 9d., the second 1s. 3d., and the third 2s., places them within the reach of all classes of the community. Though adapted to the capacity of young people, they may be studied with great advantage by those of mature age whose pursuits have hitherto deprived them of opportunity to acquire a knowledge of the subjects which the professor has treated.

Belgium and Holland. By Pryse L. Gordon, Esq.

Though strangely confused in their arrangement, and too much occupied by matters that have been much better described and discussed by a hundred previous authors, or that have lost all their interest for the English reader, these two volumes are not without their modicum of merit.

The description of Brussels and its neighbourhood, where the author has resided many years, seems to us to be correct and good, and to include sundry points of useful information generally omitted by tourists. His scale of expenses at Brussels will be found serviceable to those English families who contemplate fixing their abode for a while in the capital of the new Belgian kingdom. As he was an eye-witness of the event, his account of the Brussels revolution of 1830, which separated Belgium from Holland, is deserving of perusal. Of Holland Mr. Gordon evidently knows very little, nor does it appear that he has set his foot in that country for some years.

Sketches of Corfu, Historical and Domestic: its Scenery and Natural Productions.

This delightful book is the work of a lady, who possesses much power of observation, and a highly poetic mind. It is delightful to
wander with such a traveller through scenes of foreign lands, and observe strange and hitherto unknown customs, because the most ordinary and every day occurrences of life are, without detracting from their truth, wrought up with a glow and beauty of colouring that imparts to them a thousand charms.

Very little is known in this country of the island of Corfu, for very few of our travellers extend their wanderings to the Ionian islands, although the latter be almost considered an integral part of our empire. Much information concerning Corfu, and a rich fund of entertaining matter, is the treat that awaits the reader of these sketches.

Popular Physiology. By P. B. Lord, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.S.

The author of this work is a man who thinks for himself, and has fearlessly given his notions to the world, in detailing the best modern opinions on the science of which he treats. Dr. Lord has further adopted a clear and perspicuous style, which will render his book extremely attractive to the general reader, hitherto deterred from venturing upon works on the same subject in consequence of their being loaded and distorted with technical terms, and rendered unintelligible to all but the initiated. The pedantry and affectation of the common run of medical writers is intolerable to those who seek for information without the trouble of acquiring the learned jargon to which more importance is often attached than to the matter treated. Dr. Lord has carefully avoided this. He has simplified the opinions of preceding writers, and rendered them comprehensible to every man of common sense. To this he has added many peculiar and excellent ideas of his own, which will be read with great interest by men of science, as well as by those in search of general information.


This is another good volume of that excellent series, "The Edinburgh Cabinet Library." It contains the lives of the great naturalists, Aristotle, Pliny the Elder, Gesner, Belon, Salviani, Rondel, Aldrovandini, Jonston, Gedart, Redi, Swammerdam, Ray, Reumurr, and Linnaeus, and gives a clear account of the progressive acquisition of knowledge in natural history, and of the four separate and distinguished eras of that science, as marked by the names of Aristotle, Pliny, Linnaeus, and Cuvier. A second volume, which is already in preparation, will be devoted to the most distinguished Zoologists, from Pallas, Brisson, and Buffon, down to those of our own days.

The lives now before us are exceedingly well written, and show throughout a manifold, independent spirit, not to be imposed upon by high-sounding names and popular prejudices. That of Linnaeus is altogether the most interesting specimen of scientific or literary biography we have read for a long time. In these days, when a taste for Zoology is so much on the increase, this work cannot fail of encouragement.

The Geography of the British Isles.

By Mary Martha Rodwell.

This is a meritorious production, and we highly recommend its object, which is, to make young people well acquainted with the geography and statistics of their native country. We should have preferred the volumes had they not been written in the form of dialogue. The advantages of this form are in most cases rather dubious, and when, as in the present case, the dialogue is not dramatically sustained, the disadvantage is obvious.

On the Management of Bees, with a description of the "Ladies' Safety Hive." By Samuel Bagster, jun.

Spiritual Honey from Natural Hives, or Meditations and Observations on the Natural History and Habits of Bees, by Samuel Parchas, A.M. Republished and edited by Samuel Bagster, jun.

Mr. Bagster is an amiable enthusiast for the study of entomology, and of bees in particular. "From my earliest youth," he says, "works on natural history have been my chief reading; often while at home during my vacations, and afterwards during my apprenticeship, have I spent the saved-up shilling to run into one of the rooms in the old Menagerie in Exeter Change, and there waited until half-a-fraid the man in the beef-eater's coat would suit the action to the word, and send me off roughly. Every opportunity to witness collections of living specimens from that time to the present, has been embraced with equal avidity. Since those boyish days, the Zoological Society have opened their gardens in the Regent's Park, and Mr. Cross has removed his animals from the dungeons in Exeter Change, to a commodious situation on the Surrey side of the Thames; and a taste for animated nature generally seems to have pervaded the land. " From general study, the mind gradually concentrates its energies to one subject, and I found myself most interested in Bees." See Preface.

The fruits of all this, are an excellent little volume, which we cannot too much commend, and the reproduction of a delightful, very old,
and forgotten book, by dear, quaint old Purchas, the compiler of "His Pilgrimes," &c. &c.

The Azores, or Western Islands. By Captain Bold, author of a "Tour in Sicily, the Lipari Islands," &c.

This is a very sensible and amusing account of a very interesting and but little known part of the world. There are some descriptions in it, of scenes and events which we would rather have omitted, nor do we always agree with the author's conclusions and opinions; but the passages which are objectionable to us, may not be so to the generality of our readers, and they are, besides, short and few, leaving an abundance of pleasant writing and really useful information. Until the last contest for the throne of Portugal, during which the late Don Pedro found the Azores the only fulcrum on which to lay his constitutional lever, these fertile, beautiful, and extraordinary islands seem almost to have been lost sight of. They have, however, been the scenes of some of the most gallant exploits of the British navy, not at the period of its mature manhood under Rodney and Nelson, but in the days of its promising youth under the romantic Walter Raleigh and the hardy Howard. The residence of the regency of Donna Maria at Terceira, the capital of all the group, the gallant conquest of all the rest of the islands by Count Villa Flor (now Duke of Terceira), the gradual gathering there of the liberating squadron, then under the command of Admiral Sartorius, and of the constitutional army which eventually drove Don Miguel from the throne he had most treacherously usurped, have contributed during the last three or four years to bring the Azores once more prominently into notice.

Captain Bold had ample time and opportunity for procuring the best information. He embraced the cause of the young queen and the constitutionalists—in the command of one of their ships of war he went with Admiral Sartorius to the Azores in 1832, and during many months' stay he visited and carefully examined nearly every one of the nine islands composing the three groups that are collectively called the Azores or Western Islands.

Their general physical character, the volcanic and other phenomena they present, their delicious climate (the best in the world for consumptive cases), their extraordinary fertility, their population, commerce, revenue, and statistics at large, are all described in an easy, intelligible, and satisfactory manner—and on every one of these heads the Captain's information is altogether new, or such as we should not know where to obtain in any other book or books.

We can most conscientiously recommend this little volume, which is enriched with a chart of the islands, and four lithographic views from drawings made by Admiral Sartorius.

The Siege of Vienna; from the German of Madame Pichler.—Vol. XIII. of the Library of Romance.

This animated historical tale has enjoyed the highest popularity in the original, in Germany. Several little alterations which the English translator has introduced in the management of the narrative, appear to us judicious and called for. With all their excellence and genius, our friends the Germans are rather deficient in the art of putting a good story well together.

Such of our readers as are interested in the present hapless fate of the brave Poles (and who among them is not?) will read with delight of the days when the Polish nation was free and glorious, and its chivalrous army, led on by the heroic Sobieski, rescued Vienna, when no other human aid was at hand, from black Mustapha and the tender mercies of the Turks.

There are three or four curious mistakes in this volume, but they are not very important, and, perhaps, mainly attributable to the printer. There is one, however, that we must protest against, as it involves the respectability of a meritorious body, viz. the Sisters of Charity or Sœurs Grieses, who, by an unlucky accident are converted into the "intoxicated," or "drunken sisters."—Sœurs Grieses—their gender, moreover, being lost in a masculine participle! The omission of a letter and the introduction of an accent, where it has no business, have played all this mischief.

We see that the next volume of the Library of Romance is also to be a translation from the German. Mr. Ritchie, the editor, has probably found out that it is no such easy matter to furnish or procure from others an original and good volume once a month. We are not at all surprised that this should be the fact!

The Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister.

This small pocket volume contains matter for long and serious deliberation. Its tone is lively and entertaining, but the object at which it aims is a great and national one. Whether it be really written by a dissenting minister or not, seems to us of little consequence. It is evidently the production of one familiar with the modes of thought and action prevalent among a certain body of our sectarians. We have not read for a long while so good a defence of what is really good, and we hope, enduring, in our established church.
POLITICAL ECONOMY.—No science has acquired more followers during the last twenty years, and produced less positive results, than political economy; and yet the numerous and self-evident facts upon which it is built, might warrant the expectation of a system of practical improvement conducive to the progress of civilisation and the happiness of man in his social state. Unhappily, the warped judgment of such writers as Malthus and those of his school, and the influence their opinions have acquired because people take much for granted rather than encounter the trouble of searching and inquiring for themselves, have been productive of great injury to a science from which governments and legislators might derive available wisdom. A young foreigner in this country is now endeavoring, in a course of lectures, to clear political economy from the dirt and cobwebs which disfigure it. Mr. C. Galli, the gentleman to whom we allude, gave his first lecture at the Albion Tavern, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, on Monday the 8th ultimo. With much warmth and enthusiasm, and in clear and elegant language, he developed many views entirely new, and well worthy of attention. This lecture was attended by a highly intellectual audience, and was very favourably received.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—On the evening of the 11th ultimo, being the anniversary of this institution, the annual award of medals took place, to the several successful candidates in painting, sculpture, and architecture. The silver medal, and the lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, were bestowed upon Mr. G. Sayer, a young artist of the highest promise, for the best copy of the “Assumption,” by Murillo, from the Dulwich Gallery. Mr. J. Welsh obtained the silver medal for the best drawing from life, as did also Mr. J. Johnson for the best elevation, from actual measurement, of the Council Office and Board of Trade, Mr. G. Lee for the best drawings from the antique of the Head of Jupiter and the Laughing Faun, together with drawings of the hand and foot, and Mr. G. Bool for the best model in alto-relievo of the Diacobolus from the antique.

MISS MAYER.—We learn with great pleasure that this gifted young lady, whose extraordinary talents on the piano-forte must be in the recollection of most of our readers, will return to town in about a fortnight. We understand that the high patronage she has already received, has determined her father to let her remain in England.

PANORAMA OF THE CEMETERY OF Père-LA-CHaise.—No one visits Paris without seeing this cemetery, which is every day crowded with English visitors. Mr. Burford has transferred to canvas the beautiful scenery of this enclosure, and formed one of the most interesting exhibitions that his panorama in Leicester Square has afforded for several years past. Those who have never crossed the channel may, at small cost, visit this monumental city of the dead, and form as accurate a notion of its ensemble as if they beheld the reality; while such as have wandered through its alleys, and meditated near its gorgeous sepulchres, may kindle anew those associations which time was beginning to efface.
THE COURT MAGAZINE,
AND
Belle Assemblée,
FOR FEBRUARY, 1835.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF LADY RADSTOCK.

Lady Radstock is the youngest daughter of James Puget, Esq., of Totteridge, in the county of Hants, and wife of Granville George Waldegrave, present Baron Radstock.

The noble house of Waldegrave, anciently written Walgrave, derives its name from a place in the county of Northampton. The first of this family on record is Warine de Walgrave, whose son, John de Walgrave, served the office of Sheriff of London in 1205. From this distinguished citizen lineally descends Sir Richard Walgrave, who succeeded to the estates in the 48th year of Edward III. Sir Richard was seated at Smallbridge in Suffolk, and represented that county in parliament, tempore Edward III. and Richard II. Having, in the reign of the latter monarch, been chosen Speaker, he, the first among persons elected to that high office, made excuse, and desired to be discharged, but the King commanded him, on his allegiance, to accept the place. Sir William, who married Joan, daughter and heir of Silvester, of Bruers in Suffolk, died in 1401, leaving a son,

Sir Richard Walgrave, Knt., who, succeeding to the inheritance of his mother, was styled Lord of Bruers, and Sylvesteres. This Sir Richard, together with Lord Clinton, Sir Thomas Howard, and Lord Falconbridge, was appointed in 1442 to keep the seas, and landing in Brittany with ten thousand men, took possession of the town of Conquet, and the isle of Rhé. He espoused Jane, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Monteches, of Edwardstown, in the county of Suffolk, and dying in 1434, was succeeded by his son,

Sir William Walgrave, Knt., who espoused Joan, daughter of William Doreward, of Dorewood, in Bocking, Essex, by whom he left two sons, and was succeeded by the elder,

Sir Thomas Walgrave, a staunch supporter of the Yorkist cause in the wars of the Roses. He married Elizabeth, eldest daughter and co-heir of Sir John Fray, Knt., Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, by whom he had, with other issue, William, his successor in 1500, and

Edward Waldegrave, Esq., ancestor of the present family. This gentleman, who was seated at Boroly, in Essex, wedded Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of John Cheyney, Esq., of the county of Devon, and dying in 1501, was succeeded by his only son,

John Waldegrave, Esq., who married Lora, daughter of Sir John Rochester, and dying 6th of October, 1643, was succeeded by his only son,

Sir Edward Waldegrave, Knt. This gentleman had a grant to himself and his heirs, of the manor and rectory of West Haddon, in Northamptonshire, in the first year of Edward VI., and in the seventh year of the same reign was appointed a principal officer in the household of the Princess Mary, afterwards Queen. On the 13th August 1551, Sir Edward, as also Sir Robert Rochester, his uncle, and Sir Francis Englefield, were sent for by the Council, then at Hampton Court, and required to inform the Lady Mary, that the Communion book should henceforth be used in her family, and that her chaplains should no longer continue to
celebrate, in her house, the sacrifice of the Mass, on pain of the King's displeasure. In pursuance of this command, the three gentlemen repaired to Copped Hall, and announced to Mary the object of their mission. The Princess boldly refused to comply with the request of her brother, and forbade them to mention it to the chaplains, or even to the servants of her household. They therefore returned to the Court without success, and Edward, or rather his ministers, enraged at their failure, insisted on their renewing the application. This they objected to do, and were in consequence first committed to the Fleet, and two days afterwards sent to the Tower. Sir Edward's royal mistress, on her accession, recompensed him for what he had suffered in her cause, by admitting him to her Privy Council, constituting him master of the great wardrobe, and presenting him with a grant of the Manor of Chewton, in Somersetshire. Sir Edward subsequently rose still higher in favour with the Queen, and acquired great power during her reign; but after her decease he was divested by Elizabeth of his employments, and committed to the Tower, where he died 1st September 1561. Sir Edward espoused Frances, daughter of Sir Edward Nevil, Knt., by whom he left, with other issue, a son and successor,

**Charles Waldegrave, Esq.,** of Staining Hall, in Norfolk, and of Chewton, in the county of Somerset. This gentleman wedded Jeronima, daughter of Sir Henry Jerningham, of Cossey Hall, Vice-Chancellor, Master of the Horse, and a member of the Privy Council in the reign of Queen Mary. He died 25th January 1650, and was succeeded by his only son,

**Sir Edward Waldegrave,** who received the honour of Knighthood from Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich, in 1607. Though upwards of seventy years of age at the breaking out of the civil war, Sir Edward took up arms in the royal cause, and for the gallantry he displayed at the head of his regiment of horse, the King conferred upon him the dignity of a baronet, August 18th 1642. This gallant veteran continued to perform good service to the King's cause in the West. By his wife, Eleanor, daughter of Sir Thomas Lovel, of Hurling in the county of Norfolk, he left an only son and successor,

**Sir Henry,** second baronet, who died in 1658, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

**Sir Charles,** third baronet. This gentleman married Helen, daughter of Sir Francis Englefield, bart, of Wotton Basset, in the county of Berks, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

**Sir Henry,** fourth baronet, who was elevated to the peerage January 20th 1686, by the title of **Baron Waldegrave,** of Chewton, in the county of Somerset. His lordship wedded Henrietta, natural daughter of King James II., by Mrs. Arabella Churchill, sister of John, Duke of Marlborough, and was succeeded by his elder son,

**James,** second baron, created in 1729 Viscount Chewton, of Chewton, county of Somerset, and **Earl Waldegrave,** county Northampton. This nobleman, who was educated in the Catholic faith, became in 1722 a member of the Church of England, and took his seat in the House of Lords. He died in 1741, leaving two sons, and was succeeded by the elder,

**James,** second Earl, K.G., the friend and Minister of George II. He espoused Maria, second illegitimate daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, K.B., by whom (who was afterwards married to the Duke of Gloucester) he left three daughters, but no male issue, and was therefore succeeded by his brother,

**John,** third Earl. This nobleman married, in 1751, Elizabeth, fifth daughter of John, Earl Gower, by whom he left at his decease, in 1784, with other issue, two sons, I. George, who succeeded as fourth Earl, and was father of George, fifth Earl, and of **John James,** present peer; and, II. **William,** who for his distinguished naval services, particularly in participating, as Vice-Admiral of the Blue, in the victory obtained over the Spanish fleet off CapeLAYOS, 14th February 1707, was advanced to the peerage of Ireland 29th December 1800, by the title of Baron Radstock, of Castle-town, in the Queen's county. His lordship married 28th December 1785, Cornelia, second daughter of David Van Lempac, Esq., chief of the Dutch factory at Smyrna, by whom, at his decease, 20th May 1825, he left, with other issue, a son and successor,

**Granville George,** present peer, a captain in the Royal Navy, Naval Aid-de-camp to the King, and C.B. This nobleman espoused, 7th August 1823, Esther Caroline, youngest daughter, as above stated, of the late John Puget, Esq., and by her (whose portrait illustrates this month's number, has issue,

**Granville Augustus William,** born 10th April 1833.

**Elizabeth Cornelia.**

**Caroline Esther.**
SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.—No. II.

TAKEN IN THE GREEN-ROOM.

WITH the downfall of our national drama the glories of the Green-Room have utterly passed away. Once the honoured resort of all the wits and beaux-espîrits of the town, it has now degenerated into the dingy receptacle of some half dozen newspaper critics;—as many miserable parasites of the acting manager for the time being;—an occasional aspirant from the provinces, who wandering in to contemplate the scene of his future fame, under the wing of some happier croyd of old times, who has already attained the enviable distinction of being hissed in London instead of receiving honours half-divine in the country;—a more than ordinarily favoured penny-a-liner, who is permitted the run of the house, for the purpose of picking up and putting on record those erudite and veritable oracles, entitled “Green-room reports”;—a stray country cousin “of a literary turn,” who has read of the Green-Room in an odd volume of the Spectator, and always wonders why it is painted green, till he sees it, and then wonders why it is not painted green;—a young lord from college, whose “discreet heart” has been pierced by a Parthian glance shot with malice prepense into the stage box, by some handsome and ambitious actress;—and finally, that “swell mob” of the literary world who are called by courtesy the Dramatists of the day.

It is chiefly from among this latter band of Small Knowns that we shall take the liberty of drawing the Sketches which we are now about to place before our readers, as candidates for their portfolio of contemporary portraits. Nor shall we deem it necessary or fitting to ensconce our pictures in any very elaborate frame-work, carved out from the “local habitation” in which we here find the originals—for now-a-days it is pretty well known that the “Green-Room” of a theatre,—from the most magnificent of the majors to the most diminutive of the minors,—is neither more nor less than an air of four bare walls, with a door at one end, a mirror at the other, a fire-place on one side, and (at best) a continuous seat extending against the wall all along the other unoccupied parts of the room. In short, the descriptive placards which you daily see in those peculiar localities in which lodging-houses abound, very aptly set forth the external attractions of the far-famed spots now claiming the honour of our readers’ especial notice:—“An apartment unfurnished, with other conveniences.”

We shall leave it to the Hooda of the literary, and the Cruikshanks of the pictorial worlds, to exercise and entertain their imaginative faculties and ours with scenes made up of the motley groups that grace the localities we have just referred to, under the triple aspect of Mister, Mistress, or Miss So-and-So, dressed and decorated for such or such a rôle, and acting the said rôle beforehand, in the “inexplicable dumb-show” which nothing but the professional denizens of the Green-Room can either accomplish or comprehend. We are not going to “waste the sweetness” of our pen upon the supererogatory work of setting forth actors and actresses in a more ridiculous and contemptible light than that in which they are wont to exhibit themselves. Besides,—the Green-Room should, in this respect, be held as sacred as the Boudoir: the secrets that are learned there, touching the illegitimate portion of the mimetic art, will never be needlessly disclosed by those who (like ourselves) entertain a due respect for the delightful and noble results that occasionally ensue from that art. No—if we should ever be tempted to put down the result of our experience and observation, in connexion with the actors and actresses of the day, we shall, in order to escape the temptation of “setting down aught in malice,” avoid taking our pictures from the (disad) “vantage-ground” of the Green-Room or the Coulisses.

At present it is our cue to fly at other game—whether higher or lower must depend on the taste of those for whom we cater—our choice having fallen in this direction chiefly on account of the novelty which the results of it will wear in the eyes of the great majority of our readers: for who among them has not some inkling, however imperfect and ill-defined, of the actual face and form of a Macready or a Farren? Whereas who among them has such a notion of those of a Poole, a Planché, a Peake, a Pococke, or any other of that pains-taking company of P’s who constitute the pis-a-lleur of the English drama at this present writing? They are as utterly unknown to the fame of
pointing finger now, as they will be to that of a pen some years hence; and unless we catch these male "Cynthias of minute," and pin them upon our canvas for the momentary examination of the curious in the insectology of our passing literature, they will fall prone upon the stream of time, and be as though they had never been.

As people are apt to stickle for artificial precedence pretty much in proportion to their want of real claims to rank and distinction, we shall not dare to attempt any arrangement having reference to the comparative merits and pretensions of the parties to whom we are about to direct the attention of our readers. The difference "TwixTweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee," is a point of critical nicety much too difficult and important for us to meddle with. Nor would an alphabetical arrangement be more feasible,—seeing that the P's carry it hollow against all the rest of the alphabet united; as may be perceived by the first four names that occurred to us above.

Our plan, therefore, will be to take them as they drop in (Paul Pry like) to the Green-Room of our theatrical reminiscences;—regardless whether they "intrude" or not, provided anything in the way of their profession is to be picked up by the expedition.

That "the distinguished author of Paul Pry" himself should happen to head this "band of gentlemen pensioners" on the dramatic charity of the hour, is no less just than natural; for, to speak an ungracious truth, that, with one person at least, may pass for a gracious one, he is the best of the fraternity, in all those secondary qualities in the absence of which, now-a-days, the better and more essential ones would utterly fail of success. He has a lively wit; a nice and quick perception of the mere superficialities of character; a neat finger (you cannot call it a hand) at the construction of a plot (especially where he finds it ready made to his pen); a very good notion of stage dialogue,—which he contrives to preserve from flatness and fatuity, without filthifying it with puns; a modest willingness to merge his own notions of nature and character in those which appertain to the actor for whom he destines the chief personage of his piece:—and finally, a very fair and creditable portion of that mere tact which is sometimes mistaken for true taste, and is a much better thing to those who, like the author of Paul Pry, devote themselves professionally to the interests of the modern drama, and write Hamlets Travestie to prove their fitness for the calling!

But what presumption are we inadvertently falling into! Criticising the leading dramatist of the day, instead of merely sketching the "picture in little" of his illustrious person!

Reader, did you ever observe a cock-sparrow about pairing time, when he descends from the altitude of a holly bush, and lights among a bevy of his female mates on the gravelly walk below; sidling up simpering, first to one, then to another, twittering his small gallanties into the prone ear of each in turn, and meantime picking up whatever crumb or grain may happen to lie in his way, and appropriating it to his own especial appetite?

Something like this is the characteristic exhibition presented by the advent of Mr. P—le into the Green-Rooms (or rooms of any other colour, for that matter) which he occasionally honours with his presence;—as the aforesaid sparrow after moulting-time;—his wings (for as his upper person is always enveloped in a short cloak, he may have wings concealed there for anything we know to the contrary) his wings a-kimbo; his head on one side; his hat to match; his mouth arranged in the most point-de-vice fashion,—in the form of a Cupid's bow, and prepared to send forth shafts equally aimed at ladies' hearts;—in short, his whole air and bearing evidently indicating the inward consciousness of a gentleman blessed with

"A person and a smooth dispose, Framed to make women false:"—

framed for that enterprise evidently:—whether calculated to succeed in it or not is more than one of our sex has any right to predicate. All we can assert is, that the Fair are of opinion that Mr. P—le is "a nice little man," and that he himself inclines to a similar conclusion. Now that he has doffed the envious beaver which late concealed the map of his intellectual parts, you observe that his half shut eyes peer about furtively, like his own Paul Pry;—that his nose is slightly hooked, indicative of the terse and tasty classicity of his ideas, and his supreme contempt for anything low and vulgar—videlicet, a pun,—rather than perpetrate one of which he would (contrary to the proverb of Dr. Johnson) pick the pocket of a French fellow-dramatist of an entire piece;—that the whole contour of his features is rounded into the most lady-like smoothness and gentility,—like his notions of dramatic propriety;—and finally, that his forehead is as polished as his style, and as bald as the materials on which he employs it.
If, reader, you desire to mark (and you cannot do a more instructive thing) the intellectual differences and distinctions between two individuals of the same calling, as shadowed forth in the outward man of each respectively, observe the contrast between the jessamy little gentleman we have just had the honour of introducing to your notice, and the John Bull one who has just entered, and is saluting him with a word of friendly recognition in passing towards the further corner of the room, where he evidently has business, or he would not be here; for he combines within the snug rotundity of his own proper person every single attribute that can appertain even to a metropolitan establishment for purveying the delights of the drama to his Majesty's lieges. That is the honest, hearty, unpretending, and ever little Dickey P—ke, manager, author, artist, treasurer, box-keeper, book-keeper, prompter, property-man, candle-snuffer, each and all by turns, as the urgency of the case may at any time require;—in short (he will think we are punning upon him—for, in addition to his other qualifications, he is himself "an abstract and brief chronicle" of that noble art), in short, he is the factotum of the New English Opera-house—

"All things by turns, and nothing long,"
even though he has been all and each of these to his friend Arnold for the last twenty years. You observe that everything about him—his air, his dress, his manner, his speech, his person—indicates the total absence of that crying vice and folly of the hour, and especially of the profession to which P—ke has been all his life attached—affection. And his fuses are as free from this fiddle-faddle quality as his face or the fashion of his coat. It is an amusing thing to see the precedent object of our notice, the fastidious Mr. P—le,—the very Tremaine of the living drama—sitting out (on the principle of reciprocity) the first night of one of P—ke's farces—that capital one "Before Breakfast," for example. At the explosion of every pun, and of the laughter that it engenders, the severity of his taste revolts as at a personal insult. Did he ever commit a pun, or a mere practical drollery? Did he ever set one of his principal characters to scatter hollyoaks about the stage? In short, did he ever "send his hearers laughing to their beds?" Nothing of the sort; and that anybody else should do so is a libel on the public taste, and an outrage on the elegances and proprieties of polite literature.

Little Dickey P—ke knows better than this. His business is to amuse his audience, and he is not above his business. He gets his bread by being droll, and his duty to his employer and his family will not permit him to be "gentlemanlike and melancholy." And yet we very much doubt whether these or any other considerations could have induced him to travestie Hamlet,—even if his friend P—ke had not done it before him, and done it so well as to render rivalry hopeless.

But we are forgetting his person all this while,—which is in every case intended to be the chief point of our notice in these desultory and rambling ébauches. And probably the reason we are overlooking it is to be found in the fact, that it includes nothing of a peculiarly noticeable character. Yet still it is, as in every case that has hitherto come under our observation since we became open professors of the science of face reading) in all respects characteristic of the qualities that have moulded it. We have named its absolute nontension as regards the self-supposed claims of its owner. It is, however, not without evidences of what those claims really are. No one has a quicker sense of the ludicrous or a truer relish for it than P—ke,—and you see the living results of these ever playing in the recesses of his eyes, and lurking about the corners of his mouth. These indications of innate fun being the only marked ones,—suppose a round, honest, and truly English face; a person promising by and by to be (like his Farces) as broad as it is long; a costume as plain as his understanding; and a manner that even a life-long intercourse with the most artificial class of people in the world, has not been able to divest of its frank and cordial tone;—imagine these, and you have as fair a notion of Dickey P—ke as a pen and ink sketch (at least of our's) can well convey to you.

We shall only add, that as the worthy owner of this name improves daily in fat and facetiousness, we anticipate that he will soon be called upon by his friends of the Beefsteak Club, to adopt a more appropriate cognomen, and become, instead of Dickey P—ke, Dickey Suet.

But who is this, that comes bustling into the Green-Room, with an air made up half of amenity half of self-importance; his comely face gleaming with constitutional good-nature; his smooth, well-formed head, glittering in the gas-light as if it had been French-polished; his velvet-faced frock coat spread all abroad on either side, showing a
well-befavoured person and a well-graced attire, but without the least dandyism or affectation; an ebony cane in one hand, and a hat, somewhat daintily held, in the other; and an air, as who should say (though by no means offensively or impertinently), "I am the person who can first get up the funds to build a national theatre; then build it in an impossible space of time; and during the leisure hours of its progress, write three new dramas for it to open with;—and I should be glad to be informed where you will find another person who can do the like."

The truth is, that our friend, B——z——ly (for it is he), is a clever man, a pleasant companion, an indifferent playwright, and an excellent architect; and but for his green room tastes, he might perchance have been much more of all these,—with this important difference, however, as regards his worldly position, that he would in all probability have been an architect without any houses to build,—certainly without any theatres,—in which he has so conspicuously excelled.

Do you mark that odd-looking little personage, who has just accosted B——z——ly, and is looking up into his face, and thence downward to his feet ("but that's a fable") with an air of half admiration at his gentlemanly, half contempt at the self-complacent sentiment of it indicated in his well-conditioned features? That is little J——r——l——d, with one exception, decidedly the most original, or rather the least imitative, or (for it is only by diminutives that we can manage to get at or convey any distinctive notions of the intellectual pretensions of these very diminutive people) the least indebted to his fellow-dramatists and contemporaries for the character of what he writes. His dramas (we do not speak it disparagingly, but the contrary) are such as one might expect to have been found among the "posthumous papers" of the Prompter of the Globe or Bull Theatre in Shakespeare's day. If, critically considered, they are no better than droppings and off-sourings from the illustrious brains of the Elizabethan writers, they are a great deal better than anything else that we can compass or scrawl out from those of our own day—always with one marked exception, to be noticed hereafter. J——r——l——d's "Nell Gwynne," his "Housekeeper," and that "modern antique" class of his dramas, small wares as they are, are moulded of the right clay and coloured after the true designs; and somewhat clumsy and uncultivated as the marks of the potter's and the artist's hands may be upon them, any one of them is worth the best score that have proceeded from any other manufactory.

There is, if we mistake not, in the outward man of little J——r——l——d, something singularly characteristic of his mental rearing, habits, and condition. He would do to sit for a portrait of Galt's Lawrie Todd, much better than old Ralph Thornby did. He is a man who (not to speak it profanely) has been made by himself; and he will continue to be himself alone, whether his future destiny domicilicates him in the back woods of America or the Boudoirs of May Fair. We can fancy him for a moment transferred to one of the latter localities, and in the delicate presence of the genius loci. His clownish but independent air; his cuniblish but earnest and eager face; his unintelligible costume; his "fell of hair," stiff, straight, and erect as quills upon the fretful porcupine;—all these little personal originalities must impress our refined exclusive, however sky-tintued her tastes may be, with no very satisfactory ideal of a dramatic poet,—for she is not the person to trace, in these very indications, the intellectual qualities which make this clever little writer the (quasi) original he is.

Behold the antitype and antithesis of little J——r——l——d, in the classico-romantic gentleman, who, as you observe, is extending, as he solemnly yet smilingly enters the green room, a patronising hand (encompassed in a somewhat faded and fractured kid glove) to his only rival near the throne of "original" dramatic writing in the nineteenth century. That is Mr. S——e, a man of reading, intellect and taste; but one who, from a certain deficiency in each of these, has fallen into two fatal mistakes, the antipodes and antagonists of each other; he conceives* that to the success of a "legitimate" drama, nothing more is necessary, and nothing less required, than that the incidents and dialogue be true to nature—meaning thereby, that they be such as happen every day within the individual cognisance and hearing of every one of us; and that, on the other hand, they be embodied to the audience in tones, gestures, and modes of expression, which nothing but the stage, the pulpit, or the senate ever witnessed, and which have long been pretty nearly exploded even there! Witness Mr. S——e's

* We judge in this instance, as in all the others included in these sketches, from his works and his performances only—for with his opinions we are wholly unacquainted; being ourselves (whatever the reader may have heretofore inferred to the contrary) wholly guiltless of green rooms.
own "Factory Girl" on the one hand, and
his own acting of the chief character in it
on the other. If it were not for these two
strange blunders—strange in so really intel-
lectual a man as Mr. S——e, we should have
great hope of him, both as a writer and an
actor. As it is, we can only say, from a speech
we heard him make at the Crown and An-
chor Tavern, to a meeting on Mr. Bulwer's
Theatrical Bill, that when Lord Durham
gives us Universal Suffrage, he will make an
excellent representative of the Stage interests
in Parliament! For the rest, his peculi-
arity as an author-actor is, that he has good
taste enough to avoid any thing that may
point him out to passing notice as other than
a private man;—unless, indeed, we except
his somewhat inartificial wig—which spoils
the thoughtful and steadfast character of his
face. It is astonishing how few men there
are who have the resolution to part with their
hair patiently. Many a man who would lose
his head with equanimity (especially in a
good cause) falls into a paroxysm of imbecile
anger every time he sees a stray hair upon his
toilet-table; and is, at last, faint to cover the
innocent shame of his baldness with the sin of
a would-be deception that deceives nobody!

But see who comes in so opportunely, as if
purposely to put to flight our profound reflec-
tions, and put them to scorn at the same time,
by showing as comely a canopy of baldness as
you shall desire to see, overtopping a face
where time has hitherto made few corre-
sponding inroads. As there is a season, so
there is a reason, for all things. Proud men
are seldom vain; and if we mistake not, little
Mr. PI——é is not a little proud at finding
himself (erst the stage-stricken clerk "who
penned a stanza when he should engross")
the (almost acknowledged) head and front of
the operative dramatists of the day, at least in
all but the tragic department; and even there
he, no doubt, secretly meditates (and may easily
accomplish) achievements as great as those
he has performed in the more popular fields
of comedy, opera, farce, and the rest. Under
these circumstances he can, he thinks, afford
to go bald. If not so great a genius as Julius
Cæsar, he has more imagination, and can
easily fancy that his laurel wreath hides his
lack of love-locks!

We shall frankly confess that PI——é
deserves the rank (such as it is) which he
so modestly assigns to himself. He is the
most handy and available play-wright that
we have; and he has in two or three in-
stances shown his capacity to be more than
this, if his duties to his professional position
would let him exercise it. If he could live
without writing plays he might perhaps write
a play that would live, at least a season or
two beyond that of its birth.

PI——é's person is a perfect type of his
intellectual pretensions and performances—
petite, slight, well-constructed (for what there
is of it), firm in its attire, easy and natural in
its air, and presenting nothing at violent
variance with that good taste which is the
secret of all its owner's success. His face is
well-formed and intellectual, and it borrows
from the bare forehead a certain touch of
refinement which it would otherwise want.

But here comes our personal favourite
among the distinguished corps, whose effigies
we have taken upon ourselves to set forth to
the admiring eyes of the uninitiated. Though
why he is so we should be puzzled to explain,
unless it be that he proves to a personal de-
monstration our cherished theory touching
the present condition of the acting drama of
our country, namely, that any given indi-
vidual of our species, caught at a venture, and
placed behind the scenes at the usual age of
putting boys apprentice to a mechani-
cal trade, might, before he was out of his
time, be taught to produce "to order," at
the average rate of a drama a week, every
drama that has seen the light of the stage
lamps during the last twenty years, only ex-
cepting those of Sheridan Knowles. The
difference in favour of the droll and deserving
little person who now presents himself to our
notice is, that he has not been taught his
business, but has taught it to himself. And
the fact still more strongly proves our theory.
Mr. B——cks——e, for it is he to whom we are
pointing our attention, has written almost as
many successful dramas as he has lived
months since he began to write; and they
are upon the average about as good in their
several ways as any others we could name.
But if you were to ask him how his dramas
are made, and what they are made of, he
could tell you about as much of the matter
as if you were to inquire of him who lives in
the moon.

What is the inference? Why, that there
is nothing in them at all—nothing, we mean,
that appertains to authorship and art, or to
this particular author or art. They are made
of what the writer has heard, seen, been told,
and read in the newspapers. All that he has
done for them has been to piece the parts
together, to pare them down to the required
size, and to assign them "a local habitation
and a name."

But there must be something in them, you
say—because we admit that they are successful, consequently sufficiently amusing to induce people to pay for seeing them. The secret of this is that they are natural. But (you ask again) is not nature the true foundation of the drama, and the sole material of which it should be constructed? Yes; but not the nature that you find every day and every hour of the day, in Fleet-street, or Cheapside, or St. Giles’s, or even in Pall-mall, or St. James’s-street, or May Fair. But even that nature is amusing, if amusingly set forth, and we are spared the trouble of seeking it for ourselves. And that is the sole secret of little B—ck—e’s success, and to that success he is fully entitled. We are not merely willing, but anxious to give him the most ample meed of his peculiar merit. His dramas are as good as those of real life, and he spares us nine-tenths of the other insipidities that we must endure in seeking them at the fountain head. His dramas follow Hamlet’s rule; they “hold the mirror up to nature;” and the rule was a good one for a prince—who could see nothing of nature but that which occasionally obtrudes itself into a court. But Mr. B—ck—e and his fellow-labourers mistake the rule for Shakespeare’s! As if he ever, in the smallest particular, followed such a rule—we mean in its literal sense, and as our dramatists try to follow it! But a truce to criticism. Let us return to the “personal theme” from which we have so widely wandered. As Mr. B—ck—e’s appearance in his own character can in no respect be gathered from that exhibited in his amusing and excellent performances (which, by the by, are not exceeded in natural drollery and original quaintness of style by those of any other actor of the day), we must state that in his own proper person, he is the ideal of a haberdasher’s “assistant” during the first twelve months of his probation in town, previously to his having acquired any touch of the London polish which may hereafter fit him for that ultima thule of a journeyman haberdasher’s ambition, Howel and James’s. If he had happened to have been a son of Mathews instead of somebody else, we might have described his face at once, by saying that it is the very “picture in little” of his admirable father’s—who (Mathews we mean), if we mistake not, was his first patron. As it is, we can only characterise him by stating that his figure is as slender as his ambition, his air and manner as plain and unpretending as his style of dialogue, and his face as little and as much impressed with evidences of unusual intellect or acquisition as the general quality of his productions; in fact, like that of all actors who have passed their lives in making faces for the amusement of other people, it is not a face at all, but a mask.

We have some doubt whether our readers may not have grown as tired of the living dramatists’ persons, as the play-going public has of their productions. We shall therefore cut short our panorama of them for the present; not however without embellishing it with the flower of the flock, or rather the only flower belonging to it; for all the rest are “weeds, that have no business there.”

Look where he comes—at once the pride and shame of the British drama;—the pride, because he proves, however imperfectly, that the noble art to which he has devoted himself is not extinct among us;—the shame, because though he has in his own single person prevented that art from seeking refuge and encouragement on alien shores, he himself has been compelled to seek such refuge there, while his rivals, as above set forth, are flourishing in all the bloom of managerial honours and emoluments! A great authority in matters of this nature, the late William Hazlitt, has said of Sh-r-d-n Kn—les—“his most intimate friends see nothing in him by which they could trace the work to the author.” We cannot admit this. At any rate we must assert, that if “his intimate friends” cannot see the indications in question, there are other persons who can. Look at the broad expanse of his white forehead; the brilliant, yet concentrated fire of his eye; the steadfast, well-turned, and somewhat antique cast of his manly features, with the fresh bloom of youth upon them, blended with the firmness and (so to speak) immobility of mature age; and lastly, his well-formed, robust and vigorous person, somewhat portly for its size, and not without an air of conscious superiority, but wholly divested of anything like assumption or affectation. Observe, too, the thoroughly hearty manner in which he accosts you. The epithet is admirably expressive of the thing it describes. He addresses you with his heart, and not merely with his tongue; and this, whosoever you may be; for to him a man is a man and a fellow, under whatever form he may be encountered. In fact, Kn—les’s sympathies with mankind are the secrets of his power and success as a dramatist.

We must not forget, nor can we if we would, that Sh-r-d-n Kn—les is an Irishman; a fact which, if it explains many of his excellent qualities, accounts for (and half
excuses) his only fault. Shall we name it in his hearing? Yes; for he can bear to be told of his errors as well as any man living. There is then in his mode of addressing others, and consequently in his feelings towards them at the moment of so addressing them, (for the one cannot exist without the other,) a touch of that exquisitely and exclusively Irish quality which we can only express by its Irish name of blarney. That very individual whose hand, as you see, he is now pressing between both his while he speaks to him, and who innocently wonders what there can be of personal importance about him to excite this seemingly intense interest in the breast of so distinguished a character as the author of "Virginius," "The Wife," and "The Hunchback;" that very individual whom he has accosted with an empressment indicating that he has been wishing for years to meet him, and from whom he parts with an earnest "God bless you!" as if the separation went to his heart; that very individual he (we will not say wishes at the devil, but) never saw twice before, and never desires to see again! This is a fault, at least to those who are unfortunate enough to be able to detect it; for those who are deceived by it, it is a virtue that includes all the rest.

Do not let it be supposed, however, that we use the word "deceived" in its ill sense. Sh-r-d-n Kn—les is not an insincere man; but his feelings in relation to the social intercourse of the world fly to the tips of his tongue and fingers immediately on coming into contact with the conductor which draws them forth, and then evaporate there in an electric spark that is extinguished as soon as kindled. The truth is that no real poet (and Kn—les is one, though not of the highest grade) ever did or can maintain any lengthened degree of active sympathy with actual men; it is with man alone that he sympathises, and it is that enlarged and abstract sympathy which makes him a poet.

Lingo, in the farce, when complimented on being "a scholar," feels his pedagogical dignity grievously impugned. "A scholar!" he exclaims, "I am a master of scholars." On the same principle we must not venture to range "our fat friend." B—n among the dramatists of the day, on the strength of his having transduced a piquant French comedy into a fluke English one. "A dramatist!" he will exclaim indignantly. "I am a manager of dramatists." Still our green-room would be incomplete without him, and one or two more of its incidental ornaments.

B—n never did a more characteristic thing (though he did it unconsciously,) than when he exhibited himself as Napoleon in the Masquerade scene in Gustavus. He is in fact the Buonaparte of the theatrical world. By his mingled boldness and ingenuity he rose almost from the ranks to the command of a brigade; when there he espoused a woman as handsome and as clever as Josephine, though not quite so gentle and compliant; during a revolutionary period he dashed at a consulsip, and succeeded in compassing it; once there, he seized upon the purple, and became what he is—emperor; repudiated his empress as a stroke of state policy, and took another to his bosom; has reigned for a couple of years, and may (Pothick willing) do so for a couple more; will then abdicate or be deposed, be banished to the St. Helena of St. George's Fields, and die of an ossified heart, for want of something to occupy his ever active spirit. B—n looks exactly like what he is, namely, a man gifted with the rare and enviable faculty of persuading a friend that the only reasonable method of regaining a lost 20,000L. is to fling 30,000L. more after it. There is a look of Israelitic cunning in B—n's face which happily sets off the voluptuous and eastern air of his general manner and bearing. If he had not accomplished the dizzy height which he at present holds, he would in all probability have been by this time vizier to the pacha of Egypt. For the rest, his velvet trousers, gold and silver waistcoats, satin cravat, sallow countenance, and stately stultana, give him all the air of a Persian satrap on his travels.

Having introduced to the reader's notice the emperor himself, shall we omit to do equal honour to the "vicecy over him?" By no means. Let us at least award him the immortality of a month, in the classic pages of the Court Magazine. Having achieved that, he may retire from the theatrical throne whenever he pleases, under the happy consciousness that he has not spent his 50,000L. wholly in vain!

Captain P—lh—l's personal appearance has the merit of not belying the fame which his deeds as a dramatic speculator have acquired for him. He is evidently just the man to spend his worldly substance upon another man's theory, and think all the while that he is but working out his own. Besides, his wealth originated in fame *, and why should it not evaporate in the same fashion?

* His grandfather was a tobacconist.
Observe him where he stands there at the side wing; grazing in rapt admiration, alternately at the Ball scene in Gustavus on the one hand, and the audience who are collected to witness it on the other. "And all this splendour," he exclaims, "and the excitement and admiration it calls forth, are my work! And what is worldly wealth in comparison with such distinction! Besides, do I not mean to stand for Bedford again? And when I get into parliament, may they not, on the strength of my administration here, make me prime minister? And what are a score or so of thousands, more or less, in the bringing on of such a contingency? Let it go all!"

Then, looking round, and catching a glimpse of some of the fairer among the figurantes who "hop in his walks and gambol in his sight," in the hope of their attractions finding—

* The worthy captain has since been returned; and we for one hope they will fulfill his hypothetical prophecy—at least, for a few days, so as to give him time to destroy the theatrical monopoly which he, above all men, has good reason to know is (unlike charity) "twice cursed"—no less in the holder of it, than in those in whose behalf it is (said to be) held.

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**A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF NAPLES.**

I have acknowledged to less exertion here than elsewhere, but no where is it less necessary—there is little that will repay the labour and fatigue of hunting it out. All that is worth seeing is known, and what is known, includes much that is not worth seeing.

The celebrated Toledo, by far the finest street in Naples, is not really fine, which it might easily have been, for it was boldly projected, is of great length, and has many palaces and spacious buildings. It ought to have equalled the Corso at Rome; but there is a total want of grandeur in the palaces, of uniformity in the buildings, and not merely in the architecture but in every thing about it. The street itself is irregular and too narrow; and, were it otherwise, the bustle, the noise, the galloping, driving, cooking, begging, and the little dirty huckstering traffic going on every where would destroy its effect. This dirt and bustle may be all in agreement with the Mole or the Mercato, but is an offence and abomination in the finest street in the city. But at Naples they know nothing of the proprieties: the delightful garden in especial favour there, he relapses into a deprecatory soliloquy touching the inefficient nature of such allurements to a mind like his, intent as it is on higher matters:

"'Tis the cause! 'Tis the cause!

Let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars!

It is the cause!"

—of the legitimate drama he means; and then he hastens to consult with his oracle on the propriety of immediately re-engaging M. Martin and his Lions, for the new "Spectacle" that has just been put upon the stocks.

The traveller in Hades was astonished to observe the paucity of occupants in that particular department of the place allotted to Just Kings. There was only one; and he remarked the fact to his guide. "There is all that ever reigned," was the reply. If, in like manner, the spectator of our collection of living dramatists should feel called upon to remark on the insignificant nature of the effigies they have been able to furnish forth, we cannot help it. They are the best we have. Our readers shall have as many more if they please; but we cannot promise them any better.

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The architectural character of Naples generally is bad; the streets are narrow, the houses high, and their distinctive feature a multitude of unmeaning windows and balconies. The population has been at all times so dense, and the natural limits of the city so circumscribed, that it seems to have extended itself with effort, and to have moved in mass. Except the Piazza de Castello and the Piazza Reale, there is hardly an open space in the city. Neither are the buildings fine. The Palazzo Reale itself looks heavy rather than grand, though its line of front is unbroken—the Studij Publici is uniform, without much pretensions and unfinished—some of the hospitals are on a grand scale—some of the old palaces are immense and massive; the modern differ rather in what they have lost than what they have gained; the palace of the Duke of Gravina, in the Strada Monteliveto, is one of
the handsomest; but nothing in this way in Naples can be admired after the pomp, and magnificence, and grandeur, of the Roman palaces.

Of the churches, few have any external architecture worth observation; they are generally small, and the interior is costly and tawdry, bedaubed and begilt; and they are stowed away in all sorts of filthy dark holes and obscure corners. The best are the Chiesa di Gesù Nuovo, and the modern one of the Annunziata. S. Filippo Neri has a high character, and not undeservedly; it is said too to contain some fine pictures, by Guido; but it is dirty and dark, the pictures are black with smoke, and when we were there, the Sacristan was in a prodigious hurry. In the church of S. Chiara, among many curious and coterminous monuments, is said to be that of the celebrated Joanna, not the least interesting spot in Naples. Joanna has been compared to Mary of Scotland; they were both queens—both famed for their talents, and their beauty, both accessories to the murder of their husbands, and both expiated their errors by their subsequent misfortunes, and have found apologists who hardly admit their errors. I know nothing in the history of human passion more terrible than the unshaken, unrelenting spirit, with which Louisa gave direction that Joanna should be put to death, when, after pursuing her with uncompromising and inextinguishable hatred for nearly forty years, she was, at last, in his power: a politic man might have compromised—a wise man have hesitated, seeing how many lives must be sacrificed to this act of justice—any man might have wearied in such a fearful pursuit of blood—a good man might have forgiven it, when forty years had passed, and he was preparing to lay his own head in the grave: yet who can condemn Louisa for pursuing to death the murderer of her husband and his brother?

The sculpture at the Cappella di St. Severo is exceedingly curious, and, indeed, the veiled Christ is fine. But from all censure I must exempt S. Martino de' Certosini, which stands high on the hill immediately above the city, and cowers under the wings of St. Elmo, as if it had sought shelter there for its immense treasures. I shall not detain you with an account of those treasures, you may read of them elsewhere; one, only, of the prophets by Spagnoletti, the Elias, I must notice especially; he is in an attitude of profound study, poring intently over words that have consequences, “words that burn,” and is, in every nerve and limb, a prophet—one that shall rise up, and, by long dreaming on the past, foretell the future. But it is the unrivalled beauty of the place, and its unequalled situation, that won my admiration. The Certosini convent is now converted into a military hospital, and I regret it: I like hospitals, and I don't like monasteries—but in this instance, the change was only excusable if there were not another spare acre in the whole kingdom. What do old soldiers care for mosaic, or pietra dura, or Spagnoletti's Elias, or the paradise that surrounds them? and what a situation for a man to retire to who desired to shake hands and part kindly with the world. There is nothing of gloom or severity, nothing ascetic, nothing that delights in mortification and penance in this feeling; it is merely the gentle sorrowing of a gentle nature, or the weariness of a spirit which desires to be at rest; and where could a man under any circumstances better retire to than this convent with all its architectural riches, its paintings, its library, its cloister, its quiet, its fine healthy situation, its magnificent and unrivalled view; and the mild wonder which a man accustomed to look down upon Naples from this spot, would soon feel at all worldly bustle, business, and concernment, would secure him there for ever. When I stood in its balconies, Naples itself looked like “a picture in little,” and the busy stir and bustle of its pigmy inhabitants seemed quite ridiculous.

On returning from this delightful spot, we were stopped by a grand funeral procession, to see which Naples appeared to have poured out its whole population; but the city is so densely peopled, that a momentary check to the living current, a single reed round which its torrent whirls, is the crowd and mob of other cities; and when we escaped from this multitude, there was the same throng, the same noise, the same Babylonish confusion in the Toledo as ever. The funeral was certainly very splendid and pompous: a superb coffin resting on a velvet and gold pall, and borne high in the air, was preceded by men in rich dresses, bearing torches, by priest and chorister and the Host, and followed by crowds all dressed alike, with flags and banners and enormous wax lights. I doubted how far it was good taste in any family to make so idle a parade, but concluded that the Duke of Maldaloni, or Orsini, or Francavilla, or the Prince of St. Agathe was dead—no such thing—as explained to me, it was the member of a benefit burial society! The splendid coffin and pall served for all the fraternity.
The naked wooden box, in which the body was really to be interred, was privately following after. I did not see the body exposed to view, as I have heard it is—whether only on occasion or customarily, I do not know; but I did see yesterday, in the Chiazza, a poor man carrying in his arms a young infant, elegantly dressed in white, and adorned with flowers, as I thought, to be christened: it was so pretty and tasty, and in such strong contrast with the man's own dress, that I looked more attentively, and saw that the infant was dead! I assure you the sight was no way disgusting; but it must be quite another thing in age, with disease, and all the horrid muscular contortions of death—death looks like gentle sleep in childhood.

I suppose these funerals are in harmony with the pomp of their church ceremonies. I have not attended to them here, but have more than once met the Host being carried to the dying; it is usually followed by a crowd; every one takes off his hat; the religious fall on their knees, and mumble a prayer; but I notice it because it is the only thing that can produce a momentary silence in this brawling city.

But I am forgetting the studij, and the sculpture, and the pictures, and the antiquities; and it is well I am. There are volumes enough on the subject, and infinitely better than I could promise, even if I had leisure. The statuary is inferior only to the Vatican. The pictures are greatly inferior, and have disappointed me. The collection is valuable rather as illustrative of the rise and progress of art, than its perfection: there are many curious, few fine, pictures. In antiquity, it is old Rome itself, and must be so, while it contains the treasures found at Pompeii and Herculanum. But for this and all other important matters, I refer you to the many volumes already published: I only promised to give you my general impressions—a mere bird's-eye view—and here you have it.

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**WRITTEN IN DEJECTION.**

They told me she was dead!—that grief had wrought
   For her the fatal work of tardy time;
While every feeling yet with youth was fraught,
   And life's bright morn foretold a glorious prime:
That sorrow's hand had robb'd her cheek of bloom,
   Her eye of every radiance save of tears;
And when she dropt into her early tomb,
   That she was pure in heart as young in years:
And ever, as they breathed her name, they wept!—
   Wept o'er her worth, her beauty, and her pain;
Wept wildly as they thought where now she slept,
   And that she ne'er could bless their love again!
I marvell'd that they grieved—for in my heart
   I envied that devoted one in death;
And thought them only happy who depart
   In being's morn, and yield in spring their breath,
Ere time from every feeling warm and high
   Hath robb'd the bright romantic vernal hue:
And if her story dimm'd my glistening eye,
   'Twas that I wept to be departed too!
REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDESTINATED ROGUE.
No. VI.

"Having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in a rogue."

Winter's Tale.

It is certain that the attentions which our hero paid to Phoebe Burrows justified in some measure the aged crone's dislike, as she bore a morbid and most splenetic antipathy to everything bearing the palpable form of humanity that had not the character of the tribe, to which she gloried in belonging, marked both within and without so distinctively, that "he who runs might read." Such being her prejudice, and she was now too old and too stubborn to discard it, she felt an insurmountable repugnance to the thought that an interloper and a church worshipper should carry his intentions towards her grand-daughter to that issue in which all courtships are expected to end. In proportion, however, as Dillon paid little attention to the beldam's hatred, he bestowed a good deal upon the young gipsy's apparent approbation; and from the silent language of her eyes—that mute vocabulary whence the soul draws its highest inspirations whether of thought, of sentiment, or of feeling, embodying them in those varying hues of expression which render the countenance a volume of legible eloquence—he drew conclusions so flattering to his own hopes, that he already began to feel, if he did not say—how happy we shall be when the ring and the benediction have united us!

We'll drink the sprightly draught while it runs clear,
And break the cup when the first drops appear.

He was already blessed in his own fond anticipations, and thought he could not do a wiser or a better thing than make himself happy as quickly as possible, since no argument can be more logically true than that a man cannot make himself happy too soon. Although Phoebe was in the constant habit of hearing doctrines subversive of all purity, and of witnessing practices that were in accordance with no code of morals, however lax, still she possessed a native chasteness of mind which, though it did not preserve her perfectly intact from such pernicious influence, nevertheless buoyed up her mind amid the moral stagnation around her, and kept it from sinking into the fœculent atmosphere and perishing in its own corruption. Although she looked with passive indifference upon the degrading practices of her family, they seemed to her subjects neither for mirth nor congratulation; and in spite of the buoyancy of spirit to which her youth and health naturally inclined her, she never descended to that vulgar levity, so common in the abodes of destitution and crime, where impunity for infractions of all moral laws renders those who infringe them reckless of opinion, and daring in depravity. If there was no outward expression of dissent from habits to which she even yet had not become inured, there was an inward repugnance which strongly suggested to her youthful but penetrating mind, that she must go farther into the world in search of happiness than she was likely to do whilst doomed to that vagrant life which was the miserable heritage of her birth.

Dillon had not been long in discovering that, under the superficial crust of ignorance, there was a radiance of intellect which only required to have the spark of knowledge thrown upon it to kindle it into intense and dazzling brightness. Anxious only at first that she should add some acquired to her natural graces, he commenced by teaching her to read. She soon mastered every difficulty, and as her preceptor possessed no other book than the bible, a portion of which he had been accustomed from his sixth year to peruse every day, in a very few weeks she made sufficient progress to read the first chapter of Genesis with tolerable precision and fluency. In an almost incredibly short space of time, she was able to write a legible hand. She had thus already received the rudiments of a respectable education, in the common acceptance of the term, though, it must be confessed, the state of social degradation in which she had been reared, and which kept her perpetually under its influence, by no means tended to strengthen any favourable bias with which nature had happily endowed her;—nevertheless, the contagion of example did not corrupt her. She was like a solitary lamp in a sepulchre; her light fell upon the most repulsive objects, showing the more dis-
distinctly their deformity, but still burning pure and bright amid their loathsomeness.—

"Heaven doth with us as we with torches do, Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues Do not go forth of us, 'tis all alike. As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd But to fine issues."

It may appear incredible that Phoebe Burrows should have received so little moral infection from the baleful atmosphere in which she had been born and reared: but with this the writer of her history can have nothing to do; he has only to record the fact; and he may be permitted to remind the reader that it is the will of Nature to deviate sometimes from her usual order of progression, and to leave the impress of her eccentricities upon those who may chance to be the subjects of her deviations from her ordinary course.

It happened, about two years before the period of our hero's introduction to the gipsy family, that Phoebe Burrows had been betrothed to a young man of her own tribe, who now came to claim his affianced bride. He was welcomed by the family with those rude greetings which passed with them for tender and appropriate courtesies. One of the new apartments of the cavern which had been added by the labours of Dillon, as already recorded, was immediately assigned to his use. He was a sturdy, muscular youth, in the twentieth year of his age, of a comely but harsh countenance; with black fierce-looking eyes, round, hardy limbs, and a stature altogether indicating superior strength and activity. The play of his features was rather Mercurial than Saturnine, but the broad vulgar smile perpetually quivering round the corners of his mouth, except when the fiercer passions pursed his brow with those deep corrugations which are indicative of the most ferocious hostility, savoured more of habitual recklessness than either of philosophical apathy or of constitutional light-heartedness. He had all the characteristics of his tribe, and the worst of them very prominently developed.

It is astonishing how strongly the distinctive traits exist in the gipsy character. "What appears most worthy of remark," says Grellman, "is, that neither time, climate, nor example have, in general, hitherto, made any alteration. For the space of between three and four hundred years, they have gone wandering about like pilgrims and strangers. They are found in eastern and western countries, as well among the rude as the civilised, yet they remain everywhere what their fathers were—gipsies. Africa makes them no blacker, nor Europe whiter; they neither learn to be lazy in Spain, nor diligent in Germany. In Turkey, Mahomet, and among Christians, Christ remains equally without adoration. Around, on every side, they see fixed dwellings, they nevertheless go on in their own way, and continue, for the most part, unsettled wandering robbers."

These people are naturally hardy, which may be readily accounted for by their being inured to hardship from their very birth. Their bed being commonly the damp earth, their clothing the poorest rags, their food the commonest and the coarsest; surrounded with all these and worse miseries, they are exposed to the lowest state of destitution, it is still astonishing how seldom they are afflicted with distempers so often the bane of a more luxurious condition. This remarkable fact may well give a sanction to the spirited sarcasm of Old John Dryden.—

The first physicians by debauch were made,
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade; By chase our long liv'd fathers earn'd their food, Toil strung their nerves and purify'd their blood; But we, their sons, a pamper'd race of men, Are dwindled down to three score years and ten. Better to hunt in fields for health unlook'd Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend,
God never made his works for man to mend.

Phoebe Burrows received the youth to whom her early vows had been plighted, though her heart responded not in ratification of the solemn covenant, with a smile of welcome. Yet it came over the happy spirit that played like a sunbeam in the ever varying but always fervid expressions of her countenance, as a dull mist over a beautiful lake, in which all the glories of heaven are mirrored faithfully and entrancingly, showing that her lips did an office repugnant to her purer feelings. While the smile of welcome beamed languidly in her eye, the recession of the blood from her cheek showed that her happiness could never be in the keeping of George Cooper. This was the name of her selected husband, who, in saluting her, exhibited that brutal indifference so common to vicious minds, at the same time treating her with the vulgar freedom of one who looked upon the right of property to be already decided. The grandmother evidently favoured his claim with hearty good will, as she turned her bleared and haggish eyes with a most fiendish ferocity towards Dillon, the moment her grandson elect appeared.

* Grellman's Dissertation on the Gipsies.
Being one morning in his recess when they imagined him to be abroad, he heard the following conversation between the old gipsy and young Cooper:—

"Ugh!" said the bag, grasping her gums together with so fierce a collision as to endanger the two discoloured fangs with which her jaws were still armed—"he's as obdul to my sight as carrion to a gold fish; and Phoebe loves him, too; I can see that plainly enough. Dim as these old eyes are, they can distinguish a thistle from a cauliflower."

"You dream, mother;—besides, she knows George Cooper too well to turn her eyes where he doesn't choose they should stray. Though a cat may look at a king, a maid mayhap had better not be allowed the cat's privilege, lest she should mistake some common lubber for the king and make herself the queen of fools. There may be something in thy warning, grannam, and I'll look to't."

"I tell thee, dolt, she loves him as the apple of her eye. D'ye think he's been teaching her to read his book of sanctity for nothing. Hasn't he taught her to make those cursed signs by which the devil wins the souls of those who have 'em. Scrawling upon paper is the way that young fools get bewitched. Bah! she's as full of love as thou art of stupidity, and thou'rt an ass to look upon't so coldly."

"Hark ye, dame: there may be more truth than wit in an old woman's croaking, but a fig for it! I don't heed a fellow that skulks to a conventicle to preserve him from the fear of his own shadow. Praying is the craven's mummeries to buy a chance with, should there be another world to go to when he's worn out his welcome in this. This young spark won't kindle me while he keeps his distance. He may teach and look and sigh so long as he stands clear out of my shoes; but the moment he puts his dirty feet into them, by the heart within me, I'll let his foul spirit out at his throat, and he shall show the ravens what a dainty corpse he'll make for a banquet."

"All banter—all banter;—you're a bully and nothing else, or you'd put him out of the way at once. He's only fit for the dung-hill, where he would rot among other offal, unmissed. What would there be in silencing a drone that skulks into the hive to eat the bee's honey. There's no more in killing him than in choking a dog at a door post. It may be done cunningly, and no one the wiser. A hole in the chalk will keep your secret, and dead men tell no tales."

"You're mad, woman! old age has turned thy bile rancid and blackened thy blood;—thy heart has shrunk up to a pippin, and thou art become a perfect devil's dam. What dost thou see in my face that should bid thee call me butcher? 'Tis time enough to be a spiller of blood, when the younger gives me cause. I don't question Phoebe's truth, she hasn't cunning enough to be false; besides, she loves me, and we are plighted, dame; and when did a gipsy girl ever break her maiden vow? I sha'n't take thy advice this time."

"A blighting curse be on thee," shrieked the crone, as Cooper left the cavern; but he was soon beyond the reach of her frantic ravings.

Dillon was scarcely surprised at her vindictiveness, as he had frequently witnessed the demoniacal malignity of her nature, and though what he had just heard was sufficient to excite within him some qualms of apprehension, yet such was his natural energy of character, and so completely fenced was his faith against capture by the buttress of predestination, that he felt but little alarm for his safety. The cause of Cooper's forbearance is easily explained. The fact is, he was too vain to imagine for a moment that he could be supplanted in the affections of any woman whom he had distinguished by marks of preference; that Phoebe Burrows should prefer another to himself, was, therefore, the last thing in his thoughts. He had the reputation among his class of being a handsome fellow; and it is, moreover, a circumstance almost unprecedented for a gipsy girl to marry out of her own tribe. These circumstances concurred to blind him to the influence of our hero over the heart of his affianced bride, to whom Cooper was becoming daily more and more odious. Though of a sufficiently jealous nature, yet his jealousy had been hitherto prevented from kindling by the more potent influence of his vanity. Dillon perceived from the very first that his rival was not the man calculated to make happy the lovely girl whom he grieved to see had not been directed to a more congenial choice. Cooper's natural indifference to every thing but his own comfort, was evident to the most superficial scrutiny. His was a predilection that could not last.

His peeping passion, like a feeble sun,
Mingled with show'r's of rain will soon be gone;
And if, perhaps, there's left some poor remains,
Like northern gold, 'tis in penurious veins."

* Sir Charles Sedley's poems.
After the dialogue which our hero had just heard between Cooper and the mother of his host, he allowed some minutes to elapse in order that the overflows of her spleen might subside, when, to her amazement, he appeared before her.

"Ha!" she cried, with a sudden pumping of the voice, as if a piston had drawn it up from the bottom of her lungs, "hast thou been playing the eaves-dropper? Thou art a miserable skulker, who hasn't the face to hear all the foul truths that may be said of thee, but, like a bloated toad, hidest thy dog's head in a corner. Well, thou hast heard no good of thyself, hast thou?"

"But I have heard enough to gain thee a gibbet. Old as thou art, thou may'st hang in the sun yet—and, should this happen to thee, thou'lt dangle long enough before thy polluted carcass would be invaded by a single crow. There's too much poison in it even for a fly to blow upon."

The old woman remained silent, sitting upright in her chair, every muscle in her body stiffened with passion. She looked as that celebrated Hindoo sage may be supposed to have looked, who, in the practice of his religious austerities, is said to have assumed a posture so immovable that the birds built their nests in his hair. Dillon seated himself by her, when her eyes immediately sparkled with concentrated fury. She seized by the neck the cat which was asleep in her lap, and, dashing it into Dillon's face, pinched the creature's tail with all her might. The poor animal, in its agony, made such active use of its claws that our hero grasped it by the throat, tore it from his face, and, holding it at arm's length for a few moments, flung it dead in the bag's lap. The blood was streaming from his forehead and cheeks, but the old gipsy, perfectly regardless of his suffering, when she saw the state of her favourite, uttered a yell of such infernal sympathy as must have scared the cat to death had it been alive. The foam, pozed from her thin lips, stained by the tobacco with which her mouth was continually filled. She tore the greasy fillet that bound her grey wiry locks, and, shaking her palsied head, they fell over her shoulders in matted strips, seeming, as the constant oscillations of her head gave them motion, to be instinct with life, and almost realising the fable of Medusa and her snakes. Meanwhile the Hobgoblin, having resumed his seat, cast at her a look of ineffable scorn. This was beyond endurance: animated by uncontrollable rage, she staggered towards him, every lineament quivering with fury, and her deep seated eyes, gleaming with the dull red glare of a burning coal, separated from the fire, and gradually ceasing to glow. She drew a long knife from a sheath in her girdle; her withered, bony arm was raised to strike, when Dillon seized her wrist, hurled her backward, and quitted the cavern. When the family returned, for it happened that they were all out that morning upon various pleas, they found the old woman smoking her short wooden pipe, and mumbling curses upon herself and all the world; and, when she had told her story of the barbarous usage she had just undergone, which she did with a hoarse, guttural screech, so much addicted was she to lying, that her son treated the whole affair as a spiteful exaggeration, and abused her in no very measured terms for her fiendish malignity. The fact was, that our hero had won his way to the heart of Burrows, by being the cause of his success in many little robberies, and by paying him a regular fee for lodging and maintenance, besides providing most of the victuals consumed in the gipsy establishment. As he did not appear during the day, the gipsy was apprehensive that his mother had done something to drive away a very profitable roguer, and he therefore abused her accordingly.

The feather'd songster chaunticleer
Had wound his bugle horn,
And told the earlie villager
The commynage of the morn. *

before Dillon returned to the cavern, when peace was apparently restored; but he took care to secure himself for the future against the malice of his foe, by sleeping at a neighbouring cottage, kept by a poor labourer and his wife, who were glad to get an additional eighteen pence a week for allowing a stranger, at night, a corner in their kitchen, where he spread his rug, and slept more at ease than in the chalk cavern.

The Hobgoblin now began to be weary of the dulness of his present mode of life, when a circumstance occurred which broke the uniformity, and gave a little incidental variety to his career.—He was one day strolling on the highway, in his progress to a neighbouring fair, and attired in the very prime of his wardrobe, when he saw a pair of horses, harnessed to a curricule, pass round an angle of the road, and dash onward, with frightful impetuosity, forwards a steep hill at no great distance. Urged by the impulse of his humanity—for though feeling was generally dormant within him, yet it was apt to be kin-

* Chatterton, Bristowe Tragedie.
dled upon sudden emergencies—he rushed before the affrighted horses, seized the reins with that coolness and intrepidity for which he was at all times remarkable, and turning the animals' heads with a sudden jerk, brought them against the hedge, and thus stopped their further progress. A groom now rode up and helped his master to alight, who handed out his daughter, a delicate, pretty girl with dark hair, long eye-lashes, a transparent skin, but pale as a marble cherub.

The curricule being examined and found to have sustained some injury in one of the wheels, the groom was despatched to the next village for a smith to repair the damage. Meanwhile, the horses were led to a public house near the spot, where the master and daughter took shelter, until they were enabled to proceed on their journey. Whilst Dillon, with that officiousness which his late gallantry entitled him to display, had been tendering his assistance, he had contrived to open a portmanteau and lighten it of seventy-five guineas. As usual, he forwarded the booty to his friend upon 'change, who soon added it to his gradually increasing stock. The slippery rogue was growing rich by his knavery, but such was the absorbing force of habit that he saw no moral evil in his civil turpitude, and when the mind is once reconciled to vicious courses,

"The wise may preach, and satirists rail,
Custom and nature will prevail."

Our hero having heard nothing of the adventure in which he had played so conspicuous a part, came to the conclusion that the good-natured gentleman had resolved, like a wise and liberal man, to put up with his loss, when one morning Burrows entered the chalk cavern where the Hobgoblin then was—for he continued his intercourse with the gipsy family—and put into his hand an old newspaper. In casting his eye over its columns, it fell upon a paragraph, which stated that a robbery had been committed on the Bath road a few days before, when a gentleman's portmanteau had been opened, and seventy pounds in gold abstracted. A minute account was given of the horses running away, and of their being stopped by a person who was suspected to be the thief. It went on to state that he had been discovered at Salisbury, taken up and was to be tried at the ensuing assizes for the felony. The name of the suspected party was declared to be Edward Dillon. Our hero was a good deal disturbed at this unexpected discovery, and, on the following day, having assumed his former disguise, which almost precluded the possibility of discovery, he proceeded to the episcopal city, a perfect personification of the most squallid misery. But for a few trifling points of difference, he would have precisely realised the following graphic portraiture.

"He was with foul and dunghill rage yclad
Tainting the gale in which they flutter'd light:
Of morbid hue his features, sunk and sad—
His hollow eye shook with a sickly light,
And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
His black, rough beard was matted rank and vile;
Direful to see, and heart appalling sight!
Meantime foul scurf and blotches him defile,
And dogs, where'er they went, still barked all the while."

Up on reaching Salisbury, Dillon sought the meanest public-house in the city, where he engaged part of an out-house at a very small outlay, and lived like a wretched mendicant. Here he soon ascertained that the party suspected of the robbery in which our hero had been the successful delinquent, was the confidential servant of a gentleman, and, as the paper had truly stated, named Edward Dillon. He had no difficulty in discovering that this Edward Dillon was no other than the identical Neddy, educated at the expense of the parish of Bloomsbury, and born of the same mother, and on the same day, with himself. This discovery, to do him justice, gave the Hobgoblin a good deal of anxiety, and he determined at once to await the issue of the trial; for he made up his mind, that should it be likely to terminate against his brother, he would proclaim himself the criminal, and not allow punishment to fall upon the innocent. With all his delinquencies, he had some lofty impulses of true feeling, and there were the seeds of a principle within him, which, had they been submitted in earlier life to a more favourable culture, would have ripened into a produce that might have been a benefit to mankind.

It will suffice to say here of Edward Dillon, that he had been taken from the workhouse by a gentleman, for his good character, the robbery of the blind pauper being eventually discovered to have been the knavish essay of his brother; his honour, therefore, did not long remain under the imputation which the sudden flight of his slippery twin had left upon it. He was as remarkable for sobriety and integrity as the other was for astuteness and knavery, and quit the parish establishment with so fair a name as to obtain an excellent place and as excellent a master. In a few years he became his confidential servant, and was a favourite of

* Castle of Indolence.
the whole family. He happened to be with his master at Salisbury, when he was taken up on suspicion of having robbed a gentleman of seventy guineas, and committed to the county gaol. The family, though greatly distressed at this, were nevertheless satisfied of his innocence, which they knew would be satisfactorily proved upon his trial. James Dillon, meanwhile, continued in his miserable abode, patiently awaiting the assizes which were at hand. He assumed the occupation of a beggar, in order to the more completely to lull suspicion, and continued, by his singular felicity of appeal, to scrape together a considerable daily addition to his funds. The only drawback upon his satisfaction was his anxiety for the unpleasant condition of his brother, who, not being accustomed to the bitter changes and chances of life, no doubt felt acutely the want of accommodation experienced in a common gaol, which privation must have been greatly aggravated to a person hitherto unsuspected, being under the imputation of having committed a gross and scandalous violation of the laws.

In a few days the judge entered the city, and after the busy bustle of a day, the assizes were opened. Our hero dressed himself decently, as his ordinary attire would have excluded him even from a public court of justice, and entered the court on the morning that the trial of his relative was to come on. When he saw the prisoner in the dock, his heart smote him, and he experienced such a sudden revulsion of feeling, that as he stood really much affected at the difficulty in which he had involved an innocent brother, he half determined to eschew his present system of getting a fortune, and take to an honest calling. Still he thought he would see the issue of the dilemma in which he had involved his own mother's son, before he made up his mind, quieting his awakened conscience with the deluding sophistry, that a short delay could do no mischief, but, on the contrary, would only be an exercise of wary and prudential discretion. Thus it too frequently happens, even with the best of men: postponements until the morrow absorb nearly the whole of life.

*Our yesterday's to-morrow now is gone, And still a new to-morrow does come on; We by to morrow's draw up all our store Till the exhausted well can yield no more.*

The first witness called against the prisoner was the gentleman who had been robbed. Dillon observed his daughter in court, her eyes filled with tears, as she directed her gaze towards the accused party, who stood erect in the dock, with an expression of dignity upon his brow that seemed to repel, with silent indignation, the charge upon which he now stood arraigned. He was remarkably handsome, of a manly and well proportioned figure, while his manners had a natural dignity inseparable from the consciousness of integrity. He still retained the same exact personal resemblance to his brother which had been so remarkable in the earlier life of those twins.

The witness swore positively to his identity, and his evidence was very reluctantly confirmed by that of the daughter, who could scarcely be kept from fainting as she delivered her testimony. The evidence of father and daughter was fully confirmed by that of the groom, who swore that the portmanteau was secure when the prisoner first seized the horses' heads, and that it was found broken open just after he quit the public-house, whither his master's currie had been taken to undergo the necessary repair. This plain statement, which no cross-examination could invalidate or weaken, seemed so conclusive, that there appeared but one opinion as to the guilt of the prisoner, who did not seem in the least abashed, but evidently acquired additional firmness in proportion as the evidence preponderated against him.

For the defence, the master was called with whom Edward Dillon had lived for several years, with the highest character for integrity and fidelity. He swore distinctly that the prisoner was in his house in London the whole of the evening named in the indictment; he consequently could neither have been principal nor accessory in a robbery committed nearly a hundred miles from the metropolis. This evidence, confirmed by several members of his family, and by all the other servants, was so decisive as to leave no doubt in the minds of the jury that the prosecutor had mistaken the person of the party by whom he had been robbed: he was, therefore, called again into court; still he persisted in his former declaration. His daughter was likewise recalled, but after having heard the testimony on the other side, she declined maintaining her previous statement, being willing to believe that she had mistaken the person of the robber. In summing up, the judge observed there was a remarkable fact in the case, which was, that
two gentlemen of property and high character
had sworn directly against each other, though
the weight of evidence greatly preponderated
in the prisoner's favour. "It is, moreover,
clear," observed the judge, "that the master
with whom the prisoner has been residing for
years, cannot be mistaken in his identity, but
the other witnesses, to whom he was a perfect
stranger, may be deceived. There can be very
little doubt as to the result of your deliberation
upon this evidence." The jury did not leave
the box, but instantly returned a verdict of not
guilty. The judge, then addressing Edward
Dillon, told him that he left the court with-
out the slightest stain upon his character,
and he was satisfied there was not a per-
son present in that court whose sympathy
he had not obtained. His master shook him
heartily by the hand, and he received the
welcome congratulations of his friends.

Our hero was much gratified by this result,
and quitting the court without making
himself known to his brother, returned next
day to his friends on the common. His
wise resolutions were now soon forgotten,
which is but too frequently the case even
with those who stand high in the world's
estimation. How just the Venusian poet's
advice—

"Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise;
He who defers this work from day to day
Does on a river's bank expecting stay
"Till the whole stream, which stopped him, should be
gone.
That runs, and, as it runs, for ever will run on *;"

The Hobgoblin, happy in his brother's
escape, began now to look forward to new
enterprises, and to further accessions of
wealth.

SYPHAX.

* Horace, Epis. Lib. i. ii. 40.
SCENES IN ARRACAN.

I meet the darts of diamond eyes,
And fairy feet, in throngs;
I pass unharmed through mothers’ sighs,
And lovely daughters’ songs.
’Twas but the other night I heard
Two maidens at a ball,
“Don’t dance!—short-sighted!—how absurd!”
I will not wed at all!

Then waste no more your smiles on me:
There’s many a simple swain,
Whom step, and song, and waving plume,
May conquer and may chain,
To wear your colours on his breast—
To run before you call;
For me, let vain endeavours rest—
I will not wed at all!

Grant.

RETROSPECTIONS OF AN OFFICER IN INDIA.

SCENES IN ARRACAN.

THE HOSPITAL SHIP.

I concluded my last paper with an account of my embarkation on board of a gunboat, which was to convey me to the hospital ship.

The tide having nearly run out, we at once raised the grapping, and turning the boat’s head down the stream, soon left the Babadong ghaut behind us. We passed the Oongdye Stockade on the left, an extensive Burman fortification, erected by the famed Bundoolah, to defend this approach to the town. It contained the remains of huts and wooden buildings once occupied by his barbarian troops. Over these ruins towered a tall look-out house, perched on timbers forty or fifty feet high. Lower down we passed a long line of Chittagong sloops, laden with grain and stores for the army, and moored close to the swampy shore, covered with rank mangroves and disgusting vegetation, the sight of which filled the mind with painful images of fever and malaria. These miserable looking vessels, which united to something of the European lighter build much of the dirt, discomfort and rude appliances of native craft, exhibited in high perfection the effects of a rainy season in Arracan. The bleached and rotten ropes hung broken from the masts, whilst long yellow streaks of iron-mould exuded from the rows of nail and bolt-heads down the sides. Shortly before the time of which I am speaking, I had received letters from some friends at Calcutta, requesting me to make inquiries respecting the state of a small vessel laden with wine, and other stores, likely to be in request with the army, which, shortly after the capture of Arracan, had been sent thither on a speculation. The vessel, a small schooner, had on board, besides the usual crew, two or three merchants, or supercargoes, to dispose of the goods. From time to time we had heard that a fearful mortality prevailed among these poor fellows; and it was in consequence of similar reports having reached the presidency, that I received the communication to which I have alluded, requesting me to make inquiries, and see that the vessel and cargo were not absolutely lost for want of attention. Having been informed that the schooner was anchored near, I desired the serang of the boat to run along-side of her. Not a soul appeared on board as I mounted the side; but upon gaining the deck I observed a solitary figure seated near the main-mast, with a can of grog before him. He
was a Long Tom Coffin looking fellow, with a cadaverous face, and large black whiskers. He wore a seaman's blue jacket; and as he sat with his arms folded, his legs stretched out and resting on his heels, he seemed the very personification of stern and manly despair, and somehow brought to my mind the Count Ugolino, in Sir Joshua Reynolds's affecting picture, which represents him amid his dead and dying children. I touched my hat, apologised for my abrupt intrusion, and asked him how they all got on on board.

"All?" he exclaimed with surprise—"why they are all dead, to be sure. I checked the captain out of one port three days ago, and the mate out of another yesterday; he was the last of them, and I am the only hand left."

"Well," said I, "it is to be hoped you will soon be supplied with men to carry you round to Bengal. In the mean time, keep up your spirits, and I trust you will be more fortunate than your comrades."

"Why as to that," said he, "I sha'n't be sorry to get out of this hole, that's certain; but a man can die but once, and there's an end of him. As for spirits, while this here keg of rum holds I sha'n't want for them."

I was unwilling to prolong this dialogue with so stern a piece of human nature, so looking into the cabin, and making a few hurried remarks, I descended to my boat.

We stopped at another vessel to take on board a sick officer and one or two mates of transports. As we passed along, our noses were assailed with the putrefying effluvia from human and numerous other bodies, which, swollen and diseased, floated on the stream, or hung round the cables of the vessels. We now cleared the shipping, and shot swiftly along with the returning tide. The boatmen struck up a song to cheer their labours; and it chimed harmoniously in with the measured dash of the oars. It was a ditty I had often heard the Chittagong boatmen sing before, and appeared, so far as I understood their patois, to relate to some events of the Burman war; but more particularly, I thought, to the unfortunate rout at Ramoo. The chorus, which they shouted forth with prodigious energy, ran thus:

"Roshung suffer, Burmah choor,\nMaree Feringhie Zalim Zor."

which, I think, may be thus rendered—

"In the Arman war the Burman thief
Beat the Feringhie's warlike chief."

Of all the scenes I ever beheld, that by which we were now surrounded was one of the most lovely. On either side rose an almost impervious wall of forest, fringed with the lighter green of the mangrove. All was still as the grave, save when, now and then, the silence was broken by the crowing of the jungle fowl in the woods, or the blowing of a porpoise as he threw a somersault amid the brown and whirling eddies of the deep and muddy river. Long weeds, and a species of aquatic plants resembling the serrated leaves of the date palm, with which the Arracanese thatch their houses, grew out into the stream, and shook violently as the turning tide struggled through them. Every now and then a long canoe, formed of a hollowed tree, would shoot forth from one of the lateral creeks which formed this labyrinth of waters, paddled rapidly along by two or three stout broad-faced Mugs, squatted like baboons on their hams, and overshadowed by immense basket-work hats, with little peaked crowns. These served the double purpose of hat and umbrella. Sometimes black glazed jackets formed part of their attire; but generally it consisted of nothing more than a blue chequered dotee, or waistcloth. Jack fruit, plantains, cocoa nuts, and fish, in square wicker baskets, generally composed their small cargoes, which they were taking from their remote villages to dispose of in the markets of Arracan. The tide having turned, we dropped anchor, and I went below to sleep, but could get no rest for musquitoes, which were certainly the largest and fiercest of any of that sanguinary tribe I ever met with. Baulked of my rest, I lighted a cigar, and, wrapped in my boat cloak, seated myself upon the chut or roof of the boat. The scene was lonely, tranquil, and impressive. The bright moon shed her streaming light through breaks in the wild black clouds. Dark woods on either hand cast their varied shadows over the river. The monotonous bubble of the serang's gooregoor,\* from the stern sheets, broke the stillness of the night, and blended with the strong rippling of the tide against the bows and oars of the boat. The crew sleeping on the deck in the moonlight, kept up a continued slapping on their legs and thighs, to drive off the musquitoes, muttering in their half slumber "curses not loud but deep" on their minute tormentors. These poor fellows are so accustomed to be bitten, that, like Baron Trenck, who at last answered the challenge of his despot persecutors in his sleep, they contrive to

\* Gooregoor kulan, or pipe smoked through water.

* Feringhie signifies Englishman.
carry on the war of slaps, with the under
growl of abuse, almost mechanically, and
with little detriment to their rest. The tide
being again in our favour, we once more
raised the grappling, and after passing the
stockades of Chamballa, were soon among
the shipping at Changkaining. We made for
the Lady McNaghtein, then serving as a sup-
plementary hospital ship; the other, long
employed for that purpose, being full. On
approaching, we were hailed, to know who
we were, and whence we came. Having
given the necessary replies, we were allowed
to mount the gangway. The captain, who
was sleeping in his cabin, roused by the
noise and clatter of oars, called out to know
what was the matter, and was answered by
one of the sailors that it was "some gentle-
men and two sojer officers, just come down
from Arracan." This naive distinction we
thought characteristic and amusing. Of
course we felt highly flattered by it. I was
now shown to a cabin; and having rigged
up a kind of couch, sought a temporary
oblivion of my cares. Next morning I was
kindly received at breakfast by the captain,
a fine, manly, high-spirited fellow, who, I
regret to say, fell a victim to the climate.
He was the best pistol shot I ever beheld;
he would crack a bottle off the yard arm, and
cut a twig at twenty paces.

My fever, which had for some days left
me, had now changed into another dis-
case, its not unfrequent consequence, and
equally prevalent at the time. This I shall
not further particularise than by observing,
that if the problem of perpetual motion is
ever discovered, it will be by some unhappy
wight labouring under its effects. I now
became daily weaker, and verily anticipated
that I should shortly find rest under the
damp shade of a mangrove tree. One
morning, while in this state, I received a
note from an amiable friend and brother offi-
cer, sick on board the Indiana, the other
hospital ship, anchored a little further down,
at the confluence of the Oratung and Colan-
dyne rivers, begging I would go and see
him. It requires but little of the milk of
human kindness in such a situation (though
I trust I should, at no time, be deficient in
feeling), when the heart is softened by suf-
ferring, to induce a man promptly to answer
the call of friendship and humanity; for there
none of the unworthy motives which, unhap-
pily, too often influence, or regulate, the feel-
ings in the gay and busy world, exist to
disturb their influence. I borrowed the cap-
tain's boat, and pushed off to see him. After
a short pull the vessel hove in sight. She
was a fine ship, of seven hundred tons; but
now, her masts struck, her rigging down, and
her hull covered in with a pent-roof thatch,
from stem to stern, made her appear like
another Noah's ark resting on the waters
after a second deluge; or perhaps it would
be more appropriate to say, like a huge
black floating coffin. I mounted the side
to the music of the boatswain's whistle; and,
on setting my foot on deck, the first thing
that struck my eye was the athletic Chinese
* carpenter, with his long plaited pigtail dan-
gling over his blue shirt and ample shoul-
ders, hard at work with his mate, amid
tools, planks, and shavings. Upon inquiry,
I learnt he was making coffins for those who
had recently died on board. This piece of
information by no means tended to raise my
spirits, which received a still further shock
at the sight which met my view in the
cuddy.—At one end, upon three chairs
placed in a row, lay the dead body of poor
Lieutenant G—s, covered with a sheet,
through which I could discern the outlines
of the features, and the form of his stiffened
limbs. How affecting was the sight! The
last time we had met, but a few short weeks
before, he was buoyant with health and
spirits. I could with difficulty believe, not
having seen him in his intermediate state,
that the stiffened corpse now before me, was
in very truth he whose manly countenance
still lived in the eye of my fancy, and whose
cheerful laugh still vibrated in my ear. But
it was so!—one of the finest and most gallant
fellows in the whole army, admired and
respected by all who knew him, lay dead
before me. On the other side lay the body
of another officer, Lieutenant F—r, of
the 54th regiment, placed on chairs in a
similar manner. I turned my eyes, and
through the open door of an opposite cabin,
observe a tall gaunt officer whom I well
remembered with the army, as one of the
finest men I had ever seen, reduced and
emaciated by fever. In his large bony hand
he held a tumbler, and with the other was stir-
ing up a potation, which, from the expres-
sion of his countenance, I conjectured had little
of the palatable to recommend it. Peeps

* Before the capture of the town of Aracan, an
attack on these stockades was repulsed by the Bur-
mans, and Major Schalch of the survey department,
with others, was killed.

* The carpenters in country ships are very gene-
 rally natives of China.
into other cabins disclosed glimpses of bottles, gillipots, and other paraphernalia of the sick chamber, which left no doubt in my mind as to the state of their inmates. Glad to turn from such sights, I asked for my friend, and was immediately shewn into his cabin. I found him in the hot fit of a fever, very low and desponding, as may well be imagined from the cheerless state of the objects around him. As I approached his cot, he took my hand, and squeezed it with that earnest pressure, which bespeaks with silent eloquence the fulness of a grateful heart.

"This is kind of you," he said, "to come and see me, my dear friend," and the tear trembled in his eye. "But I fear that it is all over with me, and that before long I shall swell the list of those who,"—and he pointed through the cabin window to the distant bank—"sleep on yonder shore."

I begged him to cheer up, told him despondency was the most dangerous enemy he could encourage; that he was worth a hundred dead men yet, and that a cruise out to sea, which I would endeavour to bring about, would soon restore him. To these assurances I added a little gentle raillery, and all the cheerful topies I could call up. My efforts were not unsuccessful, the tide of his feelings turned, and this, aided by a good constitution, carried him through the crisis. He still lives, though in a far distant land, and should this narrative ever meet his eye, he will not fail, I trust, to call to remembrance our meeting in the hospital ship at Chankraing. After remaining with him some time, I went on deck, and took a few turns with the officer in charge of the vessel. He pointed out to me the place where those who had died in the shipping at Chankraing, were buried. It was a piece of light green sward on the left bank of the river. Beyond it lay a considerable expanse of open country, with herds of buffaloes grazing, and some straggling Mughul villages in the distance. I was struck with the decent behaviour of the ship's crew, who were silent as a band of mourners in an ante-chamber, whom the near neighbourhood of the unburied dead seemed properly to influence. There was no singing, no appearance of mirth, no cheerful sound to break the impressions made by the scenes I had just witnessed; but all was in accordance with them. The rain now began to fall heavily on the thatch, and to run in torrents into the river alongside, which far and wide hissed under the perpendicular discharge. Heavy masses of clouds obscured the sky, long zig-zag streams of lightning illumined the woods, and the rumble of the thunder echoed through the distant mountains of the Oratong. Altogether it was one of those tremendous tropical outpourings of which our own vernal showers and storms give us but a very faint notion. On a sudden, I was startled by a loud hail from the gangway, and immediately a thatched native boat swung heavily alongside. Several Arracanese boatmen, streaming like river gods, mounted the side, and stepped upon deck, accompanied by a poor haggard Khidmutgar (or Mohammedan servant of Bengal), whose looks plainly indicated that he was the herald of no cheerful tidings. He informed us that his master, Mr.——, a young assistant surgeon of the army, lay dead in the boat. He had left the port of M——y, a short time before, in the last stage of fever, hoping to get to sea, but had sunk on the way. On descending to the boat, and looking under the low thatch or choppah, we observed the painful confirmation of the poor fellow's statement. On the matted deck or floor of the boat, and covered with a few tumbled bed-clothes, lay extended the dead body of the poor young doctor. His head, which was bound round with a silk handkerchief, lay high upon the pillow; the eyes were half closed, and shining with preternatural luster; the mouth was open. One cold hand lay across the breast, grasping a small portrait, whilst the other in listless repose rested by his side. A little pet shivering spaniel, curled up in a ball, snuggled close to his dead master, displaying as it were a painful unconsciousness of his state. The cocked hat, belt, and sword, hung from a peg in the roof, like a military trophy over the slain. A writing-desk, and a few little articles of necessity and comfort, lay scattered about the deck of the boat. But I must here terminate this paper, purposing to conclude, in my next, my account of the Hospital Ship.
LETTERS FROM A LATE ATTAChÉ.—No. VI.

**Wurzburg.**

Since my last, I have passed over much interesting ground. Leaving Homburg, of which I shall speak on some future occasion, and taking the route to Wurzburg, I paid a solitary visit to the field of Dettingen. But this, like many other battle-fields, where glory has been purchased at the price of blood, presents nothing but a monotonous green expanse—only here and there interrupted by the plough, and betraying an occasional relique of that iron harvest which was so fiercely reaped on its bosom. Here and there, too, a bone—bleached, and starting half out of the earth, spoke homilies to my ambition, and pointed emphatically where

"Every turf beneath my feet
Had been a soldier's sepulchre."

Returning to Aschaffenburg, the headquarters of the English monarch on the eve of the battle, I visited the chamber said to have been occupied by his Majesty, and thence proceeded on through the magnificent Spessartwald. To forest solitudes I have always been partial, but those through which I now pursued my journey seemed to spring from a more generous soil, and to enjoy a more glorious summer than any I had yet traversed.

Resolved to take it leisurely myself, and finding the postilions in the same congenial humour, we took advantage of every little ascent to walk the post-pferd, while the two schwurerm, our postilions, tuned their bugles to a well-known Bavarian air, every note of which was answered and prolonged by a thousand varying echoes. Here and there, a column of curling smoke rose slowly into the still atmosphere, and pointed out the summer stations of the charcoalburners, whose life in "forest green," or at least in the Spessart, seems not a little enviable to all lovers of the picturesque.

As a suitable accompaniment to our post BUGLES, a young swineherd lent his forest-pipe—and a curious instrument it is—wild, spirited, and plaintive, as the player wills it, and piercing the dull ear of his bristly herd by a signal which can assemble or disperse the whole detachment at pleasure; a fact which, unless I had witnessed, I should have thought as difficult as to bend the knotted oak.

This forest is the scene of a thousand adventures, ancient and modern. Its castles are few, but its caverns numerous; and, from the marching days of Marlborough, down to the marauding feats of Schinderhannes, it has been the theatre of much tragically comic notoriety. But, having named the great "Malbrook," as he is called in the Gallic ditties of his time, I shall notice a singular case of sortilege here recorded during a bivouac of the combined troops on the skirts of the Spessart.

During the campaign which owed its brilliant close to the consummation of Prince Eugene and the Duke, a battalion, supported by a body of horse, was ordered to advance on Wurzburg, in order to cause a diversion on the part of the Comte de Montal, who commanded the flying camp in front of Rosbrun, and who otherwise, it was apprehended, would effect a junction with the army under Villeroi.

In the meantime, strict orders were issued that no soldier should quit the camp under pain of death, and that the most scrupulous faith should be observed towards the peasantry, whose confidence at the present crisis, when the usual supplies were becoming scarce, it was of the utmost importance to conciliate.

Notwithstanding, however, the penalty which a breach of orders involved, five English soldiers, quitting the camp by stealth, made a night-party to the wooded banks of the Maine: but in their approach to a small farm called Weisenheim, were surrounded by a body of armed peasants, who, having watched the soldiers' approach, now prepared to defend their property, which they with some reason imagined was to be laid under immediate contribution.

Contrary to appearances, however, the thought of plunder had never once crossed the soldiers' minds; but a love affair of some standing, as it afterwards appeared, had betrayed a rash grenadier from his post, who being a great favourite with his comrades, they had determined, after many vain attempts at dissuasion, to share the danger with him—a sort of chivalrous devotion by no means unfrequent among the soldiers of that time.

Observing the error into which the pea-
santry had been led by their suspicious visit, the soldiers strove to undeceive them by every protestation of friendly intentions; but they were disbelieved, and branded with the epithet of cowardly plunderers. Still they continued their attempts at conciliatory measures, till the peasants, construing their forbearance into fear, and having been sufferers on former expeditions, resolved to settle the balance at once, and, cutting short the parley, commenced hostilities in a manner which compelled the soldiers to act resolutely on the defensive. A few minutes, however, convinced the assailants that they had miscalculated the enemy's strength, by looking only to the number; for the veterans, placing themselves back to back, presented a determined front, and returned every blow with interest, till irritated at last, they made a sort of military charge, and drove the rustic aggressors from the yard, when the scuffle apparently ended. This done, the four volunteers would have left their comrades to the pleasure of that interview for which they had already suffered so much, and which, unless they could re-cross the lines undiscovered, a thing far from probable, would prove the destruction of the whole party.

"Adélaïde!" exclaimed the wooer, cautiously walking over the premises in the fond hope of meeting his secret charmer, and so far, soldier-like, never imagining that the little dispute with her father, and brothers, and cousins, at the gate, could in the least alter her predilection for the Engländer—"Adé-laï-de!" he again whispered in the most anxious and inquiring tone—but no Adelaide was to be found. Returning to his companions to hold a council of war on the propriety of sounding a retreat, he found them busy regaling themselves with some apples that had fallen temptingly in their way, and which they were rendering more palatable by roasting in the large stove common to German kitchens, and now piled with faggots for that purpose.

The leader had scarcely time to express his horror of this proceeding, when a shrill scream from a well-known female voice at his elbow startled them, and, turning round, they perceived, with the moon's assistance, a numerous band of peasants rushing on towards the gate. This completely spoiled their supper of apples, and made them look once more to their side-arms. The attack was instantaneous, and the conflict maintained with obstinacy, and, for some time, with doubtful success. Numbers, however, prevailed—two out of the five English fell victims to the cause in which they had so thoughtlessly embarked—a third was taken prisoner, and, under the instigation of an implacable thirst of revenge, thrown into the stove!

The two survivors, escaping with great difficulty, made the best of their way to the camp, but with the prospect of a fate no less certain than that under which their companions had already sunk. The instant they approached the outposts they surrendered themselves to justice—were tried by a court martial—and although no proof was, or could be, adduced of their design to pillage, it was plain the General's orders had been set at defiance—the full penalty incurred—and both, accordingly, were condemned to be shot.

The fatal hour being arrived, the General, who had a discretionary power to that effect, was anxious to save at least one of them—both excellent soldiers, and up to that moment men of exemplary conduct. He directed that they should draw lots to decide the question of survivorship. This species of sortilege among soldiers, as you recollect, is performed by throwing dice on the drum-head, while he who throws up the least, or most points, as may have been previously arranged, is given over for execution. In the present instance it was determined that the majority of points should be the signal of death.

When the unhappy comrades were brought to the fatal oracle that was at once to spare and to destroy, the first to whom the dice was presented threw with faltering hand, and, seeing two sixes upon the drum, gave himself up to despair. The dice were then handed to his comrade, who, to the mutual surprise of each, threw exactly the same numbers.

The officer charged with the painful duty of carrying the sentence into execution was much struck with this singular coincidence, and would gladly have suspended the trial, but, his orders being positive, he could only direct the culprits to throw afresh, when, to his increased astonishment, each throw fives.

At the sight of an occurrence so inexplicable, the guard who surrounded the place, forgetting, in momentary impulse, the strict orders of discipline, called out simultaneously—"Spare them!—spare both—it is the finger of heaven!"

The officer, who had never once heard of any similar case, thought himself at least excusable in suspending proceedings for the moment, till the facts were laid before the council of war, which was still sitting. This done, and the circumstances duly considered,
THE PAWN BROKER'S LODGER.

the council ordered fresh dice for the culprits, and the same trial to be resumed.

The unhappy candidates for life were accordingly supplied with new dice, as directed, and throwing twice in succession, twice two fours turned up!

The officer, more confounded than ever, returned to the court martial with the strange intelligence, and begged to receive his definite instructions. The latter, astonished at a fact wrapt up in such inexplicable mystery, and so completely at variance with the ordinary run of events, resolved to submit the question for the decision of the commander-in-chief.

This was done forthwith, and, being minutely instructed in the whole affair, the Prince ordered the two Englishmen to be brought before him, when, having heard from their own lips every particular that had befallen them from the moment they quitted the camp, granted them a free pardon—"I have pleasure," he added, "in cases so extraordinary, to listen to the voice of Providence. Henceforth, be grateful to your God—faithful to your country—and obedient to your officers!"

These two soldiers, so miraculously saved, performed, it is said, prodigies of valour on the field of Blenheim, where the rash lover—but devoted husband and undaunted soldier—died in the arms of his faithful Adelaide.

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THE PAWN BROKER'S LODGER.—No. 4.

PHœBE Dacre.

I should like to hear one good reason given for people's keeping New Year's-day. Though the ways of the world we live in now are not, to my fancy, half as good, or as worth following, as those of the world into which we were born,—still (I would not admit it to everybody) I cannot but think that it is an improvement to drop all the silly noise and junketing and merry-making; because, forsooth, we are grown twelve months older,—have a handful more of grey hairs on our heads,—or a handful less of hair of any colour,—or because we may have lost a tooth or two,—since the first of last January. What did the people mean? If the world's a good one, there's no occasion to stop at every stage in our journey through it, and clap our hands like a parcel of children, because we are so much the nearer its end, and that end a dismal one;—if we are out of humour with it because of its losses and crosses, we can have no heart to make merry, and less to look back upon what we have lost. And why can't we let the old year die quietly? I am no reformer, but, I promise you, that if I could get my own way in matters, there should be no keeping of New Year's-day.

Miss Kitty, to whom I have said as much, does not see how the thing could be managed; but that all comes from her being so fond of old customs. She has also a little bit of a liking for ceremonies and out-of-the-way fashions: for instance, though as far from being a methodist as I am from being O'Connell, she always goes to their chapel on New Year's-eve—or the "Watch Night," as they call it, and takes her brother with her, waking him up when twelve o'clock is going to strike, for he has a sad habit of dropping asleep in places of worship, though he tries to excuse it by saying he always dreams of such good things. The consequence of this chapel-going fancy of Miss Kitty's is, that I am generally left in the house alone on that evening; and sit brewing up old thoughts and fancies over my fire, till I become quite low-spirited. I don't know how it is, but there is a picture in my desk of my little niece, Jane Townsend, who died quite young, when she was only fifteen—a child I had hoped would take care of me in my old age—which I do not often look at on other common days, but which always comes out on New Year's-eve. It is a very pretty picture, in a gipsy hat, with that beautiful long hair of hers. Well, I wonder what made me begin to write about it, it always makes me so melancholy.

I am resolved, however, this year to show that I am growing older by growing wiser,—so now that Mr. Smith and his sister are fairly gone to chapel, as usual, and I have a few clear hours to myself, I will even sit down to do a little writing—a thing I am becoming quite fond of, especially since I
have been told by Miss Kitty (how she came to hear it I do not know, but she has friends about the court) that the Queen (Heaven bless her! I saw her once) was quite taken with the tale of the old Music Book, and read it aloud to her ladies as they were sitting at work. Ah! I doubt it’s all Miss Kitty’s flattery! for she says she feels next door to an author herself, having one living in the house with her. “A story above you—Miss Kitty, you should say,” said I. Bless me! but I thought she would have choked herself with laughing!

I was reminded of the things I am going to tell, by perceiving, when I was enjoying my usual walk to day, that the family who took old Leicester’s house last, are again removing. No one will stay there: it’s so small and inconvenient, and full of draughts, and no proper well in it. And the front door opens right into the best sitting room: to be sure, as it is out of town, the thing is of less consequence. Old Leicester, at least, managed to live there many a long year, though we can’t say much for the comfort of his establishment. I never could understand the ways of misers, and he was a complete specimen— as thin as a whirring-post—and very tall—with a keen sharp red nose, that you might have cut things with—and two eyes almost as red, they were so fierce—and the top of his head as bald as the back of my hand—you could see at a glance that he had a vicious temper of his own; and when he spoke, I never could tell, at a little distance, whether it was he or his dog Snap. As for his clothes, no one would have robbed him to dress a scarecrow; and, indeed, Mrs. Wigley, the vicar’s wife, who was going down the close to prayers one morning, happening to see him in a berry-tree, said to his wife, who was standing looking over the gate, “So, Mrs. Leicester, you have got a new cherry-bogle, I perceive!” Mrs. Wigley was a Scotchwoman—and very near sighted—but so much shocked at her mistake that she declared she need never have gone to prayers that morning: indeed, who would like to take a respectable man for a scarecrow?—but, as Miss Kitty said the shame was in his old sunburnt coat, and his boots, which he owned to being twenty-five years old, and would say, “Ah! they make no such leather nowadays!”

If old Leicester was an oddity, his wife was a greater; and I never could satisfactorily account for their coming together, only, as the song says,

“Love will still be lord of all.”

for she was a woman of a high proud family. Her own cousin was a peer of the realm; and once a quarter the postman used to leave at the door of that desolate place a letter, sealed with a coronet. It is true that Mrs. Leicester was no beauty—never could have been; for she was of shrunk growth, if not positively deformed: but then, as Miss Kitty used to say, “think of her origin!—she who had lived in great style, and had horses and servants, and lady’s maids of her own, and had been brought up in a French convent,—to think of her demeaning herself to marry an old beggarly auctioneer!” for Leicester was nothing greater, and this was the way it came about. Miss Daare (I don’t say this was her real name) had always been full of strange fancies, ever since she was a child: among others, a most violent dread of being left an old maid. Now, as all the young ladies of her family, sisters, cousins, and so forth, were as remarkable for their beauty (who has not heard of the Daare dimple?)—I have seen a song upon it, too long to copy here), as she was short and ugly, and as all of them had more fortune than she had, it was too likely that they would be taken, and she left. The end of it was, that when she was approaching thirty, an age at which, I have seen it stated somewhere or other, more desperate things are done than at any other, she absolutely ran away with her father’s, Sir Harding Daare’s, gentleman, and, before she could be fetched back, was married to him.

Great was the stir which this made in the county, so I have heard; but what could be done? In France, I have been told, she might have been put in a prison for life, but here there is not so much as a month’s hard labour to be inflicted on those who disgrace their families, and make fools of themselves. I don’t know what to say about it, for I have no liking for French fashions, and perhaps, after all, people punish themselves enough. However, Sir Harding could not let his daughter starve, so he pensioned her off on condition she lived at the other end of the kingdom, and settled, I believe it was two hundred a year, upon her husband, if he continued to use her kindly. The poor man (his name was Wroxton) died before they had been married three years. I do believe he was more ashamed of what he had done than she was, for he was a young, well-looking fellow, I have been told; whereas she (some one or other said spitefully) looked fifty from the time she was born, and was, for all the world, like the Yellow Dwarf in the Fairy Tale. When I knew her she was
really very ugly, and if I passed her hobbling along on the causeway—much more like a witch than a woman—it used to send me home quite contented with Miss Kitty's homely face; and, as I have said, she does not set up for a beauty.

Well—when Mrs. Wroxton was left a widow, Sir Harding did not quite know what to do with her. However, after many pros and cons, it was determined she should be received at home again, in a sort of obscure way, I take it: as they were a terribly proud family, and never, it may be supposed, could forget how she had demeaned herself. Lo, and behold! she very presently finished the business for herself.—One husband, it seems, was not enough; and when Mr. Leicester, then an auctioneer in Devizes, came over to take an inventory of the furniture in the cottage she had occupied, previously to its being sold, she paid her addresses to him—(I must take care that Miss Kitty does not see this till it is in print, as she she will never admit that such things ever do happen); and the long and short of the matter was, that one fine morning, instead of receiving his daughter in her weeds, the old gentleman received quite a bold letter from Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Leicester, acquainting him with their marriage, and entreatyng his forgiveness and countenance,—it would have been most in character with Leicester to have said custom,—and enclosed a catalogue. Sir Harding—and no wonder—flew into an awful passion, was seized with a severe fit of the gout, and swore he would never see her again. What was more, he kept his oath.

Still, after a short period, he again repeated so far as to allow his ill-guided daughter an allowance sufficient to keep her out of the reach of want: this time, however, it was only one hundred pounds instead of two; and they came here, living being cheap, and took the small house I have mentioned, Leicester still carrying on his business in Devizes. The only touch of proper pride I ever heard of her showing was, her positively preventing him from doing anything in his line here; she could not face it out to be looked after as the auctioneer's wife, and used always to speak of Mr. Leicester's absences as grandly as if he had been away on pleasure journeys, though every one knew what it was that took him from home, and laughed at her finery. She was a strange light-headed woman to the last, though he led her a sad life: and after I heard how he used her, I never could see them together without thinking of Punch and Judy, for it was said he used to beat her violently; but she was as flighty as a child till she died, and the tales she told would fill a story-book—how poles were set up in the fields about Dacresford, to show the leaps she had taken on horseback when following the hounds; and how three gentlemen had been killed in duels all on her account; and such stories of the convent where she had been brought up, showing, if true, that the people in France are worse than they would have us believe now-a-days. I never knew how much she invented, and how much was real, but she had such a genteel voice, and her language was so good, that there was no helping listening to her, old and ill-looking, and untidy as she was.

The misery in which the Leicesters lived was extreme, but, somehow or other, that did not seem to fret her, as might have been expected. I suppose there is a time when people can sink to anything. The house, Miss Kitty declared, was fuller of rubbish than her own lumber-room; and I was really often sorry for them on cold nights, after I had seen them once, on a bitter January evening, cowering, like a couple of gipsies, over a fire which you might have carried away in one hand; with no light save a bit of rush-light in an old brass candlestick. Yet she wore handsome rings on her fingers; and round her neck a cross, which, I have often heard her tell, the King of France gave to her, so pleased was he with her dancing in a show got up in the convent for his amusement. I did not believe all she used to tell about the King of France.

So they lived on, for twenty years or more, in our neighbourhood. No one respected them, and yet, excepting their very great stinginess, and their always quarrelling with each other, I don't know that anybody had much to lay to their charge. No one of Mrs. Leicester's proud relations ever came near her, and though she was always talking about them, I do believe that she became so completely used to her own slovenly, comfortless ways, that to have lived as other people do, would only have annoyed her. It may be, therefore, judged how much amazed we were, when, about the end of that time, it was given out that a relation of hers was coming to stay with her,—a young and beautiful Miss Dacre, scarcely seventeen; and for once, it seemed as if she had been telling no fables, for Miss Dacre did actually come, and, as it had been rumoured of her, was young and very beautiful.

This was, of all the mysteries which had happened in our good town, from the
time when the oldest man could remember (not forgetting the ghost in Ironmonger Row, which proved after all to be nothing more nor less than an old smoke-jack), the hardest to bear, because it lasted the longest. There we saw this Miss Daacre—Phoebe was her Christian name—at church every Sunday, dressed in the best, and going as peaceably home with those miserable old creatures, as if it had been all she was used to; and yet none of us could make out why she was there. Mrs. Leicester was never over fond of asking people within her doors—now, less than ever; and Miss Kitty was so vexed, that I really thought she would have cried, as she complained how grand Mrs. Leicester had grown on a sudden; she, who had formerly been always borrowing some trifle or other, and always coming in (for she found Miss Kitty a good listener to her tales of old times), had kept her standing at the gate half an hour in a bitter March wind, rather than ask her to sit down. "Well, to be sure," concluded she, "I don't envy Miss Daacre her visit: I have been up into their spare room, many a time, and the bed is dropping to tatters, and no two chairs alike, and only a wretched old looking-glass that showed your face awry when you looked in it!"

"Perhaps she will not stay very long," said I, wishing to say something pleasing.

"Nay, who knows! I am sure never any thing was known like it!" and out of the room she flounced, quite cross. Oh, the ladies!—they must be at the bottom of every thing.

But Miss Kitty can worm out most secrets; no one knows how; so that I was not surprised by getting the history of this also. I could tell it by her contended face, as she came in and out, many days before she spoke. At last, when she had planned herself long enough on her superior knowledge, out it all came, though she knows I am not curious.

"It's all this love, Mr. Townsend," said she, lingering one evening to dust the shepherd's sheep and shepherdesses on my chimneypiece—"let you and me be thankful that we keep clear of it! This Miss Daacre, I am very sorry for her, poor dear!—with such a father and such a mother—let alone such an aunt to stand with—but from what I can gather, it's wonderful how she puts up with old Leicester's miserable ways: they won't break her spirit easily, I have a notion."

"How break her spirit, Miss Kitty?"

"They want her to give him up, sir—the young man she is attached to—a gentlemen's son he is, too—and very handsome, Mrs. Leicester tells me, but with never a penny in the world. That won't suit Sir George Daacre, who spends too fast—to say nothing of his wife—to have much to spare for his daughter. And, in fact, they were at their wits' ends what to do with her. Dacresford is not quite a house for a young lady to stay in. These great folks can never have heard of the Commandments, Mr. Townsend, one would think—and they had nothing better to contrive than to send her down here, quite out of the way. The fools!—and he was after her before she had been here a week: no wonder she looks so happy and rosy—quite content with every thing."

"He"—.

"Her lover, Mr. Townsend, Grafton is his name. I thought I noticed a strange gentleman lurking about at night-fall for the last three weeks; and I overtook him more than once, just past the toll-bar, turning up towards the Leicester's: so I put things together, and by little and little I came to guess how it was."

"Ah! there is no hiding any thing from you, Miss Kitty,"—(she likes to be told she is shrewd)—"but is this only from guess-work, what you have been telling me?"

She threw down the oldest of all my crockery in her haste to clear herself, and explain how she had pressed hard questions upon Mrs. Leicester, and how she had got the whole truth from her—and how there could not be a worse person to intrust a young lady to, if there was any clandestical (it's her word, not mine) correspondence to be stopped; "but, I think," concluded she, "they are all possessed, and are quite easy, fancying he is in London, and does not know which way Miss Daacre has gone. I declare I expect an elopement will be the next thing; I saw Mrs. Leicester's riding habit laid out on the hedge the other day: 'tis many a year since the fresh air has come near it; and if that don't look like a journey, I don't know what does."

But I was so much disturbed at the breaking of my china, that I did not get half the good out of Miss Kitty's story I should have done, and I forgot to ask where Mr. Grafton was lodging, and a variety of other particulars; and, I do suppose, looked quite sulky, for she went out of the room very humble, and I did not hear her singing in the house all the next day. On the day after that she set up a fine Jennys Jessamy, in a chocolate coat and blue spangled breeches, in the place of what she had broken. I took
the will for the deed: but it was nothing to compare to my shepherdess.

Well, it chanced, that I was soon after this obliged to take a journey as far as Birmingham. I dare say that now I have begun to write, I shall some day or other put down all that I saw and heard on my travels; I was so taken up with my own business, that I forgot all about Miss Dacre, and her lover, and the Leicesters. What has an old single man like me to do with the love-making of a parcel of children? I found Birmingham so pleasant, and stayed so long, that poor Miss Kitty declared half in tears when I came back that she had believed she should never see me again. She might have known me better; a visit is a visit—and home is home, after all; and I could not, for a constancy, do with the late hours they keep at Birmingham.

It took me two good days to settle in my old haunts before I could think of anything, save where I had left this, and where to look for that. At last, however, I began to feel as if I had never been away—to creep about just as usual—and to have my gossip with Miss Kitty, who was as anxious to hear about fashions, and what they put upon their tables at Birmingham, as I was to learn what had happened in the long six weeks of my absence. The ladies first—and so I told her all I could think of—and then began to ask my questions.

"About the Leicesters, Sir,—bless me! such changes! What, did you really not hear? Man is mortal, Mr. Townsend—and they had both of them lived a good long time—not that they loved each other so well, to make one fancy that their ends would come so close together out of grief!"

"Dear—dear—but you don't surely mean—?"

"Yes, Sir, but I do. She departed this life six weeks last Monday; they had both caught violent colds, owing, I am sure, to the wretched fires they kept, and to his having got wet in mowing that slip of a lawn. I wonder what they did with the grass, having no cow! Well, as soon as she was laid up, I was there everlastingly till Smith began quite to grumble; and there was sweet Miss Dacre nursing both of them, as gentle and nice as if she had been their daughter: little thought I that it might be legacy-hunting all the time, for who could have ever fancied, to look at him, that Leicester had thirty thousand pence to leave behind him—let alone pounds!"

"Why, I never heard any thing like this."

"Nor any one else, Mr. Townsend: I wanted sadly all this while to get a glimpse of Mr. Grafton, but all in vain: perhaps Sir George Daere might have heard, or something or other made him shy—for he never once came near the house while I was there, and I believed him not to be in the neighbourhood. Well, lo and behold! old Leicester took to bed the day after his wife: I was sorry for Miss Dacre, then, for she really worked like a slave to attend upon them, although I did my best to help her, and between us we hired a woman to do the rough work in the house, though we durst not tell them, or they would have gone wild at the thought of such a thing. 'Queer parents yours must be, Miss Dacre,' thought I to myself, to see her in her good silk gowns, cooking up little messes for those two old misers, and running like a hired wrenlet when they called: and I do not, after all, imagine she was thinking of the money—for who could have fancied Old Leicester possessed of such a sum?"

"Well, and is he dead, too?"

"Surely, Mr. Townsend; and he only lived a few hours after his wife—and he said it was all for the best, as being both so thin they might be buried in one coffin, and save so much expense. Good Mr. Wigley who came to see them when they were too weak to hinder him, was quite distressed that this was all the Christianity he showed in his last moments; but what can you expect? I don't fancy that those sudden turns, when people can't help themselves, are good for much. But old Leicester lived long enough to do one good thing, Mr. Townsend: he made his will, and made Miss Dacre his heiress. The attorney who drew it up, lifted up his hands and eyes in amazement to find him possessed of so much money—and how he got it, save by scrape—scrapping, the Lord alone knows. But this is nothing to what came out after they were both gone, and the house came to be searched: such bundles of bank-notes in odd places, and a worsted stocking full of guineas, stuffed into an old lantern, which they were as near as may be throwing on the dust heap; and I cannot tell what besides—only hoards of money, and Miss Dacre is to have every sixpence of it paid down upon her wedding-day. I wonder what Sir George will say—for there's little doubt, as you may suppose, which way matters will go now—to see her pleasing herself before his very eyes—in spite of his teeth: and how his false pride will put up with the idea of her being pointed at as the "Auctioneer's..."
CONVERSATIONS IN PURGATORY.

Heiress." But I dare say that she and Mr. Grasfen can bear it; and that, after all, is the thing of most consequence. I am glad, too, that she is going to be well married, poor thing; and they say he is a steady young man—for her mother's name has been sadly in the newspapers lately—and, it is said, that Sir George is going to sue for a divorce: no wonder, if all tales are true!"

CONVERSATIONS IN PURGATORY.—No. III.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYGES.

PARNELL, GOLDMITH, AND COWPER.

GOLDMITH.—I rejoice to salute Dr. Parnell.

PARNELL.—I am grateful to you for the honour you have done my memory.

GOLDMITH.—Ah! indeed! I have not been sparing of my praises.

PARNELL.—No; I confess you have been rather more lavish than I could have wished.

GOLDMITH.—Sir, I vexed the dogs by preferring you to Gray.—Gray and his friends were coxcombs, Sir, and wanted taking down.

PARNELL.—So, then, it was not to honour me, but to vex those of whom you were envious, that you did this.

GOLDMITH.—To confess the truth, I am afraid it was. But you have better praise than mine: you have that of the immortal Pope, whose unrivalled and pathetic encomium was sincere.

PARNELL.—Who would not die early for such a lamentation over his grave as that? The tuneful sounds soon reached our ghosts here, and were received with a general mixture of admiration and tears.

GOLDMITH.—Your "Hermit" is a good poem; but the composition is lax. It wants more of vigour and point.

PARNELL.—Perhaps so: my spirits were uncertain; and my health was weak. I wrote only for my amusement, and never could exert myself to any labour which amounted to fatigue.

GOLDMITH.—Why, Sir, I was obliged to labour; and never let a weak line pass! Dr. Johnson took care that I should not, for he was always at my back.

PARNELL.—Yes; they say that he supplied some of the best lines of your Traveller; and, perhaps, of your Deserted Village.

GOLDMITH.—The doctor supplied several lines; I cannot admit them to be the best.

COWPER.—I have been listening to your conversation, and allow me to soothe my remembrances by joining in it.

PARNELL.—Ah! most amiable and tender-hearted Cowper, how I delight to salute you!

GOLDMITH.—You lived in my time, I think; but your name was not then known.

COWPER.—No: I then was in sorrow; and under the clouds of mental darkness.

PARNELL.—When you broke from that darkness, you came out in a blaze.

COWPER.—I wrote from my heart, unambitiously, and simply.

PARNELL.—Such always seemed to me the essence of good writing.

GOLDMITH.—I do not entirely agree with you: literary composition is an art; and the laborious labor is indispensable.

COWPER.—There will always be difference of tastes; and it is right that it should be so. Something may be attributed to the different tenour of our lives. Mine was principally spent in the country; Dr. Goldsmith's in the factitious heat of the metropolis, where the scenery and the feelings of nature are unknown; where the senses and appetites are dull and languid, and, therefore, require simulants.

GOLDMITH.—Sir, I could describe rural scenery, as well as you—look at my Deserted Village!

COWPER.—It is not for me to decide such a question, or to give an opinion upon it.

PARNELL.—There is an obvious dissimilarity in your respective selections of images.

GOLDMITH.—Yes: but the question is, which is the best, and most poetical?

PARNELL.—You put a delicate task upon me, which I should wish to avoid.

COWPER.—I have no jealousy: do not think of me—I am not Dr. Goldsmith's rival.

GOLDMITH.—Yes, Dr. Parnell—please to recollect how I have treated you; and speak out!
CONVERSATIONS IN PURGATORY.

PARNELL.—Pray, Dr. Goldsmith, do not be so irritable and eager! I have not spirits for a critical contest.

GOLDSMITH.—But you owe it to the public to speak out. Mr. Cowper is too good-natured to be angry.

PARNELL.—Why, then, if you will have the truth, I must say that there can be no comparison in the poetical taste of the selection. Cowper’s are of a far higher and more affecting tone, and true; both are familiar—but his are rich; yours are poverty-stricken.

GOLDSMITH.—But are not mine exact?

PARNELL.—That is no merit, if they are not beautiful in themselves. The more exact, the worse they are in a poetical view, if not intrinsically pleasing.

GOLDSMITH.—Doctor, this is ungrateful; I expected far other usage from you. You have got from above something of the Lake School of the Descriptive, which has overrun poetry since my time. Perhaps you like blank verse, too, in preference to my smooth and harmonious couplets.

PARNELL.—Doctor, you grow warm! let us talk of some other subject, than ourselves.

GOLDSMITH.—Sir, they called me jealous and envious; but I was quite free from both these passions; quite free from them!

COWPER.—Dr. Goldsmith, none but an excellent poet could have written the lines of beautiful melancholy and affection, which commence your Traveller.

PARNELL.—I heartily join in that praise.

GOLDSMITH.—Then, dear brother-poets, we are friends again.

COWPER.—But your companion, Dr Johnson, I could not have endured his rude and overbearing manners.

GOLDSMITH.—They were, indeed, difficult sometimes to bear; but then he had so much generous goodness about him; so much integrity; such inexhaustible knowledge, and such a ready strength of mind. He was a sort of oracle, to which one was never tired of listening.

PARNELL.—I can understand that; but nothing can make amends for a rude disregard of the feelings of others.

COWPER.—Was not Swift in your time, also, rough and spiteful?

PARNELL.—Yes; but rather in the way of whim than in constant and overbearing contradictoriness and dictation.

GOLDSMITH.—I can perceive no similitude between Swift and Johnson. The former was a minute, dry, caustic observer, without imagery or sentiment; but by a strange anomaly, he had a fertile invention—though after the nature of the characteristic ingredients of his mind. His disease was the spleen of disappointed pride and ambition.

COWPER.—He was a man of a most unhappy disposition. Such a mind could never enjoy the fields, the woods, and the beneficence of nature; and in losing that enjoyment, he lost the prime blessing of life.

PARNELL.—And yet he retained many very eminent friends, who would not have been won by slight qualities.

GOLDSMITH.—Ah! the great men patronised genius in those days; not in mine!—I once called on the Duke of Northumberland; but I only got into a scrape.

COWPER.—To tread upon the heels of greatness, or to bow before it, is a very sorry ambition. Let every one keep to the station in which birth, fortune, or accident has placed him. He will be most virtuous and happiest there. There is no meanness baser than adulation of the great.

PARNELL.—He who can live easily and honourably with those above him, is of a happy temperament. Every station has its inbred manners—no others sit gracefully upon it.

COWPER.—I was born of an honourable and exalted family; but I could contentedly adapt myself to the lot into which my destiny threw me.

GOLDSMITH.—I envy you: I was born humble; but the devil put into me a restless and unsatisfied temper.

PARNELL.—I ought to have enjoyed myself: my friends were kind, and cheered me; my fortune was easy; and I had little ambition;—but domestic sorrows and languid nerves brought me early to the grave.

GOLDSMITH.—Yet the Muses favoured you with an easy and happy vein of flowing eloquence, to which the public listened, and still listen, with delight.

PARNELL.—I have no claim to invention in the popular tale, which has gained me my reputation: I only versified it.

COWPER.—The reflection of having pleased a large mass of our fellow-beings by the supply of intellectual food, is very delightful. It produces a sort of self-complacency which never exhausts itself. We cannot be ignorant how few there are who can do this effectually; and thus our own pre-eminence comforts and cheers us.

GOLDSMITH.—But when we write for our bread, we are kept in a constant state of anxiety and fear. The public is capricious; we must always watch its movements:
it loves novelty so much, that what pleases at first scarcely ever pleases long; and any thing that surprises, will win attention for a time, however absurd.

Cowper.—But excellence and merit will revive, and finally triumph.

"Multa renascentur, quae jam excluderant," &c.

Parnell.—I am told that it has lately been the fashion to revive nearly all the obsolete poets, even almost from the commencement of the Tudor dynasty. Surely this has been carried too far. Many of these authors never had any merit, nor excited any attention.

Cowper.—It is a subject with which I was not at all acquainted. In my humble retirement I saw few books, and read still fewer: but I understand the argument in favour of these revivals to be,—that there is scarcely any old poetry which does not illustrate the progress of manners and language; and that even if they do no good, they can do no harm, except to the use of the publisher. However, I am told that this mania, like other manias, has ceased.

Parnell.—In my time, we concerned ourselves very little about old poetry; though Prior made a beautiful fiction out of an old rude, forgotten ballad.

Goldsmith.—Yes; "Henry and Emma" is a delightful poem, though my friend Johnson, in one of his humours, abused it.

Cowper.—I have a respect for Johnson, and admire his great talents; but I do not always approve of his criticisms. His spleen was often unamiable and unjust; and his hatred of a country life was tasteless and disgusting.

Parnell.—I must frankly own that he often betrayed a vulgar mind.

Goldsmith.—I cannot admit that. I must retort by saying, that on that point Cowper and you show an aristocratical pretension, unworthy of you. Your delicacy is fastidious, and has something of insolence in it. You make no allowance for a scanty and precarious income, and the necessary inflictions and influences of early poverty and privation. If you had said vulgar manners, your remark might have approached nearer to justice: but do not talk of Johnson's as a vulgar mind!

Parnell.—I do not refer to his manners; I speak of his occasional taste and sentiments. I call the love of a crowded city, in preference to the silence and grandeur of the country, vulgar.

Goldsmith.—Well; I must allow Cowper

—the eloquent advocate of rural retirement—to be at least sincere in this opinion: but you, Dr. Parnell, loved society!

Parnell.—I loved it by fits, which endeared the country to me the more. Cowley's Essays on this subject are quite unanswerable. But why do you commend society, when you were always best and wisest in the solitude of your closet?

Goldsmith.—They tell innumerable absurd stories of me; but do not believe them: such is the manner in which dulness and folly revenge themselves upon us wits! Besides, my business was to watch the living manners, and seize the taste of the day, as it arose: how could I do this in the country?

Cowper.—I cannot be unaware that there are different duties in life to perform; that if all the world were to retire into the country, no business would be done: but there is no fear of that!—unfurnished minds cannot enjoy the country, except as animals. They who have a quick apprehension, but no imagination or mental mirror, cannot enjoy the country. They require the presence and movement of material objects, to set their Understandings at work. Many have no visionary visitations; they must have actual life to copy from!—

Goldsmith.—I suspect that these are subtle refinements, more fanciful than true.

Parnell.—Permit me to say, Dr. Goldsmith, that your poetry does not deal in invention.

Goldsmith.—What will you say then to my prose fiction;—to my Vicar of Wakefield?

Parnell.—Why, as we are bound to speak the truth here, I must say what will not please you! I am not at all sure that it belongs to the class of invention;—certainly not of poetical invention. I know that it has been a great favourite with the public; but my business is to speak my own unprejudiced opinion—not what others think. It has no strength of colouring, no loftiness of sentiment, no deep passion, no burst of eloquence, no grandeur or brilliance of incident. It runs on with an equable sort of familiar characters, which please creeping minds.

Goldsmith.—Here is icy water poured upon me with a vengeance. Why, it freezes all my spirit! But I am content with general applause, and leave Dr. Parnell to his own singular and whimsical taste!

Cowper.—He who is dependent upon the tastes of others is exposed to miserable harassments. His bosom is never at rest. Without self-complacency we can do nothing;
and vanity is never self-complacent. All mankind delight to mortify and exasperate vanity.

Parnell.—Alas! to how many evils is human existence exposed! The passions were our great torments: and Dr. Goldsmith would have been comparatively happy, if he could have composed his irritability. There is nothing, Cowper, which I admire more than the gentle and lovely tranquillity of your sentiments and your taste. There is scarce any poem in our language so well calculated as your “Task” to mend, soften, and purify the human heart.

Cowper.—I am overcome by your approbation. I humbly endeavoured at this end; but I dared not hope that I had succeeded.

Goldsmith.—We all endeavour to do right: our success will be in proportion to the capacity and impartiality of our judges.

Parnell.—Of how few have the endeavours been crowned with success! Literature is a lottery in which there are very few prizes. Let those who gain any prize be content!

Cowper.—I know not how I could have passed my life without it. It was a charm which occupied and comforted all my latter days.

Goldsmith.—I cannot say much for the comfort: I was always in a fever.

Cowper.—Did your friend Johnson love literature?

Goldsmith.—No: I really doubt if he did!—he read lazily, and by fits, dipping into books, rather than perusing them regularly, and never would use the pen, if he could be allowed to talk. Talking was his delight, and talking dictatorial; yet no man was so ready at argument, so that contradiction only enabled him to triumph the more. In arguing he used every various sort of weapon, as the occasion called for it; close or wide, persuasion or jest, logic or illustration, exhortation or personality, solid remark or pompous inanities—even to mere loudness of voice and grossness of insult. Victory he would have—if not by right, then by wrong!

Parnell.—Your portrait of your friend is not the most amiable.

Goldsmith.—My business is truth, not flattery. But let me repeat that I owed him much; and I consider his heart to have been good, and his talents stupendous.

Cowper.—There is some use in discussing things as they are. Truth never can be hurtful. Providence has ordained that whatever withdraws the veil, or the twilight from our understandings, tends to advance us towards virtue. It is but a dangerous delusion to look upon characters through the medium of false colours. Imaginary perfection only damps the hopes and energies of imitators. And these collisions of remark and discussion enable us all to improve our judgments, and view the complex relations of society in a juster light.

Parnell.—Benevolently said, with your usual candour and goodness.

Goldsmith.—Yes; I saw something of the workings of the human passions in their nakedness. I lived a life of too much enterprise and variety, not to see mankind in dishabille; and perhaps there are no set of people whose characters are so diversified and anomalous as those of the literary!—They are often forced by dire necessity to act in contradiction to their own writings and sincere opinions, and the abstraction of their minds renders them careless of personal prudence.

Cowper.—Johnson could have written an admirable volume of instances of this, full of touching reflections, and sagacious and deep morality, seasoned by pathetic anecdotes and laughable incidents.

Parnell.—We had many such in our time. Prior's itself would in this view have made a curious life, if all known to this poet's contemporaries had been told.

Goldsmith.—I wish I had put down in writing all that I knew myself.

Cowper.—I could have furnished a few from my younger days, when Colman, and I, and Thurlow, were intimate. I remember a hundred frolics of Thurlow, who loved fun beyond all others: he was never so happy as in mischievous fun: he had a sort of daring wit and point about him which were resistless.

Goldsmith.—But no poetry!

Cowper.—I think not, though he had a longing and ambition that way, and he liked to be thought a scholar.

Goldsmith.—Then he had vanity as well as pride.

Cowper.—I am afraid, not a little. But he had many good qualities; and had a sultry grandeur; and was a powerful chancellor, after all!
TCHERZAMAN, THE CIRCASSIAN.

BY H. WOOLRYCH, ESQ.

Some years since, the empire of the Tsar was bounded by the territories of the far-famed Circassians. The men of that race, like Ishmael of old, had a hand against every man's hand; the women, graceful in symmetry, and inimitable in feature, were the theme of poets and historians, and so won the heart of the celebrated Gmelin, that he assigned them a chief place among the beauties of nature. Russia had not yet assumed that threatening sovereignty which now gives pause to those who look to the affairs of Europe and Asia with the eye of statesmen. She had, indeed, gained Poland, she had grasped the Crimea, she had menaced Persia, and, all subduing, had not deemed the wastes of Lapland beneath the power of her yoke; but Europe saw her without dismay, and Petersburg, the city of palaces, was still regarded as the abode of a master of barbarians. Nevertheless the giant was there, the spirit of Peter had triumphed, and the colossal image stood erect with outstretched arms, wanting but the breath of ambition to make it alive and terrible.

In some such days as these, a noble of the empire (one who by the most admirable good fortune had escaped the wilds of Siberia, anciently so sad and hopeless) set forward on his travels from St. Petersburg, to gain, if possible, the rugged ridges of the Caucasus. His route lay through Moscow and Voronzets, southwards to the territory of the Don Cossacks. He passed in safety the rough sledge roads, diversified by forests and the woodbuilt villages of the country; he surmounted without fatal consequences those swelling torrents which betokened, as he left the north, the breaking up of winter; he traversed the wide spreading steppes *, where the marmot † and saulic ǁ swarm; and free from Calmuck or Tartar, speedily reached the Sea of Asoph.

Hitherto the way had lain open to the Prince, and, comparatively, he might be said to have passed on without hazard or care; but he was now approaching the river and deserts of Kaban, beyond which the craggy top of the Asiatic mountains rose, and in the midst were hordes of strangers who could not be trusted by a Russian. One hundred Cossacks of the Black Sea formed an escort for the traveller. With these he journeyed over lakes, and left boundless plains behind, till at length the peaks of the Caucasus frowned darkly in the distance, and the fabled domains of the roc's egg seemed to beckon the wanderer across the wilderness. Nature seemed to revive around. The dreary steppes, where nought but sky and plain, with here and there a stunted shrub, are visible, yielded to the lofty oak, and blossoming fruit-tree. The wind blew freshly from the hills, sweeping along the banks of the wood-crowned Kaban and floating clouds relieved the eye from the sunny glare of the desert.

But the land which lay in front was Circassia. Thousands of Russians, if such a number could have been gathered together, would not at this time have repelled the plundering spirit of their neighbours. Ever roving from their swampy hiding spots, where the willow and the reed grew wildly, they were for ever the daring robbers of the flocks, and mocked the constant gaze of the Muscovite from his tall watch-tower. "These men," said Ostroloff, the Russian noble, "must be appeased, and yet awed by my cavalry. McKelty," continued he, addressing his physician, "I must send an embassy to the chief of this banditti."

The negociation was quickly set on foot, the treaty as soon ratified, and many hours had not elapsed before the Muscovite Prince had gained the sanction of an oath that his person should be safe on the other side of the Kaban. Indeed, he was preparing for an instant passage to the southern bank, when a Cossack officer presented himself, and besought his patience for a moment.

"Prince," said the Cossack, "this oath is not enough; it has been made in Circassia, a country faithless and treacherous—you must insist on its renewal on this side of the river." Yet this fresh difficulty was of short continuance. Three noble Circassians with a numerous retinue, stepped speedily from their canoes upon the Cossack side, and declared their readiness to repeat the ceremony. They were fully armed, their bow and quiver fastened to the side, their silver-laced skullcaps on the heads, their coats or shirts of
mail appearing through the torn remnants of their clothing. Pistols, with a sabre and knife, completed their accoutrement. A forest of lances, wielded by the Cossacks, glittered in the opposite rank. The oath was pledged again with the usual observances, and the Cossacks declared themselves satisfied that the Prince might go forth in safety.

Tcherzman, one of the chiefs who had sworn the oath of friendship, was Ostroff’s host on the first evening after his passage into the Circassian territory. He was on the eve of marriage with Ira, a princess of his own race, of surpassing beauty. Attracted by the rumour that a stranger, escorted by the Tchernomorskis*, had come into her country, she repaired to the spot, and, for the first time, saw a grandee of a nation against which she entertained an hereditary enmity. Those feelings underwent no change when she beheld the Muscovite with his warlike band. But far different were the emotions of the Russian. The dark brown hair of the princess, her deep black animated eye, her nose straight as the arrow of her country, were beauties too striking and uncommon to escape the gaze of the Northern stranger. Sudden was his love, and sudden his determination. “That woman shall be my slave,” he exclaimed. “Beautiful captive,” he added—but the Russian had forgotten that his Cossacks were in the midst of thousands. All night he neither spoke nor thought but of Ira.

At noon on the following day, Prince Ostroff gave the order for moving onwards. It was plain that he had issued his commands with reluctance, but an unexpected and perplexing scene now occurred. He had scarcely begun his march with his little army, when they found themselves hemmed in by a force too considerable to be resisted with the slightest hope of victory. The Circassian chiefs rode furiously in advance of their troops, and made signals for a parley. Ostroff obeyed the summons with seeming complacency, but his countenance fell, and his hand trembled. Tcherzman turned round, and addressed his companions. “Have we not sworn to give this stranger a safeguard, princes?” They signified their assent. “Did we not give the pledge,” continued the Circassian, “upon the Sacred Writing which the Turkish Pasha once brought to us?” “The linen writing!” said another, and all bore witness to the truth of the speech. “Then this Russian is safe with his band of Cossacks,” returned the Prince contemptuously; “but that he may know why we treat him thus, stand forward, Kabee.” “Do you know the Prince Ostroff?” continued Tcherzman, addressing a youth who now presented himself. “The Prince knows that I saw him speak this morning with the Princess Ira,” replied the Circassian. “Tell us what you heard,” said Tcherzman, hastily. “The Russian,” returned the boy, “besought the Princess to travel with him to the Caucasus, and swore himself her slave.”—“And what was Ira’s answer?” interrupted the Circassian Prince, with strong emotion. “The Princess answered—that she would sooner be sold for a slave herself to the Persians than be allied to a Muscovite.”

“Good,” exclaimed Tcherzman, striking his hands together, “Prince Ostroff!” continued he, “you may not have known that the Princess Ira is my betrothed, and that to-morrow we celebrate our nuptials, but you might have respected a Circassian Princess in her own lands, Russian!” He paused as if in agitation, whilst his friends set their arrows to the bowstring. “No, no,” continued Tcherzman, turning hastily to the crowd—“and why,” he added, “do you Cossacks brandish your lances—what could you do against a nation?—Be patient, the oath sworn on the Kaban’s bank saves your master; let him go forward, and be more prudent. The Circassian is not faultless, but do not urge him further.” Ostroff, enraged, and stung by the reproach he had received, could scarcely curb his passion, but there was a decision in the gestures of the armed throng around him which might have checked the bravest. He stroked his lips, and with passing courtesy retired from the perilous meeting. In a few hours he was journeying in peace towards the hills.

Some months had now gone by, and Tcherzman had not yet grown tired of the Princess Ira, whom he had espoused. As time advanced, their loves seemed the more constant, and no one could better please the chief than by bringing presents to the tent of his favourite.

One evening, in particular, as the Prince was walking near the door of his dwelling, with his choice red slippers, which he prized highly as the gift of a neighbouring Pasha, a sheep of the largest size was brought to the tent as a fresh testimony of respect to its inmates. The Prince received the offering with the kindness that was natural to him, but there was something in

* Cossacks.
the appearance of the giver which astonished, and, for the moment, startled him. "Are you a Circassian, friend?" inquired Tcherzaman, fixing his eyes attentively upon the stranger; "your dress is Circassian, but — ." The Prince hesitated—the stranger merely inclined his body, and retreated as fast as a sense of the chief-tain's rank would allow him. "Now that is not for good," exclaimed Tcherzaman, turning to Ira, who had also marked a strangeness in the countenance of the departed horseman. He instantly seized his sabre, resumed his bow and quiver, and buckling on his armour seemed ready to meet the attack of some sudden assailant. Peace, however, still reigned around him, and, as might be expected, he betook himself to rest with his family and few attendants, fearless as he ever was, and, as he imagined, in entire security.

There are, sometimes, strong impulses of the mind which ought not to be made light of. To set down every foreboding thought to the account of superstition is not always the safest or most prudent course of action. Those gloomy presages which savour of evil should be met by fortitude, but vigilance and caution should be enlisted as auxiliaries.

We left the Circassian at ease in his tent, surrounded by a slender retinue, and the Russian noble journeying to the mountains with his band of soldiers. On the very night we have been describing, the Princess Ira dreamed of the advance of hostile cavalry. So certain seemed her illusion that she started terror-stricken from her rest. Looking hastily from the tent she discerned a body of men slowly advancing towards her home. This was no dream. She awoke her husband, who, with his faithful tribe, were instantly on their feet. But the Cossacks (for such was the party in the distance) now dashed rapidly towards the tent, and with a few lances put all to flight, excepting the brave Tcherzaman. Alone he made a stand against the numerous hands raised to destroy him, and many were the wounds he received in defence of his wife and liberty. But sabre upon sabre pressed him, till at length he fell covered with glory, and carried by the conquerors to their own side of the River Kaban. The Princess Ira was also made a captive; and it scarcely needs mention that the successful assailants were no others than the followers of Ostrolofs.

When the Circassian recovered from the insensibility which had fallen upon him through loss of blood, he found himself in a dark hut, stretched on a plank, and surrounded by Cossacks. Ira, whose attachment to her lord was respected even by these savages, remained silent and sorrowful by his side. But her features, still beautiful in paleness, showed signs of extreme resentment, and as she chased away the flies from the face of her beloved Tcherzaman with a green bough, it was not difficult to see that she never could become the willing captive of a Muscovite: and the time was now arrived when her determination was called for.

Ostrolofs approached, and after rebuking his soldiers for suffering the Princess to continue with her husband, gave instant orders that they should be separated, and Ira conveyed to his tent. At first the rude Cossacks hesitated, and as the dying chief raised his eyes once more to behold the partner of his sorrows, they instinctively shrank from the hateful task. But the decree of their master was peremptory, and again they were advancing, when a youth stepped forward wildly from their ranks, and brandishing his lance, demanded a moment's delay. Struck by the sudden sally of their comrade, the Cossacks instantly forbore; and when the Russian Prince inquired the reason of their tarrying, Romilow (for that was the name of the mutineer) anticipated the consequences of his rash deed, and stood boldly before his general. Choked with rage, Prince Ostrolofs could scarcely ask the cause of this strange rebellion, when the youth undauntedly replied—"Tyrant! that beauteous girl you would fain disgrace is my own sister. I was a Circassian, and was myself once a slave to the Black Sea Cossacks; but valour redeemed me from the chain of servitude, and the same contempt for death shall save Ira from dishonour."

"Slave! and with a sabre drawn in my presence," exclaimed the Russian—"go to instant punishment, let him die on the spot," continued the Prince, waving his hand rapidly, whilst the soldiers advanced to seize their prisoner. "And must it be so?" said Romilow, rushing to his sister, who still sat unharmed by her dying husband—"It must, indeed," he added, pausing for a moment, and drawing a pistol from his belt—"Then farewell, Ira, and brave Tcherzaman."

"Learn, detested Muscovite"—the young man pushed his way onwards to Ostrolofs—"learn the fruits of Circassian vengeance."

In a moment the Russian noble lay bleeding on the ground; and in another, so sure had been the pistol's aim, his death was announced.
to the troops.—“Life is a trifle now,” cried the assassin, gazing on the corpse beneath him—“Lead me to execution.”—“We may not do this,” replied one of the Cossacks “without the consent of our Ataman*, neither could we have done more than secure you at the Russian’s bidding, whom you have slaughtered. But you must be our prisoner.”

“Listen,” exclaimed the Circassian Prince,

* Chief Magistrate.

'TIS MIDNIGHT.

'Tis midnight, and the moon pours down
Her calm cold light upon the town.
No busy din, no human tongue,
No aged cough, no laughter young;
No crowd, or carriage rolling, breaks
The deep repose which nature takes.
Nor echoed sound from silent walls
To answering echo faintly calls;
Nor step, nor cry, disturbs the air,
And breaks the silence settled there.
In lamplit vistas cold and grey,
The streets deserted stretch away;
And pile on pile their masses spread,
Like silent mansions of the dead.
'Tis midnight, and the soul that wears
The chain of grief renew its tears;
Remembers joys for ever gone,
And counts its miseries one by one;
Beholds afar that starry world
From whence of old 'twas strangely hurled,
To waste in sighs the transient breath
Which bears it from the womb to death.
From star to star upborne on high,
It roams with mournful ecstasy,
And drinks the same soft light that fell
On millions gone to heaven or hell;
And learns to bless the lenient power
Which hath not made its sufferings more.
A few brief years—it loves to say—
And life's dark dream will fade away,
And cold oblivion calmly lull
The heart with hopeless passion full.
A few brief years—and then will come
The promised kingdom of the tomb;
There sorrow's fount, which nightly flows
With bitter tear will calmly close;
There chilled again, the heart bleakest
Will coldly take its selfish rest,
When death restores to kindred dust
That mass of falsehood—folly—lust.
THE COURT.

Our Court Journalist has little to state this month, except the gratifying intelligence that the excellent health enjoyed by the King and Queen has enabled their Majesties to continue their usual course of gracious hospitality at Brighton. The King has visited St. James's several times for the purpose of holding courts and councils. The members of the new ministry have gone through the customary ceremonials on their accession to office. Some addition to the festivity of the court has taken place in consequence of the Duke of Leuchtenberg's arrival. His Royal Highness was received by their Majesties with the distinguished attention to which he is entitled as the betrothed husband of our ally, Queen Maria of Portugal.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The United States and Canada, in 1832, 1833, and 1834, by C. D. Arfwedson, Esq., 2 Vols.

To such as intend crossing the Atlantic, and have little or no idea of what they shall behold in a land where the manners and customs of our forefathers are reflected in their now foreign descendants, and blended with the local peculiarities of a race of men forming, for the last fifty years, a distinct and separate people, these volumes will convey much useful information. It is true, that a great deal of what the author has observed, has previously been recorded by other writers, but we much question whether any has shown equal enthusiasm in his descriptions, and certain we are that none has coloured so vividly—we may even say gaudily—the every-day scenes of American life and manners, the picturesque groupings of Indians, with their pretty young squaws, and their hideous old ones, or the forest scenery, with its lakes, and its rivers, and its torrents. We have often blamed the intense colouring of Turner's Landscapes, but then we have been won by the sweet and powerful poetry which it could not conceal. Mr. Arfwedson has given the glare of colour, but we are still in search of the poetry. Seriously speaking, the defect of his work is grandiloquence out of place. "Why," as we heard an industrious joiner say the other day to his comrade, whilst he was repairing our desk, "it is like attempting to drive a tenpenny nail with a twopenny hammer." Nevertheless, if we strip off the scarlet and purple of Mr. Arfwedson's descriptions, and confine ourselves to the plain matter-of-fact, we find not only a great deal of good, but much entertaining information. Further, there is an amiable spirit of philanthropy, and a display of good sense throughout the work, though mounted, we must admit, upon stilts twenty feet high, that do equal credit to the writer's heart and understanding. In spite of the blemish we have pointed out, we can safely recommend these volumes to our readers, as likely to enable them to while away a dull hour during the gloom and fogs of the present season.

Among the anomalies of American freedom is the extraordinary pertinacity with which the most democratic part of the community persist
in maintaining slavery, thereby proving, that
in the United States, as well as in old Europe,
personal interest is always the first considera-
tion of an avowed patriot. The following
extract shows what the poor negro bondsmen
have to expect from the tender mercies of their
republican masters, when the latter are swayed
by caprice, or perhaps by a baser passion:—

"The steam boat stopped on the following
morning at a small town called Beaufort, to
land and take on board passengers. Among
the number I observed a middle aged man,
accompanied by a young negro woman, better
dressed than any I had lately seen. Her com-
panion was one of those despicable beings who
traffic in human flesh: he had just before
bought the unfortunate female from a planter,
who, from some caprice or other, had sold her,
although brought up in his own family, and a
favourite with all its members, on account of
her honesty and remarkably handsome counte-
nance. Before she left the shore, she bade,
oppressed with grief, a tender farewell to her
fellow-slaves; and when at length she em-
braced her husband for the last time, she lost
all power, and fell senseless in the arms of her
unfeeling master, who kept incessantly repeat-
ing his orders to go on board. With the utmost
exertion she was able to obey the command,
and scarcely had she reached the deck before
the steam boat started. Leaning against the
side of the boat, she fixed her large black eyes
on the home which was gradually disappearing
before her, and waved her handkerchief as long
as she could see her unhappy husband and the
group of friends whom she left behind; but
when the winding of the river concealed from
her view the dearest objects on earth, she con-
templated in deep silence the waves agitated
by the vessel. Presently her native place dis-
appeared altogether, but she remained immove-
able in the same attitude. Even on our arrival
at Savannah, I observed her eyes fixed on the
quarter where Beaufort was situated. Her
countenance bore the stamp of perfect resigna-
tion, and it was only when her eyes happened
to meet those of her new master that her un-
earniness became visible. Acustomed to suffer
and submit to sacrifices, this unhappy creature
was probably no stranger to such trials and
heart-rending scenes."

The Princess, or the Beghine, by Lady
Morgan. 3 vols.

This work was announced long before it
made its appearance. Lady Morgan’s journey
to Brussels, and her stay there, to collect mate-
rials, as it was stated for this new production,
were announced as likely to enrich our litera-
ture with a book such as had never before been
published. "The Princess" is the result.

Whether it has answered the expectations,
either of her devoted admirers, or of those who
have always evinced a disposition to decry her,
even when she has done well, yet remains to
be shown. For our own parts, the matter
concerns us not, and we are bound to give only
our own impressions. A political novel is
dangerous ground to tread upon, especially for
a lady. It is like the author’s own native bogs,
which, when they appear to offer the firmest
footing, sink and overwhelm the rash being who
trusts to them. Nevertheless, Lady Morgan
has performed her task creditably, though she
has fallen below many of her former produc-
tions. Some of her characters are hit off with
considerable effect, and many are drawn from
real life, particularly that of the heroine, the or-
iginal of which is well known in our own circle
of fashion. Like all Lady Morgan’s works, the
volumes before us carry you on by an irresis-
tible spell until you get to the end of the last.
Such at least was the effect it had upon us: we
were unable to lay it down until we had read it
through; though we often found the pictures
much too crowded with figures, and a great
deal too much unmeaning dialogue. The
author has however the secret of giving interest
to these creations of her fancy, and many
blemishes are overlooked in the general effect.
She has raised the Belgian people to the
highest standard of ideal perfection, and if
we are to judge of them by her descrip-
tion, they must be a nation of heroes. We
greatly prefer her scenes in Belgium to
those she has described in London, for assuredly
her delineations of fashionable life among us
are not true to nature at the present day, though
perhaps they may be so with reference to a
period of English fashionable life too far back
for us to remember. This is the fault we find
with most of our modern novel writers: they
aim at describing an artificial state of society,
because it is almost wholly composed of our
proud aristocracy, and yet they describe it such
as it really is not. Another remarkable singu-
larity is, that those writers who openly profess
the most uncompromising republicanism, are
the most anxious to be ranked among the Cor-
phaei of the fashionable world, consisting wholly
of anti-republicans. With Lady Morgan’s poli-
tical penchants, she might have done better,
perhaps, than have selected for her dramatis
persona, a princess, a Lord Alfred, a Marquis
and a Marchioness of Montresor, a Lord Al-
lington, a Lord and a Lady St. Leger, and a
Sir Frederic Mottram. "God save the mark!"
Could she find no heroes in her own country,
to illustrate her politics, unless they had a Lord
prefixed to their names? In sum, we like this
book much, and yet have great fault to find
with it; if there is much in it to praise, there
is also much to censure.
The Unfortunate Man, by Captain Frederick Chamier, R. N., 3 vols.

"The Unfortunate Man" is a great self-tormentor, and carves out more miseries for himself than most men attempt to do blessings. The author is, however, a man of superior intellect, and but for the gloom that pervades his mind, would be a highly entertaining companion. People with his tone of feeling generally exaggerate evils, and underrate that which they might convert into sources of happiness—at least in the worldly acceptation of the word. Captain Chamier shows himself to be an honest, straightforward sailor, well acquainted with what he describes, and to some of his scenes he has imparted a stirring interest. The story, if such it can be called, seems only a frame-work or background for the more prominent figures of his picture. Many of these figures are painted with a skilful hand, and others, though over-wrought, yet bear a stamp of originality that renders them attractive. A great portion of the story, with its never-ceasing episodes, occurs at sea, though occasionally the reader travels to Russia and to France. As the scene is constantly shifting, and continuous pictures appear in rapid succession, Captain Chamier might have termed this tale, if tale it be, a dioramic novel, with moving figures. "The Unfortunate Man" is, however, well worth a perusal, and the reader must be fastidious indeed, who cannot find in it much to amuse and interest.

The Manuscripts of Erdely, a Romance. By George Stephens. 3 vols.

It is a very great pity that so much information should be thrown away, as is displayed in this work. Mr. Stephens has employed very considerable powers of mind in the production of a perplexed and entangled romance of the Radcliffe School, with its caverns, and its mysteries, and its spectres, and all the trap-door stratagems long since exploded. The incidents are so numerous, and huddled together in such confusion, that our head ached dreadfully before we had got through the fiftieth page of the first volume; and as we were obliged to read on, we could only do so after long intervals of rest. No book we ever reviewed, has fatigued us so much. "The Mysteries of Udolpho" are but a joke to Mr. Stephens's mysteries, and the whole is conveyed in such high-flown language, with a power of pedantry and a display of learning we scarcely ever saw equalled, that we feel disposed to ask for what class of readers this work is intended. If for the unlettered, they will find it incomprehensible; if for the learned, they will laugh it to scorn. The author has evidently much learning; he has also, no doubt, carefully read up for his subject; but his imagination has run mad, and as for judgment, he has shown that, in "the compound of his mind," such an ingredient exists in a very small proportion. We wish he had never written these Manuscripts, or, as Dr. Johnson said of the lady's difficult sonata on the harpsichord, we wish they had been impossible.

Three Years in the Pacific, containing Notices of Brazil, Chili, Bolivia, Peru, &c. in 1831-32-33, and 34. By an Officer in the United States' Navy. 2 vols.

This is one of the cleverest and most unpretending books we have read for a long time past. The author is a sensible, plain, straightforward, matter-of-fact man, who sees everything with a cool, unprejudiced eye, has attached himself to facts, and divested his narrative of all political bias, and all vain theories. His object seems to have been the elucidation by facts of the social progress in South America, since those countries have shaken off the domination of Spain. There is much vigour in his descriptions, and the most delightful lucidity. The information which he gives is in great part new, although so much has already been published concerning the South American States. As in a commercial point of view these countries must interest us highly, the work before us is one of great and general utility. That it will be extensively read there can be no doubt, and we can assure our readers that, far from consisting of mere dry details, it is full of picturesque, animated, and highly entertaining descriptions and anecdotes. To ourselves it proved so attractive, that we read both volumes through at a single sitting, thereby depriving ourselves of sleep for a whole night.

The Mayor of Wind-Gap and Canvassing. By the O'Hara Family. 3 vols.

Banim is in himself a host. There is something in his lofty and fervent spirit, in the impassioned tone of his mind, that takes your feelings by storm, and carries you away in the whirl of his own enthusiasm. To say that we prefer him to almost every novelist of his age, may be considered the effect of only just having quitted his pages; but he has a glow of colouring, a truth of description, and a keen perception of character—we mean Irish character—that makes us overlook his too frequent violations of propriety and decorum, and adopt him as the novelist of our fancy. We much love the scenery of Ireland; we love still more the daring, reckless, and generous spirit of its inhabit-
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

There is poetry in the very every-day feelings of an Irishman: even the poor half-starved peasant is a creature teeming with imagination, with strange originality of fancy. He is a being of a warm, impassioned mind, glowing with enthusiasm—a creature of impulse—but of generous impulse when left to his own good feelings, and free from the workings of those causes which now desolate, and for ages past have desolated, his unhappy country. No man understands him better, and therefore none describes him better than Banim. The two tales before us are very remarkable. They contain some of the faults, and certainly all the beauties, of the author’s former works. They awaken intense interest, which is not suffered to flag a single instant, and the writer charms our spirit down, or raises it again at his capricious will. These tales must be read by every body.


The name of Miss Porter awakens many sweet associations in our mind. How often in the by-gone days of our youth have we wept over the misfortunes of Thaddeus of Warsaw! How often has our enthusiasm been raised by the glorious deeds of Wallace, and how many bitter tears have we shed at his untimely fate! Miss Porter, having laid down the pen after earning a literary fame to which few of her sex will attain, again appears before the public to pilot through the rocks and shoals of contemporary criticism the first production of a young female friend of hers. “Young Hearts” is a clever and interesting novel, put forth without pretension. It is well worthy of Miss Porter’s patronage, and does justice to the kind and unassuming preface which sets forth its claims to public attention. We beg leave earnestly to recommend it to our fair readers, to whom we promise much entertainment and interest from its perusal.

The Natural Influence of Speech in raising Man above the Brute Creation.

This little volume deserves a more detailed notice than we have space for. Its object is completely explained in the title. The subject, interesting in itself, is rendered much more so by the manner in which the author has treated it. A great deal of information is given in illustrating principles and opinions of the highest interest to mankind. This treatise is made to inculcate an admirable system of ethics, embracing all that is consolatory to the human mind. There is, throughout the work, a tone of sincere and fervid piety, calculated to win the heart and convince the understanding of the most sceptical.


Political economy is now considered almost one of the exact sciences, and, though distorted by false theories, is one of the most useful of a free citizen’s studies. In the days of Sir Thomas Elyot, little was known on the subject, and yet his work conveys not only valuable hints, but much positive information, to which our modern legislators would do well to attend. The present edition of this curious book has been carefully got up by the present editor, who deserves great credit for the manner in which he has brought it before the public.


These little volumes are evidently intended for the instruction of young people, and they fulfil the author’s object tolerably well. The work is a sort of abridgment of Scripture History, interspersed with the most familiar quotations from the sacred writers. Nevertheless, Mr. Draper now and then makes little additions not sufficiently authorised by Holy Writ. We can scarcely suppose a sectarian feeling in this; and the instances of it which occur, are not frequent: still it should have been avoided.


This is a little volume that may be found useful to students of the Spanish language. It contains much in a small compass—though the price (4s.) is unreasonable. In the latter point the publishers certainly mistake their own interest.

The Plague, a Poem, by Guido Sorelli, of Florence; translated by Miss Pardoe.

This poem is published with the original on one page, and Miss Pardoe’s translation on the other. The subject is one of powerful interest, and is treated with great elevation of mind, and true poetic feeling. Mr. Sorelli has already translated Milton into Italian; and
in the present work we can trace a deep acquaintance with our great bard. Of Miss Par- doe's translation of "The Plague," we cannot speak too highly; and Mr. Sorelli may be proud of such an interpreter. The following extract is a good specimen of this lady's powers, as well as those of the original author:—

—Blood flow'd about them; the dumb harbinger
Which needs no voice of wailing to enhance
The terror of its tidings, when, beheld—
A second judgment! which awhile forbade
All memory of the fall'n; a second pang,
Deeper and deadlier than the first, was felt
Through the devoted city, when a cry
As of some demon-secour'd and maddened wretch
Peal'd through the streets,—"The Plague!"

The first who heard
The yell, scream'd out in turn, "The Plague!"
Agast
For one short moment, men held in their breath,
Striving to doubt—but forth again it burst
As with a trumpet blast; and while the sound
Fell on their aching ears, they caught it up,
And cast it back again with frightful shrieks;
Until the city, where so late was heard
The sob of breaking hearts, the clash of arms,
The wail of women in their helplessness,
Became one hideous echo—all beside
Drown'd in the maddening yell: — "The Plague! The Plague!"

Then silence fell on the deserted streets,
And men shrank, trembling, from the ghostly truth.
The boldest spirit quail'd, the sternest hearts
Were melted into pity and to fear;
A few brief hours did the dark work of years,
And one fell malady comprised the pangs
Of manifold diseases. Man was torn
As by a thousand plagues; man, said I? man?
Alas! the smitten wretch, amid his throes,
Was man no longer: from his brow was rent
All likeness to his Maker, to his kind!—

VARIETIES.

FRENCH PLAYS.—These pleasant performances have just commenced for the season, at the prettiest of all our theatres, the New English Opera House; and as their audiences include many of the élite of the fashionable world, we shall think it our duty to give a brief account of them in our subsequent numbers. The opening night occurred so late in the month that we have only time and space to say at present that they promise the usual amount of talent and entertainment, and that they already include one actor, M. Frederick Lemaître, who possesses talents of a first-rate description. His performance of the dishonoured husband, in 'La Mère et la Fille,' is deeply impressive and natural, and gives us a very high opinion of his general powers.

SIR GEORGE SMART AND THE AMATEUR FESTIVAL.—We have, on one or two occasions, animadverted in severe terms upon the professional conduct of Sir George Smart, and more especially with reference to his alleged opposition to the Amateur Festival. Several of our personal friends, to whom Sir George Smart is well known, have proved to us that our censure was founded upon erroneous information, and was, therefore, unjust. Such being the case, we consider ourselves called upon to disavow imputations which we never should have cast upon so distinguished a professor, had we known him better. The fact is, that we had been led to suppose Sir George Smart one of the most determined foes to the improvement of music in this country, and as such we resolved to attack him in his strongholds. Several circumstances had tended to strengthen this impression, and among others we may mention a letter, signed 'John Barnett,' which appeared some time since in one of the morning papers, and which stated that the writer having sent a composition to the Philharmonic Society, it was kept some time, and then returned unopened, and consequently examined. Excited by that kind of feeling which always accompanies strong conviction, however ill-founded, we had associated Sir George Smart with this conduct towards Mr. Barnett, though we should be at a loss to say upon what grounds. We are now certain that neither Sir George, nor any other director of the Philharmonic, was to blame. We have received an explanation on the subject, which we shall publish in our next number.

We have a great respect for the genius of John Barnett. The capabilities of this young composer are not sufficiently known to the public: he has had no inducement—we may safely say, no opportunity—to bring forward works of an infinitely higher character than those he has produced at the (so termed) English Opera; yet he has written many.
Had he but fair play, he would stand high in the list of British composers—not by Weberized or Spohrized compositions, but by works bearing the stamp of a distinct national school, adapted to the character, genius, and feelings of his countrymen. The establishment of the Society of British Musicians will now enable John Barnett, and many other young men of genius, to form the nucleus of a British school, without which music will never become indigenous among us.

We must confess, that when we discovered Sir George Smart to be an ardent promoter of this new institution, and saw him assiduously attending its concerts, we had strange misgivings as to the correctness of our impressions with regard to him. These misgivings were strengthened by the inscription upon the piece of plate presented to him by upwards of four hundred professors, including the most eminent in this country, and by his speech on that occasion.

It has been justly observed to us, that, although the talents of a professor may be differently estimated by various individuals, yet a professional reputation, like that of Sir George Smart’s, could not have been acquired and maintained without considerable proficiency in his art, combined with personal conduct that would insure him the respect of both amateurs and professors. He was appointed Organist of the Chapel Royal by George IV.—himself a distinguished judge of music, and has been confirmed in that office by his present Majesty. He is conductor of the Queen’s private concerts, and for many years past has been a principal conductor and director of the Philharmonic concerts. These, we cannot but admit, are powerful testimonials.

With reference to his alleged opposition to the Amateur Festival, and to the request that the musical institutions of this metropolis would not lend their assistance to it, Sir George has assured us that, so far from opposing this festival, he was one of its best wishers, and always spoke in favour of the undertaking. He could not, as he stated, have preferred such a request to the musical institutions, even had he been so disposed, for at that period he was at Hull. Though Sir George Smart’s simple assertion would have sufficed to convince us that we had been misinformed, the inquiries set on foot by our own friends, have corroborated his assertion, and shown that the imputation cast upon him is utterly unfounded.

We, therefore, take the earliest opportunity, which our publication affords, of making this known.

Sir George Smart likewise denies all knowledge of the letter, signed “A Professor,” which we published in a former number, having never seen or heard of it until its appearance in the ‘Court Magazine.’

In conclusion, we may add that, if Sir George Smart’s professional qualifications have been raised in our estimation by the result of our inquiries, he has, throughout this business, evinced a kindness and amiability of disposition rarely to be met with. Instead of repelling our attacks with vituperative anger, he contented himself with expressing his conviction, to his friends, that we were acting conscientiously, though upon an erroneous impression, which, sooner or later, would be removed, and we should then discover that we had wronged him. He judged rightly: the impression no longer exists, and we are happy to acknowledge it. In future we shall seek personal opportunities of observing his professional life, and shall feel pleasure in doing him the justice he deserves.
THE COURT MAGAZINE,

AND

Belle Assemblée,

FOR MARCH, 1835.

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GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF THE HON. MRS. SHAW.

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The Honourable Mrs. Shaw is wife of Gabriel Shaw, Esq., and daughter of the present Lord Erskine.

Having, in our number for last January, given in full detail the descent of the noble family of Erskine from the earliest period of its existence, we now commence with the illustrious founder of the present baronial house,

The Hon. Thomas Erskine, third and youngest son of Henry David, tenth earl of Buchan. Mr. Erskine was born on the 21st of January 1750, and educated partly at the High School of Edinburgh, and partly at the University of St. Andrew's. At the age of fourteen he embarked at Leith as a midshipman in a vessel commanded by Sir John Lindsay; and it is a remarkable circumstance, that from this period he did not revisit his native country until a few years before his death. He never obtained a commission in the navy, which he quitted after a service of four years, and, in 1768, entered the army as an ensign in the royals, or first regiment of foot. In 1770 he espoused Frances, daughter of Daniel Moore, Esq., M.P. for Great Marlow, and went with his regiment to Minorca, where he spent three years. He served in the army six years, during which time he acquired considerable reputation for the acuteness and versatility of his talents in conversation; and it is supposed that this circumstance, together with the earnest persuasion of his mother, a lady of great acquirements and penetration, induced him, at the age of twenty-six, to embrace the legal profession. In 1778 he was called to the bar, and, a singular exception to the tardy advance of professional merit among lawyers, he met with immediate success. Accidentally introduced to Captain Baillie, whom the Earl of Sandwich had removed from the superintendence of Greenwich Hospital, Mr. Erskine was employed by that gentleman to oppose a motion of the Attorney-General for leave to file an indictment against him for a libel on the Earl. Such was the eloquence and spirit he displayed on this occasion, that on leaving the court he received thirty retainers from attorneys who happened to be present.

This fortunate occurrence took place in the Michaelmas following the Trinity Term of his admittance, and, a few months after, he appeared at the bar of the House of Commons as counsel for Mr. Carman, the bookseller, against a bill introduced by Lord North, then Prime Minister, to restore to the Universities the monopoly of almanacks, which Mr. Carman had succeeded in getting abolished by legal judgment. His speech in opposition to this impolitic proposal won him new applause, and established his reputation. The bill was lost by a considerable majority, and henceforward Mr. Erskine's career was one of brilliant and unvaried success. He appeared either for plaintiff or defendant in every cause of importance during a practice of twenty-five years.

In May, 1780, he received a silk gown, and in the same year was elected member of parliament for Portsmouth, which he continued to represent until his elevation to the peerage. His success in the house, however, was not commensurate with the splendour of his professional reputation. In politics, Mr. Erskine was a whig. Hence his exertions in the case of the Dean of St. Asaph, and his advocating the causes of a multitude of persons prosecuted for sedition by government. His defence of Paine occasioned his sudden dismissal from
the office he held, of Attorney-general to the Prince of Wales, to which, however, he was restored in 1802. One of the most remarkable events in Erskine's professional life, was the part he took, in conjunction with Mr., afterwards Sir Vicary, Gibbs, in the trials of Hardy, Tooke, and others, for high treason, in 1794. Insensible to the fatigue of long, and continued exertion, he, on that occasion, defended the accused with an enthusiasm and an eloquence almost superhuman. On the death of Mr. Pitt, in 1806, and the accession to office of Lord Grenville and his party, Mr. Erskine was created a peer, by the title of Lord Erskine of Restormel Castle, in the county of Cornwall, and raised to the dignity of Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. In the early part of 1807 the short-lived administration of Lord Grenville expired, and Lord Erskine, after quitting the woolsack, took little further share in public affairs. In his retirement, he occupied himself chiefly with literary labours. He edited several of the state trials, wrote the preface to Mr. Fox's speeches, published a political romance in two volumes, entitled, "Armata," and wrote some pamphlets in support of the Greek cause. His lordship died of inflammation of the chest on the 17th November 1823, at Almondell, near Edinburgh, the seat of his nephew, the Hon. Henry Erskine, Profound and accomplished as a lawyer, unrivalled as an orator, Erskine ranks high among the brightest luminaries of the English bar. His daring spirit, and undaunted courage, rendered him peculiarly able in the defence of those who were persecuted by the government; and it has been truly remarked of this great man, that he never raised his voice in the courts, but to war against oppression. To his exertions we owe the present firm establishment of some leading, but then disputed, constitutional doctrines. His lordship married twice, first Miss Moore, as aforesaid, who died on the 22nd Dec. 1805, and secondly, Miss Sarah Buck. He was succeeded by his eldest son, David Montagu, present peer, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at Munich. His Lordship wedded, in Jan. 1800, Frances, daughter of General Cadwallader, and has, with other issue, an eldest daughter, Frances, who was married in November 1824, to Gabriel Shaw, Esq., and whose portrait forms the present month's illustration.

My first acquaintance with the exquisite writer, and still more exquisite character, whose unexpected loss his friends are now deploring, took place at the lodgings of the late William Hazlitt, in Down Street, Piccadilly, about the year 1824; and my recollections of the former will not be the less acceptable, for being blended as they are with many circumstances and feelings in which the latter bore a chief part. Charles Lamb and I were the only two persons, with the exception of his son, who followed Hazlitt to his almost unknown and unregarded grave. Thus, my first recollections of the one, and my last of the other, of these two distinguished men, connect them so intimately in my mind, that I cannot if I would think of either as wholly distinct from the other. They invariably recur to me as cognate and consecutive ideas—a sort of mutual and reciprocal cause and effect—as if some necessary and natural intellectual relationship existed between them. I mention this at the outset, because it strikes me as involving in its explanation certain characteristic features in the minds of both these men. For that the fact is one dependent on the men themselves, and not on any arbitrary or accidental association of ideas which I have connected with them, can scarcely be doubted, when I mention, that in a lengthened period of intimacy with both, I have never seen them together more than three or four times; and that further, though it has been my lot to hold an intercourse, more or less intimate, with a large proportion of the distinguished literary men of the day, I have no vestige of any association of this kind with any other than these two.

The truth is, that though Lamb and Hazlitt were infinitely different from each other in many features of their minds, they were infinitely alike in many others—more so, perhaps, than any other two men of their day. There was a general sympathy between them, which served to melt away, and as it were fuse together, and bring into something like a friendly union and correspondence, those differences themselves,—till they almost
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE CHARLES LAMB: 91
took the character of meeting-points, which brought the two extremes together, when perhaps nothing else could.

In confirmation of this seemingly fanciful theory, I would refer to two facts only, as almost demonstrative of it:—I allude first to that magnanimous letter of Charles Lamb's to Southey, on the latter paying him some public compliment which could only be accepted, as it was only offered, at the cost of some imputation on Hazlitt's character and pursuits. Lamb on that occasion flung back to Southey, with a beautiful indignation almost bordering on contempt, and in a tone of but half-suppressed bitterness which I do not believe he ever exhibited on any other occasion, a testimony to his talents and character which he could not have merited, had the qualifying insinuation, or regret, or whatever it might be called that accompanied it, also been deserved. If I remember the circumstances rightly (for I have no means at hand of referring to the record of them on either side), the gist of Southey's double offence was a mingled remonstrance and lamentation at the melancholy fact, that such a man as Lamb should consort with such a man as Hazlitt! As if any two men that ever lived, were more exquisitely constituted and qualified to appreciate and admire the large balance of good over evil that existed in each other, and to explain, account for, and excuse the ill, than those two men! Lamb never did a more noble or beautiful or characteristic thing than the writing of that memorable letter; and Hazlitt never experienced a higher or purer intellectual pleasure than in reading it: and though at the period of its publication Hazlitt had for a long time abstained himself from Lamb's house and society, on account of some strange and gratuitous crotchet of his brain, respecting some unimaginable offence on the part of Lamb or of himself (for in these cases it was impossible to tell which)—the letter instantly brought them together again; and there was no after division of their friendship till Hazlitt's death, fifteen years subsequently.

The other proof I would offer of the natural sympathy between Lamb and Hazlitt, of which I have spoken, is to be found in the fact, that of all the associates of Hazlitt's early days—indeed of his whole literary and social life—the only one, except myself, who followed him to his grave was Charles Lamb.

But, perhaps those readers who are unacquainted with the literary table-talk of the last twenty years, or have become acquainted with it through a discolouring and distorting medium, may imagine that there was some good and sufficient reason for the double-edged insult of Southey, and the seeming desertion of Hazlitt by his early friends and associates.

If any reader of this page has imbibed such a notion, I call upon him, in the name of our common nature, and of that sense of justice which is its fairest and noblest feature, to disabuse himself of the unworthy and utterly unfounded impression. And that he is bound in truth and honesty to do so, I appeal to every individual who really knew Hazlitt during the last fifteen years of his life. That Hazlitt had great and crying faults, nobody intimately acquainted with him will deny. But they were faults which hurt himself alone, and were, moreover, inex- tricably linked with the finer qualities of his nature. The only one of those faults which brought upon him the obloquy to which the peace and comfort of his life were sacrificed, was the result of a virtue which nine-tenths of the world (his malignors included) have the wit to divest themselves of:—what he thought and felt about other people, whether friends or foes, that he spoke or wrote,—reckless of the consequences to himself, and sparing himself as little as he spared any one else. Moreover, if a man smote him on one cheek, he did not meekly turn the other, and crave for that the same process; nor could he ever persuade himself to carry away the affront quietly, merely because it might consist with his worldly interest to do so. If he were hated and feared more than any other living man, it was because he saw more deeply than any other man into the legitimate objects of hatred, and was, by habit as well as temper, not amenable to those convenient restraints and mental reservations which custom has imposed in order to guard against the social consequences of such untoward discoveries. Iago says it was the virtue of the Venetian dames of his day, "not to leave undone, but to keep unknown." It was Hazlitt's virtue—or vice if you please—not merely "to spy into abuses" (for that we can all of us do), but to feel a sort of moral necessity for dragging them into the light, when we had found them. He could neither conceal nor palliate a single fault or weakness of his own. Was it likely, then, that he would be at the trouble of throwing a veil over those of other people's—especially when the only passion of his soul was a love of Truth?

Charles Lamb knew and appreciated these qualities of Hazlitt's mind more truly and entirely than any one else, because he found the types of them in his own; the only but signal difference being, that he (Lamb), while
he saw the truth as related to the character of others with as clear a vision as Hazlitt did, was, by the ineffable gentleness and moral sweetness of his nature, not merely deterred from exposing it to those who might have overlooked it, but impelled to transform and translate it into symbols of its most striking opposite—like the "sweet Ophelia," he "turned to favour and to prettiness" all the moral evil and deformity that presented itself to his observation. He could not or would not see ugliness anywhere, unless as a spot upon the face of beauty; but beauty he could see everywhere, and nowhere shining so brightly as in the midst of ugliness.

I beg pardon for these remarks,—so different from the materials of which I wish these recollections chiefly to consist. But they may serve at the outset to point attention to the leading intellectual features of the individual of whom I am about to speak in his personal character.

Recurring to my first introduction to Charles Lamb, it took place, as I have said, at Hazlitt's lodgings, and under circumstances rather odd and embarrassing as regarded myself. I have, therefore, a peculiarly vivid recollection of it. On the day that it happened, a little volume of mine had been published (anonymously) by Mr. Colburn. It was a *jeu d'esprit* suggested by the *Rejected Addresses*; and consisted of imitations of the most conspicuous prose writers of the day, including, of course, Hazlitt and Lamb. Of what Lamb might think of the article attributed to him, being personally unknown to him, I had no particular care,—feeling as I did the deepest respect for his talents and character; and knowing, therefore, that to treat him inconsistently with those feelings, even in joke, was the furthest thing from my thoughts. But with Hazlitt I was in habits of intimacy; and him I had treated with a freedom only to be justified by the spirit of the joke itself—the article attributed to him being a sketch of his own personal character, supposed to be drawn *by himself*, and speaking the truth of him as plainly as he was accustomed to speak it of other people.

This, with Hazlitt, was a ticklish experiment; and though I had no intention of maintaining my incognito for any length of time, it was not to be supposed that I should venture on a disclosure till I saw how the land lay. I called on Hazlitt, however, on the day I am referring to, without any idea that he could have seen the article; as the volume was only published on that day. But just as I was knocking at his door, he came up with the book in his hand, and his finger on the article about himself,—which he had been reading as he came along; having torn the leaves open with the back of his hand,—to the great damage, as it seemed to me, of my trim and elegantly got-up little volume—by the time we had ascended the stairs to his rooms, I perceived that he was anything but angry at the paper, and moreover, that he had already discovered my secret. There was a particular phrase in the article about himself, which I had used before in conversation with him; and by the aid of that he had detected me; for, as he confessed, till he came to that phrase, he was totally to seek the writer of the volume.

So far all was well. But as we were talking about the article on himself, and he was wondering how I had become acquainted with the circumstances detailed in the brief sketch which it contained of his early life, the door was opened, and two persons entered, one of whom I instantly felt to be Charles Lamb, though I had never seen him before. The lady who accompanied him was his sister.

Hazlitt introduced me in his simple and unceremonious way, and then almost immediately, and to my no small surprise, began to speak of the new volume,—handing it to Miss Lamb, and pointing her attention to the paper in which her brother and herself (his "Bridget Elia") were made to figure. But he did not refer in any way to the writer; and, accordingly, I had the very equivocal satisfaction of seeing her open the paper at random, and after having read a few paragraphs of it, speak of what she had read precisely as the detached passages happened to strike her; and I perceived that the impression was any thing but favourable. Having turned over a few of the pages carelessly, she said—"It seems to be done by somebody who has no very friendly feeling towards us,—though I don't know whom we have offended." She then put down the book—the conversation turned to other things—and they very soon went away. In going, Lamb offered me his hand, and asked me to come and see them, in that irresistible tone of cordiality and frankness which, somehow or other, won the heart of every one to whom it was addressed, as if by a spell. Hazlitt, he said, would tell me where to find them. They then went away, without leaving on my mind any impression in the smallest degree corresponding with what I had previously heard of the oddity of his character and the almost ostentatious strangeness of his manner and

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* Rejected Articles, 1 vol. Colburn.
bearing. The impression they did leave, however, was in all respects favourable; and that portion of it which related to Lamb himself, in no way included anything at variance (as I had been led to expect) with the ordinary tone and usages of society.

Having satisfied myself from Hazlitt that Lamb would not have asked me to go to see them unless he really wished me to do so, I went, with Hazlitt, a short time afterwards; and then, for an intimacy asserted between us which ended only with his death:—if, indeed, I am entitled to call by the name of intimacy an intercourse which chiefly consisted, like that of nearly all the rest of the Lambs' friends, of delightful visits on the one part, and a reception on the other which seemed to intimate that there was nothing they did not owe and were willing to pay you, in return for the feeling of kindness and interest which induced you to dispense with the ceremony of their visiting you: for they rarely left home; and when they did, never seemed themselves till they got back again.

I do not think there was any exception whatever to this latter fact. Under his own roof alone could you judge of Lamb as he really was. When absent from it he was anything or nothing, as the case might be; a scholar, a critic, a philosopher, a satirist, a wit, a word-catcher, a buffoon;—each of these by turns, and sometimes all of them blended and jumbled together, into a strange and by no means agreeable mixture of violent and half-unnatural contrasts and contradictions. But at home there was about him an indescribable sweetness and gentleness of disposition and manner, not to speak it profanely) seemed to embody a more than human proportion of the Godhead that is within us—a sort of angelic incarnation of that affection and loving-kindness for a nature not its own, which we please ourselves by attributing to beings of a brighter sphere, when busying themselves about the sorrows and joys of us "human mortals."

I now speak of Lamb after he had quitted Islington and reired to about twelve miles from town—to Enfield Chace—where he first occupied apartments, then a cottage, and afterwards apartments again: for he found that the troubles of housekeeping were inconsistent with his tastes and habits, now that he had removed to a sufficient distance from town to escape the constant succession of visitors which had latterly grown too much for the increasing delicacy of his sister's health and temperament.

When I first became acquainted with the Lambs they lived at that little white house which stands alone, beyond the New River, at the farther end of Colebrook Row, on the left-hand side; the river bounding the little garden in front. It was here that George Dyer, in one of his sudden fits of abstraction, committed the alarming mauvaise plaisanterie of walking into the river at noon day, to the infinite dismay of Lamb, who was bidding him good-bye at the moment he disappeared from view beneath the water! And I have sometimes wondered that Lamb did not follow the example of his friend, from that delightful mixture of intense sympathy with the spirit of contradiction, which so often made him do precisely that which was not expected from him. I am serious in saying, that there really was a chance of this, and that those friends of Lamb who truly loved and regarded him, had this among other causes of congratulation on his quitting town for Enfield. The truth is that many who went to him at Islington did so from mere idle curiosity, and the excitement of seeing and hearing something different from the ordinary modes of social intercourse; and that others went to seek favours or benefits at his hands; neither of these classes having the smallest sense of the qualities of mind and character which made him what they found him. By removing to Enfield he got rid of both these classes of visitors, and retained those only between whom and himself there was a real interchange of kindness and affection.

Yet I had never reason to feel satisfied that his habits and mode of life, and the tone and temper of mind, which they mutually engendered and sprang from, were improved by the change. The truth I believe to be, that a frequent communion with intellects of the lowest class of cultivation and development was indispensable to the due exercise and the healthful tone of Lamb's mind; and that in the country he could not, or at least did not, obtain this communion, and was the worse for the want of it. "Kings" (the proverb says) "are fond of low company." Lamb was a king in the realms of intellect; and certain it is that the meanest peasant or vassal of those realms, and even the vilest outcast, was deemed by Lamb to come as fairly under the category of "good company" as the most courtly of lords, the most accomplished of ladies, or the most cultivated of literati. Who, in fact, of all our English writers, has sympathised like Lamb with the sorrows and privations of the poor? Who but he has described them with other than a reluctant, deprecating hand, and a patronising pen? His little paper on "The Chil-
dren of the Poor,” is the most pathetic piece of writing in our language; and it is so only because it is written in the purest spirit of human sympathy, and the most perfect simplicity and good-faith.

One of the most noble and beautiful self-sacrifices ever offered at the shrine of human affection, was that made by Lamb when, for the greater security of his sister’s health, he quitted his beloved London, and went to reside in the country—which he did not love. For why should the truth be concealed on this point? London seemed to Lamb what the country is to many people: when away from it his spirit seemed to shrink and retire inwards, and his body to fade and wither like a plant in an uncongenial soil; and when he returned to it he seemed to regenerate and become filled with new life and being. The whole of what he felt to be the truly vital years of his existence had been passed in London; almost every pleasant association connected with the growth, development, and exercise of his intellectual being, belonged to some metropolitan locality; every agreeable recollection of his social intercourse with his most valued friends, arose out of some London event or scene. He was born in London; the whole of his school days were passed in London; he earned his living in London,—performing for thirty years that (to him) pleasantly monotonous drudgery which secured him his ultimate independence; in London he won that fame which, however little store he might seem to set by it, was not without a high and cherished value in his eyes. In short, London was the centre to which every movement of his mind gravitated—the pole to which the needle of his affections vibrated—the home to which his heart was tied by innumerable strings of flesh and blood, that could not be broken without lacerating the being of which they formed a part. In Lamb’s eye and estimation, the bare passages and stony quadrangles of the Temple were far more pleasant and healthful than the most fair and cultivated spots of Auburn, loveliest village of the plain.

To him, the tide of human life that flowed through Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill was worth all the Wyes and Yarrows in the universe. There were, to his thinking, no “green lanes” to compare with Fetter Lane or St. Brides; no garden like Covent Garden; and

the singing of all the feathered tribes of the air, from the nightingale downwards, “grated harsh discords” in his ear,—which was attuned only to the drone or squall of the London ballad-singer, the grinding of the hand-organ, and the “confusion worse confounded” of the “London cries,” with their cart-wheel accompaniments.

The reader may be assured that there is no exaggeration or artifice of style in this statement. It is the simple and literal fact. Before I was fully aware of this feeling of Lamb as to London, and of the associations he was accustomed to connect with it, I once or twice, on visiting and walking about with him among the pleasant scenery of Enfield and its vicinity, referred to the improvement he must find from the change, both as to health and mental condition. But I soon found my mistake, and that the subject was a sore one; and I remember it being recurred to once afterwards, when he declared, with unusual vehemence of expression, and almost with tears in his eyes, that the most squalid garret in the most confined and noisome purblind of London would be a paradise to him, compared with the fairest of dwellings placed in the loveliest scenery of the country.” “I hate the country,” he said; and I shall never forget the tone of voice and expression of countenance with which he said it, as if the feeling came from the bottom of his soul, and was working ungentle and ungenial results there, that he was himself almost alarmed at.

Yet while Lamb lived in the country he used to spend the whole of the fore part of the day in taking long walks, of eight or ten miles; but merely for the sake of walking; not in search of any specific scene of curiosity, or any external excitement. The act of walking was, in fact, congenial to the somewhat torpid and sluggish character of his temperament. It gave a healthful movement to his thoughts, which otherwise brooded, and, as it were, hovered in a sort of uneasy and restless slumberousness, over dangerous and interdicted questions, on which he knew there was no satisfaction to be gained, yet he could not escape from them.

What may have been his condition of mind when walking about in the open air alone, one can only judge of by the difference observable between him when walking with a friend and when sitting with the same friend by his own fire-side; and I have always remarked that the activity of his mind (and with his mind activity was indispensable to its health) was always greater under the former circumstances. He evidently
felt this himself, without perhaps knowing it; for he never would let you go away from his house, whatever might be the weather or the hour, without walking several miles with you on your road. And his talk was always more free and flowing on these occasions.

There was, however, another reason for these walks. In whatever direction they lay, Lamb always saw at the end of them the pleasant vision of a foaming pot of porter,—which he liked the better when quaffed.

In the worst inn's worst room.

One could not part company (perhaps with the chance of not meeting again for weeks or months) without sitting down together for five minutes; and for this purpose Lamb always chose the "parlour" of some wayside public-house. And latterly his regale was always limited to a draught of ale or porter.

Will the reader pardon me if I dwell on this point longer than its seeming insignificance may appear to warrant? But in the habitual actions and feelings of a man like Charles Lamb, there is nothing insignificant, nothing that does not result from, and may not be traced to, some profound or some curious and interesting movement of his mind or heart; and the habit to which I have alluded above was traceable to a deep and beautiful moral feeling. When Lamb was quitting home with you to accompany you part of the way on your journey, you could always see that his sister had rather he stayed at home; and not seldom her last salutation to him on his leaving the room was—"Now you're not going to drink any ale, Charles?"

"No! no!" was his half impatient reply. The truth was, that his sister, in her almost over-anxious care of his bodily health, had latterly endeavoured to keep him, perhaps even too much, from the use—for to the abuse he had never been addicted—of those artificial stimuli which were to a certain extent necessary to the healthy tone of his mental condition. I have sometimes thought—though, certainly, without sufficient grounds on which to form a decided opinion either way—that to keep him from the chance of being ill, she kept him from the certainty of being well. I have had a pretty extensive experience (passively, at least,) in the way of intellectual Table Talk. There are few of the most distinguished literary men and conversers of the day with whom I have not partaken in that best of all intellectual enjoyments, when duly understood and rightly conducted. And I have no recollection of any which has left such delightful impressions on my mind as that which has taken place between the first and the last glass of humble gin-and-water, after a rump steak or a pork chop supper, in the simple little domicile of Charles Lamb and his sister, at Enfield Chace. Nor must it be supposed that the afore-named gin-and-water played a mere mechanical or corporeal part in those delightful repasts. True, it created nothing. But it was the liquid talisman which not only opened the poor casket in which Lamb's rich thoughts were shut up, but set in motion the machinery in the absence of which they might have lain like gems in the mountain or gold in the mine.

No really good converser, who duly appreciates the use and virtue of that noble faculty, ever talks for the pleasure of talking, or in the absence of some external stimulus to the act. He talks well only because he thinks and feels well; and he is always fonder of listening than of talking. He talks only that he may listen,—never listens merely that he may talk. Now Charles Lamb, who, when present, was always the centre from which flowed, and to which tended, the stream of the talk which took place, was literally tongue-tied, till some slight artificial stimulus let loose the sluggish and obstinate member; and even his profound and subtle spirit seemed to wear chains of its own forging, till the same external agency set it at liberty. Compared with what it really contained, his mind remained a sealed book even to the last, as regards the world in general. I mean, that his books, beautiful as they are, are mere spillings, as it were, or forced overflowings, from the curious and exquisite treasures of his mind and heart. It was a task of almost insuperable difficulty and trouble to him to write; for he had no desire for literary distinction; no affected anxiety to make his fellow-creatures wiser or better than he found them; and no pecuniary necessities pressing him on to the labour. Nor do I believe that he would ever have written at all, but for a sort of pressure from within himself, which, like the divine afflatus of the oracles of old, would have vent, and ease its inward agony by speech. His thoughts were like the inspirations of the true poet, which must either be expressed by visible symbols, or they drive their recipient to madness. What was "the reading public" to Charles Lamb? He did not care a pinch out of his dear sister's snuff-box, whether they were supplied to repelion with the (to him) garbage on which they are accustomed to feed, or were left to starve themselves into mental health for the want of it. He knew well enough that what he had to offer would be carcase to them. But
it was not so with regard to the little world of friends and intimates that his social and intellectual qualities had gathered about him. Not, indeed, that he cared much even about them,—so far as related to any pressing desire for their admiration of his intellectual parts and acquirements. In fact, a spirit of indifference pervaded the whole of his moral being, especially during the last ten years of his life. And such a spirit, when suffered to attain a certain weight and power, is, perhaps, one of the most fatal misfortunes that can befall a highly-gifted and cultivated intellect,—especially if it be self-cultivated, as Lamb's for the most part was. During the buoyancy of youth, and the strength and prime of manhood, this spirit seldom gains any very mischievous ascendency. But after a certain time of life, if present at all, it steals and grows over us like frost over still water; binding the faculties and the heart in chains, strong as life itself, or weak as ropes of sand, according as we possess and use the means and appliances which are everywhere about us for resisting or counteracting the spell.

Now this spell was one of which Lamb had at all times the good sense to perceive the presence, and to admit the power which it acquired by amissive yielding to its action. But on the other hand, he knew that to oppose is to destroy it; that to gaze upon its growth in motionless silence, is to aggrandize it into a monster of moral mischief and misery; whereas,

Lift but a finger, and the giant dies.

And till his retirement from London he had the wisdom to act on this knowledge, and the means always at hand of doing so with safety and success.

But in the country it was widely different; for Lamb was not among those fortunate spirits who profess to

Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.

On the contrary, he saw about him an infinite deal of bad; and in what was bad he saw no good, and no means of turning it to good. He could see that there is, he saw perpetually overlooked, or turned to bad, by those who should apply and administer it. In a word, Lamb was anything but an optimist, except in respect of human character. In that he could always see the good, and could overlook the bad in favour of it.

I am afraid it will be thought that I am going more deeply into this question than the desultory nature of these recollections warrants, and especially in connection with the topic out of which it has incidentally arisen—a pot of porter! For I must not shelter myself under Lamb's example in this respect. He might be sublime over a roast pig, or pathetic over a chimney-sweeper, where others could scarcely hope to escape being false, ridiculous, or unintelligible.

To fulfil my object in alluding to the habit I have spoken of, I must return for a moment to the point from which I have so widely digressed. I have said that Lamb's beloved sister and friend always seemed to me uneasy whenever he left home with any visitor, to accompany him on his way; fearing, as she did, that her brother might make the presence of a friend an excuse, or a pretence (to himself, I mean, for to others he never sought or made one in his life—he was the very soul of sincerity and good faith) for indulging in that mild and genial stimulus which his mental temperament so indis pensably required, but which the extreme delicacy of his bodily system rendered a dangerous remedy, unless most carefully and abstemiously administered. And that very sluggishness and indifference, which rendered the application necessary, made the patient himself the last person in the world to judge, or even to care, as to the distant consequences of the application. But as I have said, or was about to say, Lamb's whole life was a willing sacrifice of love to the personal comfort and health of his sister; and if the sacrifice was not always submitted to with the best grace in the world, and the willing victim would sometimes seek to escape for a moment from the bonds of affection which held him,—what did this prove, but that the affection was deep and pure in proportion to the struggles it overcame? What are the “sacrifices” that nine-tenths of the world ask and receive credit for making, but a forced submission to restraints, in which, after a brief period, there is no restraint felt? Whereas, in Lamb's case, half the feelings and resolves of the latter part of his life were so many struggles between the demands of his brotherly love and duty, and that disposition to self-indulgence, and even selfishness in a refined and liberal sense, which were the leading tendencies of his character. And about them so far as related to any harm, I have not yet touched. But the temptations of social intercourse did not come too strongly in aid of their opponents. There were times and occasions when Lamb could not, or would not, resist the siren charms of that one extra cup which “is unblest, and its ingredient a devil.” But, as before, what did this prove but the almost superhuman self-denial which was the habit
of his life?—for, as regarded himself personally, he was careless of the consequences that might attend any imprudence of the kind referred to. He was not a person who expected to eat his cake and have it too. The present was his hour; it was worth to him (humanly speaking) a world of the past and an eternity of the future.

Is it expected that I shall apologise for dwelling so long and so minutely on a point of these Recollections, which may seem to the self-important wisdom of some, and the superfine delicacy of others, not of a nature to have been introduced at all? If so, my apology can be addressed to those only who have no claim to it; since they must not pretend to feel sufficient interest in the character of the individual I am referring to, to make these Recollections worth their perusal. But because they are so sensible and prudent and resolute and self-denying that they can feel no interest in the "fears of the brave and follies of the wise"—because they are so "virtuous" that "cakes and ale" are to be expunged from the accredited list of human enjoyments—it does not follow that the rest of the world may not like to see a true picture of a man of genius rather than a false one. As to the personal friends of Charles Lamb being more fastidious about his personal reputation, now he is dead, than they were when he was alive, it is what I for one of them cannot understand.

And to what, after all, does the sum of my disclosure on this point amount? Why, to this: that Lamb's exquisitely constituted frame and temperament—that bodily conformation on which the tone of his genius depended—could not repair the wear and tear of its movements and operations, and maintain itself in a healthful condition, without the occasional use of those remedial means (for such they are) which were at hand for the purpose; and yet, that ninety-nine times out of a hundred, he forewent those means rather than risk the comfort of another!

—That this other will be aggrieved or angry at my thus alluding to the subject, I have no fear. And for the false or overstrained delicacy of any body else, I have no respect. I have told, and will tell, nothing of Charles Lamb that I should have feared for himself to read—and with that limitation only (which virtually extends to her who was his other self), I shall proceed in my task of putting down what I knew, and felt, and thought of him.

Though the disposition of Lamb to sacrifice his own feelings and inclinations to those of other people in whom he took a personal interest, was infinitely more conspicuously exercised (as well it might be) in the case I have alluded to above than in any other, yet the disposition itself was an inherent feature of Lamb's character, and showed itself in numerous instances, the details of which would be full of interest and curiosity. A few of them I may allude to; and I do so the rather because the rare and almost more than mortal virtue which they display was shared in its utmost strength and beauty by her who has been left to mourn his loss, with a grief which must be so dreary and desolating, that it is impossible for those who can appreciate it to help exclaiming—

"Happy in my mind was he that died!"

At Islington, and afterwards at Enfield, they had a favourite servant—"Beckey." She was an excellent person in all respects; and not the worse that she had not the happiness of comprehending the difference between genius and common-sense,—between "an author" and an ordinary man. Accordingly, having a real regard for her master and mistress, she used not seldom to take the liberty of telling them "a bit of her mind," when they did anything "odd," or out of the common way. And as (to do them justice) their whole life and behaviour were as little commonplace as could well be, Beckey had plenty of occasions for the exercise of her imposed task, of instructing her master and mistress in the ways of the world! Beckey, too, had the advantage of previous experience in observing and treating the vagaries of extraordinary men; for she had lived for some years with Hazlitt before she went to the Lambes. The consequence was, that though, so far as I ever heard or observed, she was never wanting in any one particular of her duties and office, she was very apt to overstep them, and trench on those of her master and mistress. In performing the métier of housekeeping, the Lambes were something like an excellent person of my acquaintance, who, when a tradesman brings him home a pair of particularly well-fitting boots, or any other object perfectionsed in a manner that peculiarly takes his fancy, inquires the price, and if it happen to be at all within tradesman-like bounds, says, "No; I cannot give you that price, it is too little—I shall give you so and so;"—naming a third or fourth more than the sum demanded! Now, if the Lambes' baker, for example, had charged them (as, it is said, bakers will) a dozen loaves in the weekly bill, when they must
have known that they had eaten only half that number, the last thing they would have thought of was complaining of the overcharge. If they had not consumed the proper quantity to pay for the trouble of serving them, it was not the baker's fault; and the least they could do was to pay for it! Now this was a kind of logic utterly incomprehensible to Beckey, and she would not hear of it. Her master and mistress had a right to be as extravagant as they pleased; but they had no right to confound the distinctions between honesty and roguery, and it was what she could not permit. Nor must it be wondered at, if she failed to recognise and admit the intellectual pretensions of persons, who were evidently so behind the rest of the world, in the knowledge of these first rudiments of household duties.

Now, there are few of us who would not duly prize a domestic with wit and honesty enough to protect us from the consequences of our own carelessness or indifference. But where is there one who, like Lamb, without caring one farthing for the advantages he might gain by Beckey's blunt honesty, would not merely overlook, but be even pleased and amused by the ineffable air of superiority which she gave herself, on the strength of her superior genius for going the best way to market? The truth is, that Beckey used to take unwarrantable liberties, which every one who visited the Lambs must have observed; though scarcely any could have known, or even guessed at, her grounds for doing so. Yet I never heard a complaint or a harsh word uttered of her, much less to her; and I believe there was no inconvenience, privation, or expense, that they would not have put up with, rather than exchange her honest roughness for the servile civility of anybody else.

I remember a trifling incident, which showed the interest the Lambs took in the welfare of this young woman, whom no one else, had she persisted in treating them personally as she did the Lambs, would have kept in their house a week, though she had been the best servant in the world. Her father, an interesting and excellent old man, had, from his advancing years, been thrown out of his ordinary employment as a porter and warehouseman, and had no means of support but what his daughter could allow him. During this time he used to be constantly at the Lambs, and they had taken great trouble, and used every means, to get him into some situation; but in vain. At last (for it was quite at an early period of my acquaintance with them) they asked me if I could do anything for him,—having, as they said, teased and bored all their other and older friends without success. I happened to have the means of putting him into a comfortable situation almost immediately; and I doubt if this trifling service had not more merit in Lamb's eyes, and did not afford him more real pleasure in bringing it about, than any one of the many important acts of benefit that he had been the medium of performing, for those personal friends in whom he felt an interest.

At length Beckey left them, to be married; and I believe this circumstance, more than anything else, was the cause of their giving up house-keeping; which they did soon afterwards.

Another instance (so at least it always appeared to me) of the habitual disposition of Lamb to bend his own feelings, inclinations, and personal comforts to those of other people, occurred immediately after they left off house-keeping, and quit their cottage at Enfield Chase. They went to board and lodge at the house of a respectable couple in the same village, where they paid, for the plainest possible accommodation, almost sufficient to keep the whole family twice over; and where they were, nevertheless, expected to pay extravagantly for every extra cup of tea, or any other refreshment they might have occasion to offer to any friend coming to see them. Lamb soon found out the mistake he had made, and it was a source of extreme annoyance to him; so much so, that he often spoke of it to his friends, and in no very measured terms of reproach, at the mingled stupidity and meanness of the people who thus risked what he knew to be almost their whole means of support, in order to screw an extra shilling out of his easy temper. One fact I remember his telling me with great glee on this point, as a fine instance of the occasional blindness of Cupidity. Wordsworth and another friend had come down to see him, and had drunk tea; and in the next week's bill one of the extra "teas" was charged sixpence more than the amount agreed on. When Lamb inquired the reason of this, the reply was, that "the elderly gentleman [meaning Wordsworth] had taken such a quantity of sugar in his tea!"

Yet this sort of thing Lamb endured month after month for years, under the feeling, indeed under the express plea of—what was to become of the poor people if he left them? The Whigs did not plead harder for the "vested rights" of the Tory pension-list, than Lamb did for the claims of these people to live upon him, and affront him every now and then into the bargain, because they had once been permitted to begin to do so!
At the risk of being thought fanciful, and disposed to pry too curiously into the springs of thought and sentiment, I must venture to attribute to the fine humanity which I have sought to illustrate in the preceding anecdotes and remarks, another little story which might else be deemed too trifling for public notice. During the early part of my acquaintance with Lamb, when he lived at Ceda Brook Row, he had, staying on a visit with him, a large and very handsome dog, of a rather curious breed, belonging to Mr. Thomas Hood. The Lamb (albeit spinster and bachelor) were not addicted to "dumb creatures;" but this dog was an especial pet—(probably in virtue of his owner, who was a great favourite with them)—and he always accompanied Lamb on his long and rambling daily walks in the vicinity of that part of the metropolis. But what I wish to point out to the reader’s attention is, that during these interminable rambles,—heretofore pleasant in virtue of their profound loneliness and freedom as respected all companionship and restraint,—Lamb made himself a perfect slave to this dog—whose habits were of the most extravagantly errant nature, for, generally speaking, the creature was half-a-mile off from his companion, either before or behind, scouring the fields or roads in all directions, scamppering up or down "all manner of streets," and keeping Lamb in a perfect fever of irritation and annoyance; for he was afraid of losing the dog when it was out of sight, and yet could not persuade himself to keep it in sight for a moment by curbing its raving spirit. Dash (that was his name) knew Lamb's weakness on these particulars as well as he did himself, and took a due dog-like advantage of it. In the Regent's Park in particular, Dash had his master completely at his mercy; for the moment they got into the ring, he used to get through the pailing on to the green-ward, and disappear for a quarter or half an hour together,—knowing perfectly well that Lamb did not dare to move from the spot where he (Dash) had disappeared, till such time as he thought proper to show himself again. And they used to take this particular walk much oftener than they otherwise would, precisely because Dash liked it and Lamb did not.

I had often admired this dog; but was not a little astonished one day when Lamb and his sister came to dine with us at North End, (near Fulham) where we then lived, and brought Dash with them all the way on foot from Islington! The undertaking of the pig-driver that Leigh Hunt tells of so capital in the Companion, must have been nothing to this of the dear couple, in conducting Dash through London streets. It appeared, however, that they had not brought him out this time purely for his own delassement, but to ask me if I would have him, "if it were only out of charity," Miss Lamb said, half in joke, half earnest; "for if they kept him much longer he would be the death of Charles!"

I readily took charge of Dash (to be restored to his original master, Hood, in case of ill-behaviour and loss of favour), and I soon found, as I expected, that his wild and wilful ways were a pure imposition upon the easy temper of Lamb, and that as soon as he found himself in the hands of one who knew what dog-decorum was, he subsided into the best bred and best behaved of his species.

P.

(To be concluded in our next Number.)

LETTERS FROM A LATE ATTACHE.—No. VII.

After spending a fortnight at the Court of the late Queen Dowager of W——, and hearing, from those around me, much to excite my curiosity respecting the Odenwald, I took advantage of a week's leisure, and made a solitary excursion into the forest. The weather was delightful, and the romantic associations which sprang up at every step, seemed to wean my thoughts from this world of realities, and open for their exercise a new and enchanting region, where the soil was yet uncurst, and where its scanty inhabitants seemed to enjoy an enviable immunity from all those weightier cares which are the inheritance of their less insulated neighbours. I entered from the Bavarian frontier, and with no luggage save a sketch book, drawing apparatus, and a convenient change of summer apparel, threaded my way towards Westphalia. Nothing could exceed the enthusiastic delight with which I entered on my forest enterprise. Every thing became suddenly new, and eloquent, and seemed to inspire an energy, mental and bodily, which the inhabitant or wayfarer of the cultivated plain, can scarcely hope to experience. In my first day's excursion, I proposed to reach and reconnoitre that pile—the work of art or magic—of
which so much has been said, and so little is understood, and which the peasants cognominate the "Goblin-palace."

Towards noon, the ardour with which I commenced my undertaking, began to cool in proportion to the toil required in the numerous ascents I had to make, in order to seize on some prominent landmark for the direction of my steps; and I sat down under the shadow of an immense linden, whose roots drank vigour from a beautiful stream that gurgled through the long grass, and carried its unsullied tribute to the Neckar or the Maine. No part of the forest could have offered a fitter resting place. The deep green canopy of leaves, and the light breeze which played under the linden's boughs, dissipated all languor, and aided by the biscuit, and schwartzbrod, and an exhilarating beverage which my obliging landlord of the "White Bear" had stowed in my haversack, I made a primitive, if not a princely, banquet, and resting my head against the mossy boll, agreed to snatch half an hour's siesta, and then resume my march,—singing

"Tis sweet to sleep by the forest-stream
While the moon's thin rays are glowing;
"Tis sweet on its mossy marge to dream
Where the wild-wood rose is blooming;
"Tis sweet—"tis sweet—to the weary limb
Green Odin spread before thee—
With the forest breath for thy cradle hymn,
And its bright leaves whispering o'er thee!
"Tis sweet in the hunter's rest at noon
Neath the pine's gigantic stature,
To court repose where the violet blows
On the taintless lap of nature!
My world, the forest wailing wide,
Where the free and the fearless wander,
To start at morn to the hunter's horn
And rest where the streams meander.
With the summer leaves for my silken couch
And the bright blue heaven above me—
Oh! who would not be a Jäger like me—
And love but those that love me.

With these lines half said, half sung, I dropped into a sweet slumber, and must confess, that in all my experience of a dreamy life, I never enjoyed a succession of such enchanting visions, as under the linden tree in the forest of Odin. Like many others, however, who take too great pleasure in such luxuries, my siesta was most unseasonably prolonged; and when I started to my feet the bright sunshine with which I had gone to rest, was replaced by the last shadows of twilight, and I could hear the croak of the raven as he returned to roost, and the rustling of the deer as they sought the fountain, or more inviting pasture, and the groaning of the pines as they shook their tapering heads in the awakening breeze—all conspiring to sober romance down to reality, and convince me that night had overtaken me in the middle of my journey.

How to act was now a question that involved a night's comfort, or otherwise; and I hesitated some minutes whether I should proceed and prowl out the night with the other tenants of the forest, or take shelter in some one of the numerous hollow trunks, which, like sentry boxes stationed at intervals, presented themselves with offers of accommodation.

But as I felt little disposition to renew my slumber, and on the contrary, an impatience to proceed, not a little quickened by the disappointment, I hastily snatched up my haversack, and profiting by the chary light which still shot its partial glimpses on my path, moved on in meditative silence. There was no moon, but the stars masted in great force and brilliancy, and seemed to multiply as I went; and, save the sounds already noticed, the stillness of the scene was unbroken, and, to the contemplative mind, full of sublimity and nature's eloquence.

The glow-worm shone at frequent intervals in all its fairy lustre, sparkling amid the grass like a reflected star, and presenting a fit object to attract and detain the eye. The nightingale, too, had added her shrill note to the less classic, though more characteristic sounds which undulated through the forest solitude. Soothed and encouraged by this new and enchanting combination of song and scenery, I half forgot the situation and circumstances which had placed me as an outcast in a wild, inhospitable forest.

Hitherto the trees were not so dense or umbrageous, but a sufficient light stole through their foliage, to shew me the deer-track I was pursuing, and give a sort of decision to my movements. But having now reached a higher elevation, the character of the scenery was changed, and I entered a gloomy pine-forest, which, as I computed, lay between me and the village of Holtzenberg, where, on setting out, I had calculated on spending the night with the priest. My progress, however, was now considerably retarded by the additional shade of the pines, which met at the height of a hundred feet overhead, and rendered my steps vacillating and uncertain. Having once entered, I determined to continue in strict observance of the Saxon proverb, that, under such circumstances, it is always better to advance than retreat. Besides, the night was fast waxing, and morning would find me at the proposed halt. The ascent was rocky and rather steep, and in slowly doubling a ragged promontory, the dash of a cataract at no great distance broke on my ear; and, following a rough and irregular track, I found myself, in less than half an hour, on an isolated precipice, overlooking a profound
and foamy abyss, from which the startled imagination shrunk back in horror. Fully persuaded that, by a sort of instinctive accuracy, I had so far succeeded in my aim, I groped round the verge with equal caution and anxiety, to discover some connecting path by which I might be able to continue my route. But it was soon evident that here the path terminated for the present, and that the perilous arch which had once spanned the dark ravine, had been recently swept away by one of those hurricanes which in this wild territory so often shift the landmark, and give new channels to the stream.

The gloom which overhung this locality, greatly heightened by the chagrin which I felt at having my progress so formidably impeded, would have been a fitting subject for the pencil of Salvador, and no mean rival of his celebrated pass of the Abruzzi. Still partially doubting the evidence of my senses, and reluctant to trace my steps while there was the slightest probability of being able to cross this formidable chasm, I sat down upon a jutting rock to weigh the matter, and take my measures accordingly. Here a most unexpected and fresh embarrassment presented itself; for, in turning my eye to the path by which I came, I perceived, to my total surprise and discomfiture, that the pass was blocked up by a huge shaggy animal, which stood within a few yards, and with its glaring eyes—like a pointer on his game—intently fixed upon, and, as I supposed, devouring me by anticipation! I was completely fascinated, and had there even been the means of retreat, I do not think I could have stirred a foot. The nature of the animal it was impossible for me to ascertain, but its object was pretty apparent; and being totally unprepared for such a rencontre, I thought it among the ugliest customers I had ever met with, and would have freely given my purse to have had the ravine between us! The only offensive and defensive weapons in my possession were a pocket-knife and a sapling of Bavarian oak, which had lent me some support during the day, and would soon be called upon, as it appeared, for more. Whether in reality or in imagination I know not, but the savage continued to approach me, and increased in dimensions at every step. I could hear it whetting its tusks as preparatory to the fatal pounce upon its victim! Already I stood upon the extreme verge of the precipice, and felt that one step either way would seal my doom. No one will envy me the feelings of that moment, but they will give me credit for an expedient which suggested itself at the very crisis. I carried, after the manner of the Germans, a pocket apparatus for striking a light, and seizing it in a wild paroxysm of hope and apprehension, struck the flint with all my strength, received the spark in the tinder, and communicating this to some withered grass and leaves at my feet, produced a momentary blaze, from which the monster, to my unspeakable joy and deliverance, made a precipitate retreat. My self-congratulation, however, was premature; for no sooner had my transient flame (transient, of necessity, from the scantiness and preciosity of my fuel) waxed faint, than my shaggy guest again presented himself in the same point and attitude; and surely never was a poor devil more puzzled how to treat with an adversary than I was. Extremes, they say, suggest remedies; but the present was an exception. My first and last expedient being exhausted, it now appeared that nothing short of a special interference on the part of my guardian angel could snatch me from my perilous position. Here the slightest concession on my part was sure to hasten the catastrophe; for any attempts to avoid Scylla must whirle me into Charybdis. I stood literally between the devil and the Red Sea, not daring even to raise an imploring look to heaven, for my eye was immovably riveted upon the savage object that so completely and so painfully absorbed my mind. Memory in the meantime was busy, and many frightful fragments, that had slept from childhood, now presented themselves to my excited imagination, and fostered apprehension worse than death! What could courage avail me under such circumstances? To retreat were an act of suicide; while to advance, though it might present a semblance of intrepidity, would nevertheless be a voluntary surrender of life. There appeared, in short, but one alternative worthy of a christian, namely, to wait with what patience I could muster, and to obey whatever impulse the last extremity might suggest—and that could not by any means be protracted beyond a few minutes; for my only defence was the deadening embers from which I still contrived to elicit a faint glare of protection. These dimmed by rapid degrees, and finally died away. Not an instant was left me for reflection. The horrible beast made a cautious but determined step forward. I felt as if the cold blood exuded through my very pores; a violent palpitation—a whirling of the brain succeeded, and the next moment, as sometimes occurs under the last pressure of desperation, I was relieved by a sudden and most unaccountable return of self-
possession, when, I verily believe, I should have confronted a legion of devils undismayed. I have often attempted to explain this sudden transformation upon some intelligible principle; but never plausibly, nor to my own satisfaction. I only know that such was literally the case. Whether the moral and living principle foresew the result, and thus tranquillised the physical, is a question which, although it derives considerable strength from prior and subsequent observation, made or remembered in cases of extreme danger, can receive but a hazardous solution. In my present position, however, as concerned myself, one question was fully decided. Yet to be worried by a bear—to be conveyed piece-meal to regale her famished cubs in some dismal cave, were truly "horrid imaginings."

We were now within three yards at farthest, when the bear made a deadly plunge, and dashed—not upon, but past me—and at the same instant two forest bounds, or wolf dogs, rushed down the precipice, uttering that short, impatient growl which they usually send forth when disappointed or perplexed as to their own course or that of their game. On breathing more freely, my first and natural impulse was to unburthen my heart in a burst of grateful exclamation for this most timely and unexpected deliverance—the no less than apparent result of divine interference. Still my mind partially misgave me, and I had difficulty in reconciling my past with my present situation, so imminent was the danger, and so completely had it passed away.

I turned to the brink of the precipice, but could observe nothing save the white spray that fitfully relieved the darkness, and the agitated branches that overshadowed the eddying vortex.

The fate of my late antagonist was, as I trusted, deservedly sealed, for the path he had taken was assuredly that of destruction. This was as it should be. But the doom of my two intrepid deliverers—no less certain—distressed me exceedingly; and I kept an anxious watch for some minutes, in the vague hope that I might still gain some faint token of their existence. Whilst I stood in this mood of half expectation, half despondence, a shrill whistle startled the forest echoes, and was followed in a few seconds by the re-appearance of my canine friends, but both apparently exhausted or hurt, for they passed me limping, as if they answered the summons with much apparent pain or reluctance.

Not to give the bear an opportunity, should he arrive at a state of resuscitation, of again putting me in bodily fear, I followed the wolf-dogs with what speed I could muster, and in a few minutes was hailed by a group of hunters, who, after hearing my tale of hairbreadth escape, enjoyed it as an excellent joke, the recollection of which was likely to keep them in good humour for some days to come.

I partook with much relish of their forest fare, and as for the Dantziger-wasser, I shall ever bear most grateful testimony to its renovating virtues and potency. On further conversation with this forest band, my adventure lost much of its sublimity, when informed that the bear of which I had rendered so appalling an account was but a boar—a common wild-boar—proving that there is but a step from the sublime to the ludicrous.

DON MIGUEL’S LAST LEVEE.

’Twas o’er!—The sun in tears went down
Amid a nation’s woe,
And each hope was quench’d when his father’s crown
Was torn from yon kingly brow:
But oh! on all that sorrowing land
A deeper sadness fell,
As he stood ’mid his devoted band
To bid his last farewell!

Then met each ear the stifled sigh
From some youthful warrior’s breast,
And the aged hero’s glistening eye
A Monarch’s worth confess’d.
Then might the desolate moan be heard,
That from woman’s bosom broke,
As the pledge of faith, with the farewell word,
In those crowded halls awoke.
LAST DAYS OF DON MIGUEL IN PORTUGAL.

But who is she, to whose silent tread
No echoing sound replies,
With the robe of her mourning around her spread,
And despair in her tearless eyes?
As onward she moved every lip was still'd,
Through that awed and wondering throng,
And her low deep voice through her hearers thrill'd,
Like some wild funereal song!

"Lo! they are fled!—yet I am here,
The last of all my race!
But in mine eye there is no tear
A widow's grief to trace.
Though anguish deep hath scar'd this brow,
And furrow'd o'er this cheek—
'Tis past—and oh! it is not now
A mother's woe should speak.

"The husband of my youth is low—
The partner of mine age!
That narrow grave by Douro's flow
Is stamp'd on memory's page.
Yet mourned I not as those who deem
No joy can wake again,
For in our last-born I could dream
My hero lived again!

"Five blossoms at my side up-grew—
Like opening buds of spring;
But soon, alas! around them flew
Fell war's destroying wing.
Yes! one and all I laid them down—
Within their father's grave!
My life's last link—mine age's crown—
My gentle and my brave!

"I saw them fade—all—all, save one,
These blossoms of my pride!
Yet did my heart in triumph own,
'Twas for their King they died!"
But oh! that heart, that 'neath such blight,
Could thus all proudly swell,
Broke when, at Acesseira's fight,
My last and youngest fell!

"Yet,—peace! my soul!—Though lost to me
Are all I once could bring,
To lift the conquering brand for thee,
Their Leader, and their King,
No grief of mine thy brow shall cloud,
This farewell hour to mar;
Too soon shall glory's night enshroud
My country's guiding star!

"I do but come to pledge again
The fealty, vow'd of old,—
A vow that never passed in vain
Those lips now mute and cold!
Farewell!—And while the sacred name
Of a Hero's wife is mine,
Thy land my latest sigh shall claim,
My soul's last prayer be thine!"

ELEANOR LOUISA MONTAGU.
REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDESTINATED ROGUE.

No. VII.

"Having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in a rogue."

Winter's Tale.

Our hero, after the liberation of his brother, soon forgot his good resolutions, and quietly looked forward to the chance of one of those profitable adventures which he seemed to pursue with a religious devotion. Indeed it appeared to him, that in depriving others of their property, he was an instrument in the hands of Providence to chasten those rich reprobates who were among the non-elect, by depriving them of a portion of that which rendered them idolaters. He consequently considered that he was, as it were, acting in a spiritual vocation, when he took from them that which they misused and applying it to the holier purposes of increasing the earthly treasures of a sealed predestinarian. Nothing could exceed the quiet, philosophic urbanity, with which he reasoned upon the evidently accredited position he stood in, with relation to the community of which he was so active a member. He justified his hallucinations with a mild and persuasive logic, that carried perfect conviction to the mind of Burrows, and the family to which he had become socially united by a reciprocation of sentiments perfectly in accordance with the code of morals prescribed among that tribe of vagrants, with whom thieving is a cardinal accomplishment. Dillon was a gentle, courteous rogue, who gave a sort of sanction to knavery, by the intellectual and dexterous manner in which he pursued it.

As thistles wear the softest down,
To hide their prickles till they’re grown,
And then declare themselves, and tear
Whatever ventures to come near;
So a smooth knife does greater feats
Than one that nasty rails and threats,
And all the mischief that he meant,
Does, like a rattie-snake, prevent.

Though our hero had taken a lodging separate from the family at the chalk pit, he was nevertheless a daily visitor there, attracted solely, however, by the society of Phoebe, to whom he still rendered the aid of a preceptor. Cooper seemed to view his intimacy at length with something like displeasure, frequently evincing a degree of churlishness towards his rival, which made him perceive that it would be necessary to bring matters between himself and the beautiful gipsy to a speedy issue. He detested her affianced husband, more for the natural barbarity of his temperament, than for the rivalry that existed between them; and his disgust was confirmed by a specimen of practical brutality, to which he happened to be an eye-witness.

One morning, George Cooper brought an old horse to the chalk-pit, so thin, blind, and lame, that even the Hobgoblin, who was no novice in calculating advantages, and seldom failed to see where the balance was likely to turn, was altogether at a loss to conceive the purpose of saving such a poor fleshless carcass from the crows. The gipsy told, with a chuckle of savage delight, that as he was that morning passing through a field, he saw a farmer about to knock the old horse on the head, for the benefit of a neighbouring squire’s hounds, when he prevented this brute murder, as he called it, from being perpetrated, by tendering the farmer fifteen shillings, which the latter gladly accepted; thus saving the life of the wretched animal only to subject it to a ten-fold worse doom. The horse, old as it was, showed figure, bone, and blood, but was evidently worn out with age and ill-usage. Dillon was still puzzled to conceive what there was to be gained by the purchase of a broken down hack, blind, lame, and so miserably meagre, that every bone under its hide might have been regularly counted; and as it stood panting with the exertion of a tardy trot of two miles, its eyes fixed in their sockets, as if the motion of life had been withdrawn from them, its angular frame denoting disease and starvation,—one might have fancied that the poor brute’s skeleton had been regularly prepared by some veterinary Brooks for the museum of a society of comparative anatomists.

His strutting ribs on both sides show’d
Like furrows he himself had plough’d:
At spur of switch no more he skips
Or mended pace than Spaniard whistles;
And Caesar’s horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender hoof’d,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft.*

The purchaser—to the surprise of our hero, himself so cunning in the practices of manual deception, soon showed how quickly a lean horse may be rendered plump, and a blind one be made to see. With a dexterity that showed he was no novice in such novel

* Hudibras.
of it for eleven guineas to a waggoner, on his way to the Metropolis, the rustic fancying he should gain full half by his bargain in Smithfield market; but the horse's body was left on the road side just six miles from the scene of purchase.

This specimen of the deliberate, cold-hearted cruelty of young Cooper, combined with the disagreeable fact, that he was the plighted husband of Phoebe Burrows, excited in the mind of our hero feelings of inexpressible hostility towards him. Although Dillon saw no positive sin in taking by fraud from another, what he maintained to be the property of the community—as wealth, according to his philosophy, was a divine gift, and therefore not intended for the individual, but for the species,—he had, nevertheless, an utter abhorrence of wanton and unprovoked cruelty. And though these principles bore the hue and aspect of a coarse animal selfishness, yet it is certain that he maintained them with a dogged, but still earnest conviction of their equity. He had imbibed them from his infancy, and the Antinomian dogmas which he had received under the guardianship of Miss Biddy Mackinnon as the oracles of infallible truth, had tended to confirm his predilection to violate the laws, which he considered arbitrary restrictions, since those dogmas secured spiritual impunity to transgression; and he set it down as an incontrovertible axiom, that man could never be just in punishing what God did not visit with his chastisements. Such was the shallow sophistry behind which he hedged his delinquencies; and under this thin crust of theological logic, he screened himself from that obvious light of conviction to which he did not dare boldly to submit his reason. Thus, beneath the cloak of religion, he was guilty of the most flagrant offences, at the same time really fancying that this cloak was a positive spiritual protection against the displeasure of that Being, who is "of purer eyes than to behold iniquity," and therefore requires that they who would ascend to him for the rewards of the eternal inheritance which he has reserved for them that love him,—

Where the thirsty soul
May drink her fill, and taste the mighty all
Of knowledge unconfin'd, and love supreme
Divinely flowing in that sacred stream,
Where all is pure, and nature, perfect grown,
Can win new glorious worlds, and make their joys
her own*

should be "righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works."

* Tolson. Moral Emblems.
Plato has represented a disciple of Socrates as saying, "It is impossible, or at least very difficult, to know the truth in this life; one of these two things must be done—we must either learn the truth from others, or find it out ourselves. If both ways fail us, amidst all human reasons, we must fix upon the strongest and most forcible, and trust to that as to a ship whilst we pass through this stormy sea, and endeavour to avoid its shoals and tempests, till we discover one more sure, upon which we may happily accomplish the voyage of this life as in a vessel that is secure from danger."

Dillon seems to have acted intuitively upon this principle, for he knew nothing of the Greek philosopher; his grand rational ship being absolute predestination, full freighted with Autonomist impudence, and unconditional election.

The more our hero saw of George Cooper, the less he felt disposed to close with the conclusion that he was a desirable husband for Phoebe Burrows. The very thought of a sacrifice that would place a lovely and innocent girl under the tyranny of such an unfearing ruffian, set the whole mass of his blood in a tumult of agitation. He had felt for her a growing partiality from the first moment of his acquaintance with her, and this partiality had gradually matured into a feeling of intense and absorbing interest. He had moreover imagined that she did not look upon him with indifference, and under this impression he was determined to set the matter at rest by marrying the beautiful gipsy girl without further delay. He did not calculate impediments, summing up in his own mind the different qualifications of himself and his rival, and striking a balance immensely in his own favour. A doubt never for a moment suggested itself to his mind of Phoebe's ready acquiescence in his proposal, and of her leaving her affianced bridegroom to seek another sweetheart. He had however sadly miscalculated the principles, if not the feelings, of her who he imagined could so readily cancel the bond of a solemn pledge and throw herself into the arms of another, in direct violation of truth and of a most sacred obligation.

Phoebe Burrows, notwithstanding the state of social degradation in which she had been brought up, was endowed by nature with such a keen perception of moral good and evil, that the deformity of the latter could not escape her view, and she surveyed it with so microscopic a scrutiny from having it constantly presented to her in its most revolting array, that the elements of good shone before her with a brilliancy immensely enhanced by the contrast; and thus it happened that the very circumstances which have an almost unfailing tendency to render the generality of young unprotected creatures like herself the more hardened in depravity, supplied her with a panoply against its influence which protected her from its most fatal shafts, and thus secured her from becoming its victim. It is true she had not that moral sensitiveness which would have governed her feelings under the dominance of a higher domestic condition, but the seeds were within her, and only required a suitable aspect for their culture and growth to ripen into fragrance and bloom into beauty.

Dillon took the earliest opportunity, after he had made up his mind definitively to become allied with the beautiful gipsy, of declaring himself, and he unreservedly asked her if she did not think she could be happy with him for life.

"I think I might, James," she replied, with quiet earnestness of manner, "but"—and she paused, as if the remaining part of the sentence, like Macbeth's amen, stuck in her throat.

"What do you mean by 'but'?” asked Dillon, eagerly, as if he had not anticipated the introduction of that equivocal conjunction; "surely there can be no impediment unless you really have a preference elsewhere, and then, to be sure, 'tis quite another thing; but I've a clear thousand pounds in the funds, and am likelier to be worth more than less. What do you say, Phoebe, to taking a voyage with me for life on a calm sea and in a vessel fresh rigged and full freighted?"

"I am plighted, Dillon, to George Cooper, and therefore 'tis impossible. I am sure you would be the first to despise me if I were to break my word."

"Can I believe my ears? You cannot be determined to marry such a gross ruffian."

"If he really be a ruffian, the greater my misfortune, for he is the ascendant star in my horoscope, and I must henceforth borrow my light from his, as the cold melancholy moon, that never shines but when the world slumbers, borrows hers from the sun, which not only gives light but life to all nature."

"But your words do not seem to indicate much spontaneous love on your part, and you surely can't think you are destined to marry against your own wishes?"

"My grandmother and father have settled that it is to be so, and I have nothing to do but submit."
REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDESTINATED ROGUE.

"What! can't you make your own choice?"
"I am not permitted to have a choice on the subject; their will must be my law."
"Nay, that's a folly; it is not to be entertained for a moment by a free spirit and a true woman's heart. Hear me, Phoebe; I love thee with all the fervency of an affection intense and pure as the love of angels. I have fancied that I am not altogether indifferent to you, and entertain some assurance, if I can read the language of human eyes and understand the impressio of human hearts, that you have no affection for this George Cooper; why then should you throw yourself away upon a fellow who knows not how to value you, and thus render miserable one who really appreciates and adores you."

Phoebe heaved a sigh; it was deep, and her eyes were sunned with a tear. "Come, come," continued Dillon, "say that you will discard this brute."
"Alas!" said Phoebe, mournfully, "you seem to be ignorant that gipsies do not marry out of their tribe. So sacred is the custom that I believe it has never been violated."
"Then be you the first to show a good example, and snap asunder fetters as inglorious as they are enslaving."
"Impossible!"
"Why?"
"Because I should be an outcast from my race."
"Which would be emancipation from the most odious thraldom."
"I cannot—I dare not consent."
"You refuse me then?"
"I do, I must; I have no choice."
"Then henceforth, Phoebe, we must be as strangers." Saying this, with a heart full to bursting, but subdued by the strong reaction of mortified pride, Dillon rushed from the presence of her whose image dwelt within him like a kindred and associated spirit, while a tear fell from her eye as she witnessed his emotion, an eloquent token of the influence he really had over those sympathies of her woman's nature, which constitute the whole sum and essence of love.

Dillon was determined henceforward to think no more of the beautiful gipsy, and thus to verify the dictum of the poet*:

Our hearts are paper, beauty is the pen
Which writes our loves and blots them out again.

But it is one thing to determine and another to accomplish. He waited impatiently for the time when he should lay his head on his pillow, and there steep his senses in forgetfulness.

* Sir Charles Sedley.

CONGENIAL NIGHT! beneath thy placid reign
What trembling thoughts he breathed, what sorrows told!
Sealed lips, that dared not to the sun complain,
In thy lone ear the secret heart unfold!
To him who bears the crown or wears the chain—
Sovereign or slave—thou glittering path unrolled
Brings equal boon, so doth bring the best
Of all heaven's gifts to mortal longings—rest!"

The Hobgoblin did not find the repose he sought; his thoughts were thorns in his pillow, his disappointment a potion of bitterness. He was exceedingly annoyed at his rejection, as he had not at all calculated that his declaration of love would terminate in such a mortifying result. He felt a degree of humiliation that seemed to weigh him to the dust, and his affections were so deeply wounded, that in the momentary agony of disappointed love he vowed never again to cross the path of her who had so deeply abased him. The memory of the gipsy girl was like a bright lens in his soul, that magnified her beauties with a power so potent as almost to absorb his spirit in their blaze, whenever he dared trust himself to trace them through the prism of a rapt imagination, that invested them with hues of transcendent brightness and of the most attractive purity. His affection had been gradually ripening from the daily opportunity he had in teaching her, of tracing the rich texture of her mind as it unfolded itself in the progress of her knowledge. Notwithstanding his repulse, he felt satisfied that Cooper was not the object of her heart's selection; but he knew how rigidly the tribe to which Phoebe belonged adhered to the custom of never marrying out of their own community, and this knowledge became at once a conviction and an agony.

For several days our hero did not visit the domestic circle at the chalk-pit; nevertheless, with painful interest he watched, at a distance and unobserved, the progress of his rival's courtship, if it might be so called. He learned from the gipsy children, whom he daily saw, that Cooper frequently treated the girl of his capricious choice with a harshness offensive even to her parents, who were not over fastidious on this point, and his jealousy had been evidently roused by the close connexion which had apparently so long subsisted between her and her father's guest.

This was the first unhappy portion of Dillon's life. He loved intensely, and his disappointment was equal to the intensity of his affection. He might truly have addressed the object of it in the beautiful words of Cowley—

Thou robb'st my days of business and delights,
Of sleep thou robb'st my nights;

* See the Heliotrope, page 32, a poem of rare beauty.
Ah, lovely thief! what wilt thou do?
What! rob me of heaven too?
Thou even my prayers dost steal from me,
And I, with wild idolatry,
Begin to God, and end them all to thee.

Not long after the Hobgoblin’s rejection
by the lovely gipsey, as he was walking one
afternoon about dusk near the bank of a
stream that took its course through a valley
terminating the common, he heard voices at
a short distance, and being intercepted from
the view of the speakers by a clump of alder
trees that grew upon the margin of the brook,
he approached stealthily upon them without
being observed, feeling confident that the
interlocutors were those who were perfect
antipodes to each other in his estimation.
When sufficiently near to distinguish the
tenor of their conversation, after a short pause
he heard Phoebe’s voice distinctly expostu-
lating with her affianced tyrant, who it was
evident had been charging her as having
indulged in too great familiarity with Dillon,
which suspicion she repelled in the language
of eloquent indignation.

“Nay,” said she, “Cooper, had I wished
to have been united by a closer tie than
merely friendship to him whom you choose to
look upon as your rival, I might have done
it without much seeking, for he offered to
marry me, and I am afraid I have rejected
him for one much less deserving of my affec-
tions.”

“Curse thee!—take him if thou thinkest
him more worthy; thou art not the only wench
that’s worth having. George Cooper never
yet found a girl coy when he was willing.
I know thou hast a partiality for this pale-
faced patterer of prayers and retailer of grave
sayings. He’s made thee wise, hasn’t he?
But a bushel of woman’s wit is about as valu-
able a commodity as a purse made out of a
swan’s ear. Go to thy minion, harlot,” con-
tinued the savage, fiercely elevating his voice,
and at the same time imprecating a harsh curse
upon the innocent girl, which made our hero’s
blood boil within him. The tender tone in
which Phoebe had mentioned his name, and
her apparent expression of regret at having
rejected him, renewed for a moment all the
impetuousity of his passion, and he could
scarcely retain his concealment.

The motions of the earth or sun
(The Lord knows which) that turn and run,
Are both perfum’d by fits and starts,
And so are those of lover’s hearts,
Which, though they keep no even pace,
Move true and constant to one place.

Dillon listened with breathless impatience
to the conversation between Cooper and Phoebe.
Burrows, when he heard the latter say, in a
tone of quiet but resolved indignation—

“After so cowardly an insult I shall con-
sider myself released from my engagement.
I will never marry thee, Cooper, if there’s not
another man to be found in the world. Heaven
help the unhappy wretch that should be
link’d to such a ruffian.”

“Ruffian!” roared the enraged gipsey, and
instantly after Dillon heard a blow from his
clenched fist which made every nerve to qui-
ver within him. He rushed from his hiding
place and saw the beautiful girl reel back-
wards, and to his utter consternation fall from
the bank of the stream into the water. Spring-
ing forward, he delivered a blow with all his
strength on Cooper’s temple that sent him
headlong after his victim. The Hobgoblin
lost not a moment, but pursued his course
along the bank of the brook, the current of
which being swollen by the winter rains,
was extremely rapid and deep. It happened
fortunately for Cooper that the root of an
alder tree which projected from the bank
was within his grasp just as he rose to the
surface. This he seized, and it was the
means of securing his escape from that fate
to the hazard of which he had so brutally
subjected another. Meanwhile Dillon, fol-
lowing for a few moments the course of the
stream, plunged into it just as he perceived
the object of his anxiety rise for the second
time, and was hurried rapidly onward by the
current. He however contrived to seize Phoebe
by her dress, held her firmly, and exerted his
most strenuous efforts to gain the opposite
bank. He swam well, but the force of the
water was so great that he was carried down
the stream with irresistible impetus. He did
his utmost to get clear of the whirling
eddies, which every now and then
drew him and his lovely burthen beneath
the agitated flood, but in vain. He was
borne onward in spite of his most desperate
struggles; still he managed to keep himself
and his charge above the hissing waters.
Phoebe clung to him with an earnestness that
greatly aggravated the danger; he neverthe-
less contrived to maintain his presence
of mind, keeping his legs and one arm free, so
as to enable him to breast the torrent with
tolerable success. He frequently heard the
gurgling of the water in Phoebe’s throat, as
she was occasionally immersed in his strug-
gles to gain the bank; and the effort with
which every inspiration was made after swal-
lowing so unwelcome and copious a potation,
alarmed him for the safety of her whose life
he valued at this moment far more dearly
than his own. He spoke to her as well as he
could, bidding her be of good courage; but
the immersions were now so constantly re-
peated, that she was either afraid or unable to reply. She did not for a moment lose her self-possession, but threw her wet tresses from her forehead as she arose with the occasional swell of the water, relaxing the tenacity of her hold whenever she found that Dillon was encumbered, and catching with resolute energy at every twig which drooped from the bank and offered the feeblest chance of staying their impetuous career. Her courage seemed to rise with her danger, and she occasionally gave a faint smile of acquiescence, though she did not speak, when Dillon endeavoured to encourage her. Her admirable resolution imparted additional strength to his, and he redoubled his efforts to get out of the rush of the current. He was however by this time becoming exhausted; his chest heaved, he gasped, the water rushed into his throat, and he felt himself rapidly sinking, when a tree which had been uprooted on the rivulet’s brink, and hung over the stream, happily arrested his progress. He seized one of its branches, with an enfeebled though firm grasp, and soon got rid of his lovely burden. Phoebe, though much bruised by the blow she had received from Cooper, and weakened by her exertions, soon contrived to secure herself upon the trunk of the tree, and to gain the bank. A cry of joy burst from her lips as she once more placed her feet upon the firm earth, but this sudden emotion of delight was soon quelled as she turned her head towards her deliverer.

Unluckily for Dillon, the branch of the tree proved a false stay: the shock of the fall had split it from the trunk, and it only adhered by a few feeble fibres. No sooner, therefore, was he released from the charge of her for whom he had so generously perilled his life, than, while he was in the act of pulling himself towards the bank, the treacherous bough suddenly gave way, and he was again drawn back into the eddy, which whirled him onward with the greater impetuosity, in consequence of the partial interruption to its course. He was now spun round and round with more frightful velocity than before, and his peril, in consequence, greatly increased. He saw no chance of escape. All his energies, now very much reduced by his former exertions, were employed to no purpose. He was continually forced under the water, and could scarcely keep himself upon the surface a sufficient time to breathe. He at length resigned himself to the will of heaven. His senses were gradually deserting him, and his chest was painfully distended with the turbid flood. Every now and then the shrieks of the affrighted Phoebe met his ear, and gave a momentary impulse to his struggles for life; but the inexorable waters at length shut out the sound, and he heard nothing but their rush and roar as they bore him irresistibly onward. It was a critical moment; but, as he afterwards confessed, he never once gave himself up for lost. He imagined that the purpose of his destiny was not yet accomplished, and it therefore struck like a faint beam of hope upon his waning senses, that he should still live to see the sun rise in his strength and set in his glory, that he should still enjoy the pleasures of a protracted existence—so firm a hold had the anchor of his creed taken upon his tenacious mind.

He had now ceased to struggle, and yielded himself entirely to the impulse of the stream: still he did not sink, though he was at intervals of every half-a-dozen moments sucked down by the impetuosity of the current. He invariably rose to the surface, after having swallowed a muddy potation, much against his will. At length his head suddenly struck against something, and he became insensible. Upon recovering, he perceived that he was lying on the bank of the rivulet, and Phoebe hanging over him with an expression of the most tender and earnest anxiety. Supposing him dead she had mourned loud and bitterly. Her heart swelled with bursting agony as she looked on the pallid form before her, and her grief had all the intense eloquence of a true and fervid passion.

"Ye shades, and wanton winds, and rushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparingly looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamel’d eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honey’d showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers,
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freight with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laurel hearse where Lycid lies*.”

The moment the Hobgoblin unclosed his heavy eye-lids, and the bright orbs beneath them gave signs of consciousness, Phoebe uttered a slight hurried scream, and threw herself passionately into his arms. This sudden burst of emotion soon roused him from his lethargy. It was no less sudden than unexpected; but our hero, when he had regained the full possession of his senses, imputed it rather to that earnest sympathy which woman displays in all situations where her emotions are challenged by great and

* Lycidas.
B E F O R E  T H E  D R A W I N G  R O O M.

B Y  T H O M A S  H A Y N E S  B A Y L E Y.

I must be presented to-day, Lady Susan,
   I must be presented to-day,
I must be presented, or what will my cousin
   The Bride, Lady Mackintosh, say!
She married a man who was knighted last season
   For carrying up an address;
If she's a great Lady, you'll own there's no reason,
   My Lady, why I should be less!
I must be presented to-day, Lady Susan,
   I must be presented to-day.

Now pray, Lady Susan, don't say that you're poorly,
   'Tis plain that you wish to withdraw;
You married my brother, and I've a right, surely,
   To go with my sister-in-law!
And though you consider us vulgar relations,
   Some proper repayment there'll be
For Brother Bob's diamond and pearl presentations,
   In this presentation of me.
I must be presented to-day, Lady Susan,
   I must be presented to-day.

Look at me, my Lady,—‘tis silly to quarrel,
   You'll own that I'm fit to be seen;
My yellow silk petticoat loop'd up with laurel,
   (So elegant, yellow and green!)
My train of blue satin! (judiciously chosen,
   'Twill make a pelisse in the Spring,)
And then my red feathers! I'm sure, Lady Susan,
   I must be remarked by the King.
I must be presented to-day, Lady Susan,
   I must be presented to-day.

A train may look very magnificent, flowing
   Behind one in folds, I dare say,
But as for a hoop! Oh I could not bear going
   To Court in that round-about way!
My lappets! nice lace!—what's the use now of buying
   Three yards?—it is quite a take-in;
And why did you laugh when you saw I was tying
   Them gracefully under my chin?
I must be presented to-day, Lady Susan,
   I must be presented to-day.

And what's to be done when I stand in the presence?
   Pray tell—I rely upon you;
Must I civilly say, as I make my obeisance,
   "Your Majesty, how do you do?"
To be kiss'd by the King! Lady Susan, assist me,
   I shall not be fit to be seen!
What! kiss me in public! Oh! when he has kissed me,
   I sha'n't dare to look at the Queen!
I must be presented to-day, Lady Susan,
   I will be presented to-day.
THE PAWNBROKER’S LODGER.—No. 5.

It is long since I have been so angry as I was this morning—and no wonder. Miss Kitty might well say, man is born to trouble! To have the Celerity upset—a thing that never happened before—upset, too, in a black dismal ditch—and to make matters worse, the door of the hind-boot flying open, so that all the small parcels (my parcel for the Court Magazine among the rest) were lost in the mud—it was too bad! Such a droll story, too, as it was:—of an old man who advertised for a wife, and the advertisement was answered by one as eager for matrimony, I take it, as he was.—only, unluckily, it turned out to be his own sister.

“What am I to do, Miss Kitty?” said I, quite provoked. “What will all the ladies think, if they haven’t one of my stories, as usual, this month? I don’t mind for myself, but I don’t want to disappoint them; and I write so slowly, I could never get another ready in time.—What am I to do?”

She considered for a moment, then was off like a lapwing, and soon came back with a great roll of papers. “Father Dockwray’s, Sir,” said she; “you know he died here, poor young man! because he would fast in spite of his doctors; and he was always a scribbling. One day, when he was laid up in bed, never to rise from it again, poor fellow!—for he was as meek as a saint! I wanted a bit of paper to light his fire, and he pointed to that very chest of drawers, Mr. Townsend—(it has had new handles, since, though)—and told me I might take all that I found there—but when I saw how neatly they were written, I did not light fires with them, be sure, and have kept them by me ever since. Perhaps some of them will do; though, to be sure, they can’t be as funny as your own.” How sly of Miss Kitty, never to have mentioned them before!

I looked into the roll, and have picked out one—the shortest—to send instead of my poor lost story. I cannot say I have read it—the hand is so crabb’d. Miss Kitty says he used to shake like a paralytic person all the time he was writing. It may be something very Popish, and indiscreet for aught I know; but I could not disappoint the editor—and the ladies, I hope, after this little preface, won’t mistake it for mine.

The Visions of Father Zecharias.

It chanced, on a red March evening, in the year of our Lord 1506, that two monks were standing together in the burial ground belonging to the Dominican monastery at Berne, of whom the one was the Father Zecharias, and the other Francis Vetschi, the sub-prior of the aforesaid convent; of whose strange and unblessed doings, it may be, that some have heard.

“And yet,” said the Father Zecharias, in continuation of their discourse, “I profess that I am troubled at heart about the estate of those poor souls in Purgatory.”

“Trouble not thyself, Brother Zecharias; are they not in a better estate than the one in which thou wast awhile ago—living amid the sins and allurements of this world? If they be punished there, it is only for a time, and they will presently be released.”

“But how know we that this punishment is but for a time?—and where lieth the region of purgatory in which they abide?” asked Zecharias.

“It is well, Brother, that I am tender with thee, else I should denounce thee to our superior as a holder of heretical and unwholesome doubts. Till now—and I have been many years in this house, was I never before inquired of, where the doleful land of Purgatory lieth, though it may be——”

“It may be,” cried Zecharias, eagerly, “that you know—is that not what you would say?”

“And if I did, what would it profit thee?”

“Ah! little, unless I could go therewith and see for myself,” sighed the new-made monk, “whether some dear friends of mine be there, and whether they be grievously or lightly punished. Dear Father, you have a mighty renown in this place for subtlety and learning: know you not of any means whereby my desire might peradventure be accomplished?” And Zecharias fell eagerly upon his knee, and looked up imploringly in the face of the other.

“This inquiring spirit of thine, my son,” replied the sub-prior, with a half-smile, “will lead thee into trouble one of these days.”

“And yet, Father, you must yourself like-
wise have inquired eagerly to have gotten so much wisdom."

"In that thou art right, my son, and I am tempted to instruct thee because I perceive that thou art modest as well as fervent, and dost honour to the learned. But this matter is one of grave handling. Come therefore to my cell an hour after midnight; we will speak of these things more fully, and it may prove to thy satisfaction." On this they parted.

Now, you must know, that many pious men hold that this sub-prior, this Francis Vetschi, who performed so notable a part in these and after proceedings in the same religious house, was none other than an evil spirit, permitted, because of their unbelief and cunning, to tempt the fathers to their ruin. But of course the earnest Father Zecharias knew not this. He reverenced this man above all the others because he was deeply learned, and willing to discourse with him on all manner of awful and momentous things—such as the blessedness of heaven, the sufferings of the damned, the nature of angels, and the like; and the young monk, who had exchanged a life of licence and adventure for the cowl and the rosary, found nothing so effectual to efface a few longings for the pleasures of the world as the contemplation of these and other such mysteries.

The night was utterly silent and dark. The clouds hung so low that you could almost feel their oppression. Father Zecharias sat alone in his cell, impatiently expecting the summons of the clock, and remembering former times, when he had lingered in his sumptuous chamber watching the fingers of the time-piece till they should point the hour which was to lead him to the Lady Angelina's feet. Ah! it was for the peace of her soul that he had so often scourged himself before the high altar at midnight; it was for her alone that he sought to penetrate into the place of the soul of the dead. It was from grief for her loss that he had quitted the world in disgust, and taken shelter in the cloister. It was to her he prayed when he knelt at night and morning. It was with the echo of her rich Southern voice that the choir seemed to speak to him in its music. Now, when the clock struck one, he extinguished his lamp, and stole out to the appointed place. As he passed the corner of the cloister, the sound of the organ and the voices of a few choristers, assembled at that dead hour to sing a requiem for some departed brother, faintly reached his ear, seeming as it were to warn him back from pursuing the adventure. But his burning curiosity was not to be stifled, and with the sigh of a thirsty miser when he sees afar off a rich treasure, he passed on and was soon in the sub-prior's cell.

That subtle and wicked man (or fiend) was bending over an old grim-looking roll of parchment, and reading so intently by the weak flame of his lamp, that he did not look up when the young monk stood beside him; and, as he read, his lips moved without ceasing, pressing out from between them strange heavenish sounding words, the like to which Zecharias had never heard before. Still the "Miserere" of the choir made its way to his ear; he closed the door sharply to shut it out. Then the sub-prior, closing his book, motioned Zecharias to come and sit beside him.

"Art thou here, Brother Zecharias," said he, "in purpose of heart to fulfil thy daring inquiries?"

"I am, sir," replied the young man, his heart leaping within him as he spoke.

"I have been consulting many curious books for thy satisfaction," returned the sub-prior, "and I have discovered—but, first, art thou trustworthy?"

"I am of the best blood in Florence, as you know," was Father Zecharias' eager answer.

"Thou shalt swear," replied the sub-prior, with a sneer.

"And wherefore? Is there guilt in what I am about to partake of?"

"I have done," replied the other, carelessly. "I only grieve for the trouble I have taken in rummaging over my musty shelves, since, when the fullest gratification awaits thy desires"—he looked him keenly in the face as he spoke—"thou hasten back in such a strange and lukewarm fashion. I have done. Benedicite, Brother Zecharias, and good night."

"Nay, but—"

"Nay, but I will have my cell to myself," rejoined the sub-prior, angrily. It required much submission and entreaty to bring him again into a complaisant mood. Father Zecharias declared that he would gladly take whatever oath was required.

This prescribed oath, such as by no means would befit a Christian page, was taken, not without a shudder. "To the work at once," said the sub-prior, now as alert as he had a while before been languid and constrained. "Follow me," and, as he spoke, he pushed aside a part of an old dark press, and disclosing the door of an inner chamber, bade Zecharias enter.
This cell, the existence whereof was a secret to the common brethren, was a small square room, lined—roof, walls, and floor—with soft dark cloth, like the torture chamber of some dungeon. It was lighted from the roof, from which hung a lamp burning with a feeble, reddish flame. A strange picture occupied the entire of one side; the subject was some demon agony. A vast multitude of naked and ferocious figures were dancing or wrestling, or it might be fighting, in the full blaze of a lurid light, so intense that it gave a clearness and transparency to their forms. Their countenances were grotesque and hideous, their limbs strong and distorted. And in the midst of this infernal rout was laid upon an altar their victim, bound hand and foot—a girl of great youth and beauty, robed entirely in a long white garment; her attitude like theirs who sleep the sleep of death. Above, in the midst of the deep red gloom which roofed this wild and wicked scene, was the shadow of a gigantic head, so drawn out, that no feature or expression was to be discerned; and underneath, a large tablet inscribed with barbarous looking characters. Zecharias was so busy gazing on this strange picture, that he did not notice the many implements of magic, which were the only other furniture of the chamber.

Meanwhile, the sub-prior was busying himself over a certain altar or table that stood underneath the lamp, on which was placed a bowl of dark porphyry full of some unknown liquid, whence first began to arise a sulphurous vapour, and then a small white flame. Vetschi bent over this reverentially, and once or twice bowed himself before it, as before the real Corpus Christi, all the while muttering rapidly some formula, which grew stronger as the flame waxed brighter.

"Come hither, Brother Zecharias," cried he, suddenly pausing.

The youth obeyed, and stood beside him.

"I must have a drop of blood from your arm." Zecharias had no power to resist, and the sub-prior nimbly slipped back his sleeve, and wounding a vein slightly with a dagger, which hitherto had laid across the bowl, pressed thence a few drops into the flame. Immediately a dull heavy sound of feet was heard, as it were straight beneath them, and so mighty that the chamber rocked therewith. When Father Zecharias turned away from the cauldron, which was now flaming fiercely upwards, there was a third person with them in the chamber.

This last comer appeared a short and strong man, clad in a curious garment of brown felt, with a bonnet on his head of the same, a belt of black leather round his waist, and thick club of knotted wood under his arm. His face was half covered with glistening black hair, and was otherwise of a deep brown hue. His mouth was closed and still; his eyes were round, of the colour of jet, and gleamed exceedingly; and he seemed more like unto the statue of an idol than a creature endowed with will and motion.

"It is my servant," said the sub-prior; "thou wilt go with him, brother Zecharias, and he will show thee all that is in thy heart."

The young monk trembled, but it was now too late.

"See," continued Vetschi, "that thou neither speak, nor stir from the place he shall point out to thee, and he shall conduct thee again to this spot in safety. If thou disobey mine orders, on thine own head lie the awful peril of thy folly!" He then spake some words in the same unknown tongue as before to the figure, who answered only by bowing his head. "Follow him, brother Zecharias, and peace be with thee." These last words were spoken in a tone of bitter mockery.

But of this Zecharias took no heed, for the dark minister of the sub-prior grasped his wrist sharply, and pointed to the trap-door whereby the young monk thought he had entered the chamber, and from which were seen descending steps lost in the lower darkness. Zecharias, as passive as a child, could not choose but accompany him, and they went swiftly, stealthily downward, deeper and yet deeper (the demon still speaking no word), till the youth began to wonder where they should stop; and but for the burning grasp which guided him through the thick and insome darkness, would have thought his present adventure none other than a dream.

At length the floor became level, and the passage wider, as it seemed, and loftier, as a sound of going and of whispering was heard high in the space overhead, and fierce blasts of wind seemed to rush past them at every moment, and tongues of fire to glance upon them and then pass by. They marched forward, the familiar still holding Father Zecharias with firm grasp, until they came, as it were, to the door of an immense vault, so high that the eye could not discern the roof, and so wide that the lights upon the walls appeared no larger than stars, albeit near at hand they were each of them as large as the massy flame of a furnace. The floor was a pavement of tombstones of every date and
century, and inscribed with the writing of every people under the sun. There were none else in this spacious chamber but themselves, nor any sound to be heard save a low and melancholy wail of lamentation, which arose from the pavement wherever they came, and when they had passed died away again in dreary silence. The demon led Zecharias hither and thither, ever and anon pointing to the stones upon which they trod, and the monk as often shook his head mournfully. They passed into a second chamber, no smaller than the first, but there likewise was no record of what he sought so eagerly; into a third, and the fitful sound of mourning still marshalled them. At last, and Zecharias thought its melancholy tone grew sadder and stronger the while, they came to a freshly carved tablet of oval shape, and on it was written:

**ANGELINA,**
**ONLY DAUGHTER OF COUNT MARLI,**
**AGED TWENTY YEARS.**

Here Zecharias would have cried out aloud, when his stern guide grasped his wrist more violently than before, and laid the forefinger of his own other hand upon his lips; and nodded, as if to say, "Sought you not this?" Zecharias looked pitifully in his face, and made no other answer.

Then the demon motioned to Zecharias that he should stand aside from the stone, and he stooped and raised it; and behold! underneath it was a key:—and the demon took up the key, and led Zecharias forth out of the chamber.

They were soon again, as before, in a close passage, but not, as before, in darkness, for a pale, sickly, gleaming light showed them countless doors, as of prison cells, on this side and on the other;—and Zecharias' heart grew faint with fear to hearken to the cries of anguish and entreaty which came from within. On a sudden his guide plucked him by the garment, and they stood close against the wall. A loud footstep approached them, and the warden of these prisons strode past them through the twilight; so dim was it that Zecharias saw not how he was clad, or how great was his stature, but his step was like the thunder when it drops from cloud to cloud; and in one hand he bore a spear, and a heavy fauchon hung at his thigh. As he passed, the prisoners in the cells called upon his name, that he would let them come forth, and that their torments might be assuaged; but he went on his way, and stopped not. So also Zecharias and the demon passed on, until they came to a door engraved like the tomb from which they had taken the key.

Now Zecharias' heart beat high, and his knees smote together, when the demon turned the key in the locks, of which there were six,—and he thought every moment a year till the fastenings were all undone, and he might go in and see his lady. Again the guide put his finger on his lips. The sixth lock gave way, and the two entered the place where the Lady Angelina lay.

O, how small and dismal was it!—how different from the pleasant bower in her own palace at Florence! She lay, wrapt as in her grave clothes, upon a low pallet, on which she was bound with large chains. Her head reclined upon one white arm, her feet were bare. Who may tell the distress of her face? Her eyes were sunk and dead, and had run tears till their fount was dry. Her cheeks were white and hollow, and she ceased not to sigh sadly, "Alas! and why am I here?"

On a sudden she perceived Zecharias standing motionless and distressed in the doorway of her dungeon of captivity. She cried out aloud—alas! that she could not break her chain and run to him—"Giovanni! O my Giovanni! do I see you indeed? Have you come to share my punishment, who were the cause of my sin?"

The words cut him to the heart no less with remorse than grief, but his hand was held firmly by his swarthy guide, and he remembered his awful oath.

"You will not then speak to me, Giovanni," cried the Lady Angelina, passionately; "is this the last and hardest trial? Or is it only an appearance—or indeed you yourself? O speak to me! You loved me once! you know you loved me!" But Zecharias was yet silent, and his companion began with impatience to pull him nearer the door.

"Giovanni!" cried his lady once more, in a yet more piercing voice, "will you not deliver me? Will you not do thus much for your own poor Angelina? Weary nights and days have passed since I have lain here, and have suffered—It is coming now! Giovanni, for mercy's sake deliver me!"

While she yet spoke, a hissing sound was heard in a far corner of her prison, and, behold! a large serpent began to uncoil itself and crease out its dark head towards the place where the maiden lay, and soon it was close beside her. The familiar gave Father Zecharias another peremptory summons—he was rooted to the spot. The serpent ere long raised itself upon its speckled rings, and creeping round behind her, still lifting its large slimy head, coil upon coil, presently towered high above her. Gio-
vanni struggled convulsively to free himself from the demon, and even while he thought his gripe began to wax fainter, the serpent cast itself forward over her shoulder, and greedily threw itself upon her white bosom. The youth could bear no more. "In God's name, foul spirit," cried he, rushing violently forward, "let go thy hold!" As he spoke, a hideous laugh burst from his companion, who straightway departed; the foul serpent also, affrighted, drew itself away hastily, and the lady's head was once more lying upon her lover's breast. But ere he could take one kiss of those lips, whose sweetness he had loved better than his salvation, or speak one cheerful word in her ear, a mighty peal of thunder broke over their heads, and there came a strong blast of wind, and with it flames of fire; and the maiden was caught suddenly out of his arms, and he saw her no more. When the rushing of the whirlwind, and the sound of the thunder and of those fierce eager flames had ceased, and the Father Zecharias could look abroad, behold! he was laid upon the floor of his own cell.

* * * * *

Now came eventide, and the sun shone pleasantly upon the monastery of Berne and into the cell of Father Zecharias, who was laid upon his bed sick to death. All that day he had lain like one in a trance, but, towards the hour when the dew falls, he revived a little and sate up, and spoke as he had been wont to speak. And he called for the prior, and confessed himself to the same, and prayed that the brethren would carry him forth and lay him upon the steps of the high altar, that he might die there if it was the Lord's will that he should die. And they lifted him up, and bare him into the chapel upon his bed, and laid him down before the great altar. And hour by hour he grew still fainter, and they prayed over him and sang hymns; and the physician poured the strongest cordials down his throat as if they had been water. It availed not—he was dying fast, and he spoke to no one nor would answer questions, but lay looking upward with an anguished look, and beating his breast; only when the sub-prior stood beside him he lifted up his head, and cried exceedingly loud, "Away, thou false Satan!"

"Ye see, my brethren," said that cunning man, "how hardly our brother is wrestling with his adversary." And from this time they prayed yet more fervently.

Towards midnight, when some were beginning to fail because of sleep, great fear fell upon them, and they gathered themselves closely together a stone's throw from where he lay, to see what might befal him. And when the hour struck, a shadow like a deep black cloud seemed to darken the flame of the tapers, and to rest heavily upon the dying man; and a voice came from the cloud, saying: "HE IS MINE!" And when the cloud had passed away, they found that Father Zecharias was dead*.

* It will be remembered that the Dominican Monastery at Berne was the scene of some of the most strange and appalling proceedings which ever disgraced the pages of Church history, and in which the sub-prior, alluded to in the legend, was a prominent actor.

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VILLAGE CHORISTERS*.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE USURER'S DAUGHTER."

A pig in a string is a troublesome article to manage, two pigs in a string are more troublesome still, to a degree, perhaps, in proportion to the squares of their distances—a ram in a haller is also proverbial for obstinacy,—mules are celebrated for their pertinacity, and donkeys for their stupidity; but all the pigs, rams, mules, and asses in the world, put together, would be more easily managed than a company of singers in a village church. About four miles from Loppington there is a village called Snatcham. The living is but small, and the rector resides and performs his duty without the aid of a curate. You cannot imagine a milder and more gentle creature than this excellent clergyman. He is quite a picture, either for pen or pencil. He is not more than five feet four inches in height, somewhat stout, but not very robust; he is nearly seventy years of age—perhaps quite by this time; his hair, what little is left of it, is as white as silver; his face is free from all wrinkles either of care or age; his voice is slender, but musical with meekness. The practical principle of his demeanor has always been—anything for a quiet life. He would not speak a harsh word, or think an unkind thought to or of any human being; but he is now and then tempted to think that when the

* From a work now in the press, entitled "Provincial Sketches."
apostle Paul recommended the Christians to live peaceably with all men, he put in the saving clause "if possible," with particular reference to village choristers. Snatcham choir issaid to be the best in the county; such, at least, is the opinion of the choristers themselves;—and he must be a bold man who should say to the contrary. They are no doubt very sincere when they say that they never heard any better than themselves; for, to judge from their singing, one would not imagine that they had ever heard any one else. Snatcham church does not boast an organ, and it is well it does not; for if it did, the whole choir would insist upon playing on it all at once; but instead of an organ it has a band of music, which has been gradually increasing for some years past. It commenced, about thirty-five years ago, with a pitch-pipe, which was presently superseded by a flute. It was soon found, however, that the dulce notes of a single flute were quite lost amid the chaos of sounds produced by the vocal efforts of the choir, so a second flute was added by way of reinforcement; but all the flutes in the world would be no match for the double bass voice of Martin Grubb the Snatcham butcher, under whose burly weight and burly-burly notes the whole music-gallery trembled and shook. To give pungency to the instrumental department, therefore, a hautboy was added; but the vocalist felt it a point of honour to outscram the instruments, and the miscellaneous voice of James Gripe, the miller's son, who sang tenor, treble, or counter-tenor, just as it happened, was put into requisition for extra duty to match the hautboy. James Gripe could sing very loud; but the louder he sang, the more you heard that kind of noise that is produced by singing through a comb. It used to be said of him that he sang as if he had studied music in a mill during a high wind. To the two flutes and the hautboy were added two clarionets, because two of Gripe's younger brothers were growing up, and had a fancy for music. Young Grubb, the son of the butcher, began soon to exhibit musical talents, and accompanied his father at home on the violoncello, which instrument, with the leave of the rector, was added to the church band in a very short time,—a time too short, I believe, for the perfection of the performance.

The rector, dear good man, never refused his leave to anything, especially to what the singers asked; they might have had leave to introduce a waggon and eight horses if they had asked; but still the rector did not like it, and every time he was called upon to christen a child for one of his parishioners, he trembled lest the young one should have a turn for music, and introduce into the gallery some new musical abomination. It was next discovered that only one bass to so many treble instruments was not fair play, so to the violoncello was added a bassoon, and to the bassoon a serpent. What next?—nothing more at present; but if the movement party retains its ascendency, triangles and kettle-drums may be expected. The present state of Snatcham choir is as follows. In the first place there is Martin Grubb, the butcher, a stout robust man of about fifty years of age, having a round head and a red face, with strong, straight, thick brownish grey hair, combed over his forehead, and reaching to his very eyebrows. He is the oldest, the wealthiest, and the most influential man in the choir. He sings bass, and is said to be the life and soul of the party, though there are no great symptoms of life and soul in his face, which is about as full of expression as a bullock's liver. Then there is young Martin Grubb, who is a bit of a dandy, with black curling hair, and whiskers of the same pattern, pale face, thin lips, long chin, and short nose; his instrument is the violoncello. James Gripe is leader of the treble voices, with occasional digressions, as above noticed. And, in addition to the two younger Gripes, Absalom and Peter, who play the two clarionets, there are Onesiphorus Bang, the shoemaker, who plays the first flute; Issachar Crack, a rival shoemaker, who plays the second flute; Cornelius Pike, the tobacco-pipe maker, who plays the bassoon; Alexander Rodolpho Crabbe, the baker, who plays the hautboy; Gregory Plush, the tailor, who plays the serpent, together with divers others, men, boys, and girls, who make up the whole band.

This renowned choir has for a long time considered itself the ne plus ultra of the musical profession, and consequently equal to the performance of any music that was ever composed. The old fashioned psalm tunes are therefore all banished from Snatcham church, to the great grief of the worthy rector, whose own voice is almost put out of tune by hearing Sternhold and Hopkins sung to the tunes of "Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish," and such-like Vauxhall and Sadler's Wells music. The members of the choir too, like other political bodies, have not much peace within unless they have war without. If any attack be made upon their privileges they stick together like a swarm of
bees; but at other times they are almost always at loggerheads one with another. Old Martin Grubb wields a precarious sceptre, for James Gripe is mightily tenacious of his rights, and resists, tooth and nail, the introduction or too frequent use of those tunes which superbound with bass solos. Grubb and Gripe, by way of an attempt at compromising the matter, have latterly been in the habit of taking it by turns to choose the tunes; and their alternate choice puts one very much in mind of the fable of the fox and the stork, who invited one another to dinner, the fox preparing a flat dish, of which the stork could not avail himself, and the stork in return serving up dinner in a long-necked bottle, too narrow to admit the fox's head. When James Gripe chooses the tune, he flourishes away in tenor and treble solos, leaving the butcher as mute as a fish; but when the choice devolves on Martin Grubb, he pays off old scores by a selection of those compositions which most abound in bass solos. And in such cases it not unfrequently happens that Martin, in the delighted consciousness of a triumph over his tenor, treble, and counter-tenor rival, growls and roars with such thundering exultation, that the gallery quivers beneath him, while his son saws away at his violoncello as though he would cut it in half from very ecstasy. Cornelius Pike and Gregory Plush also spend as much breath as they can spare, and perhaps a little more than they can spare conveniently, in filling the vast cavities of their respective serpent and bassoon.

All this disturbs and distresses the feelings of the worthy pastor, who thinks it possible, and feels it desirable, that public devotion should be conducted with a little less noise. It appears, indeed, and no doubt the choristers one and all think so, that Snatcham church and Sternhold and Hopkins's psalms were all made to show forth the marvellous talents of the Snatcham choristers. They think that all the people who attend there come merely for the music, and that the prayers and the sermon have no other use or object than just to afford the singers and other musicians time to take breath, and to give them an opportunity of looking over and arranging their books for the next outbreak of musical noise. So little attention do the Snatcham choristers pay to any other part of the service than that in which themselves are concerned, that during the whole course of the prayers, and in all the sermon time they are whispering to one another, and conning over their music books, sometimes almost audibly buzzing out some musical passage, which seems to require elucidation peradventure to some novice; and Master Grubb the younger is so delighted with his violoncello, that he keeps hugging the musical monster with as much fondness and grace as a bear hugs its cub, and every now and then, in pleasing anticipation of some coming beauties, or in rapturous recollection of some by-gone graces, he tickles the sonorous strings with his clumsy fingers, bringing forth whis- pers of musical cadences loud enough to wake the drowsy and to disturb the attentive part of the congregation. And then the good rector casts up to the music-gallery a look, not of reproof, but of expostulation, and thereupon Master Grubb slips his hands down by his sides, and turns his eyes up to the ceiling, as if wondering where the sound could possibly come from.

The supplicatory looks of the music-baited clergyman are on these occasions quite touching and most mutely eloquent: they seem to say—'Pray spare me a little;—suffer me to address my flock. I do not interrupt your music with my preaching, why should you interrupt my preaching with your music? My sermons are not very long, why will not you hear them out? I encroach not on your province, why will you encroach on mine? Let me, I pray you, finish my days on earth as pastor of this flock, and do not altogether fiddle me out of the church.' But the hearts of the "village musicians" are as hard as the nether millstone; they have no more bowels than a bassoon, no more brains than a kettle drum.

Another grievance is, that these Snatcham choristers have a most intense and villainous provincialism of utterance: it is bad enough in speaking, but in singing they make it ten times worse; for they dilate, expand, and exaggerate their cacophony, till it becomes almost ludicrous to those who are not accustomed to it. The more excited they are, whether it be by joy or anger, the more loudly they sing, the more broadly they blare out their provincial intonations; and it is very seldom indeed that they ascend their gallery without some stimulus or other of this nature. If they be all united together in the bonds of unity and good-will; if Martin Grubb have suspended his jealousy of Gripe, and if Gripe no longer look with envy and hatred upon Grubb; if some new tune be in preparation whereby to astonish and enrapture the parishioners; if there be in the arrangement tenors and trebles enough to satisfy the ambition of Gripe, and bass...
for though his ears are relieved from one half of the ordinary musical inflection, yet he is mentally conscious that evil thoughts are cherished in the breasts of the silent ones, that they who sing are not praising God in their songs, and that they who sing not are not praising him by their silence.

But the climax of the abominations of the Snatcham choristers I have yet to record, and I hope that by their follies other choirs, if there be any so absurd, will take warning. It has been already said that this celebrated Snatcham choir made it a great point to obtain leave from their rector for all the abominations and absurdities which they were accustomed to inflict upon the parish under the guise of music; but the arrogant importunity of their solicitation was such that they seemed to bid defiance to refusal, so that their asking leave was after the fashion of the beggar in Gil Blas, who held his musket in the direction of the donor’s head. At a large town in the county in which Snatcham is situated there had been a musical festival, the directors of which, in order to give eclat to their advertisements, had used all manner of means to swell the number of the performers. For this purpose they had sought every hedge and ditch, and highway and byway in the county, to pick up every individual who had the slightest pretension whatever to musical talent. In such a search, of course the Snatcham choir could not by any possibility be overlooked. They were accordingly retained for the choruses, in consequence of which they underwent much musical drilling; nor were they a little pleased at the honour thus thrust upon them. They of course distinguished themselves, though I must say that the wisest thing chorus singers can do is not to distinguish themselves; but the Snatcham choir, it is said, actually did distinguish themselves, especially in the Hallelujah Chorus, and so fascinated were they with that chorus, and their own distinguished manner of singing it, that they resolved unanimously to perform it at Snatcham church. This was had enough; but this was not the worst, for nothing would serve them but they would have it, of all days in the year, on Good Friday!

On the evening of the day before, the whole body of the choristers, vocal and instrumental, went up to the rectory, and demanded an audience of their worthy pastor. The good man trembled at their approach, and his heart sank within him at the announcement that they had something very particular to say to him. He thought of
harp, flute, psaltery, dulcimer, sackbut, and all kinds of music, and his ears tingly with apprehension of some new enormity about to be added to the choir, in shape of some heathenish instrument. It was a ludicrous sight, and enough to make the pastor laugh, had he been at all disposed to merriment, to see the whole choir seated in his parlour, and occupying, after a fashion, every chair in the room; for if they were never harmonious in anything else, they were perfectly harmonious as to their mode of sitting: they were all precisely in the same attitude, and that attitude was—sitting on the very outward edge of the chair, with their hats carefully held between their knees, their mouths wide open, and their eyes fixed upon vacancy. At the entrance of the clergyman they all rose, bowed with simultaneous politeness, and looked towards Martin Grubb as their mouth-piece. Martin Grubb, with his broad heavy hand, smoothed his locks over his forehead, and said—'Hem!'

"Well, Mr. Grubb," replied the rector, "you and your friends, I understand, have something particular to say to me."

"Why yes, Sir," said Mr. Grubb, "we are called upon you by way of deputation like, just to say a word or two about singing; and for the matter of that, we have been practising a prettyish bit of music out of Handel, what they sung at the musical festival, called the Hallelujah Chorus; and as our choir sung it so well at the festival as to draw all eyes upon us, we have been thinking, Sir, with your leave, if you please, and if you have no objection, that we should just like to sing it at church."

"At church?"

"Yes, Sir, if you please, at church to-morrow. The Hallelujah Chorus you know, Sir, being part of the Messiah, we thought it would be particular appropriate; and we are all perfect in our parts, and there's two or three chaps out of the next parish that are coming over to Snatcham to see their friends, and they'll help us you know, Sir, and everything is quite ready and rehearsed and all that; and we hope, Sir, you won't have no objection, because we can never do it so proper as with them additional voices what's coming to-morrow, and there will be such lots of people come to church on purpose to hear us, that they will be all so disappointed if we don't sing it."

Here James Gripe, somewhat jealous of his rival's eloquence, and taking advantage of Martin's pausing for a moment to recover breath, stepped forward, saying—'No, Sir, we hope you won't refuse us your leave, because all the people so calculate upon hearing it, that they will go away in dudgeon if so be as they are disappointed, and mayhap they will never come to church again, but go among the methodishes or some of them outlandish sexes; and it would be a pity to overthrow the established church just for the matter of a stave or two of music."

The rector sighed deeply but not audibly, and replied, saying, in a tone of mild expostulation—'But to-morrow, my friends, is Good Friday, a day of extraordinary solemnity, and scarcely admitting even the most solemn music in its service.'

"Exactly so," interrupted Martin Grubb, "that's the very thing I say, Sir, and therefore the Hallelujah Chorus is the most peculiar appropriate: it's one of the most solemn things I ever heard,—it's quite awful and grand—enough to make the hair of one's head stand upright with sublimity."

"'Tis indeed, Sir," added James Gripe, "you may take my word for it, Sir."

"Perhaps," returned Martin Grubb, "your reverence never heard it; now if so be as you never heard it, mayhap you don't know nothing about it, in which case we can, if you please, with your permission, sing you a little bit of it, just to give you an idea of the thing."

The poor persecuted pastor looked round upon his tormentors in blank amazement, and saw them with their ruthless mouths wide open, and ready to inflict upon him the utmost penalty of their awful voices. In tremulous tones the worthy man exclaimed, "No, no, no, pray don't—pray don't—don't trouble yourselves—I beg you will not. I know the piece of music to which you refer, and I think if you could perform it on any other day than Good Friday—"

Singers are a peculiarly irritable class of persons, and the slightest opposition or contradiction irritates and disturbs them, so that at the very moment that the rector uttered a sentence at all interfering with their will, they all surrounded him with clamorous and sulky importunity, and set to work with all diligence to demolish his objections.

"Please, Sir," said Martin Grubb, shaking his big head with a look of dogged wilfulness, "I don't see how it's to be done. The Hallelujah Chorus requires a lot of extra voices what isn't to be got every day; and if we tells them chaps as is coming over to-morrow to help us, that we don't want their help, they may take it, and never come over to Snatcham again."
But perhaps," the pastor meekly replied, "they may assist you in the grave and sober singing of some serious and well-known psalms in which all the congregation may unite."

On hearing this, the broad-faced butcher expanded his features into a contemptuous sort of a grin, and said—"Come, now, that is a good one, as if regular scientific singers would come all the way to Snatcham just to sing old psalm tunes!"

Mr. Gripe also said—"He! He! He!"

"He! He! He!" is a very conclusive kind of argument; and so the rector of Snatcham felt it to be, for he could not answer it, nor refute it, nor evade it. He looked this way and that way, up to the ceiling and down to the floor, towards Mr. Gripe and towards Mr. Grubb; but neither ceiling nor floor, nor Gripe nor Grubb, afforded him any relief from his painful embarrassment. The exulting singers saw that he was posed, and that now was the time to push home their victory, and overwhelm the rector by their united importunities. So they all crowded round him at once, and almost all at once began to assail him with such a torrent of reasons and argumentation that he had not a word to say for himself.

"Please, Sir," said Onesiphorus Bang, "I haven't got nothing else ready to play."

"Nor I neither," said Issachar Crack.

"Please, Sir," said Alexander Rodolphe Crabbe, "we never like to do nothing without your leave, and we hope you won't compel us to do so now. My wife says she'll never come to church again, if the Hallelujah Chorus is not performed to-morrow."

"And I declare," said Gregory Plush, "that for my part I never wish to touch the serpent again, if we mayn't do that piece of music."

Absolem and Peter Gripe also said the same as touching the clarionets; and James Gripe then looked at the rector with a quaintly interrogative aspect, which, without uttering a word, seemed to say—"There, Sir, what will you do without Absolem and Peter's clarionets? Now, for his own part, the worthy pastor would have been glad to get rid of the whole clamour of their music, for these choristers were always at loggerheads either with one another, or with all the rest of the parish.

The rector, thus overwhelmed with argument and eloquence, with pathos and importunity, found himself compelled to yield, which he did with the worst grace imaginable. Away went the choristers, rejoicing in the triumph of music, and full of glee at the thought of the wonderful figure they should cut on the morrow, when, assisted by the "chaps from the next village," they astonished the natives with the Hallelujah Chorus.

That night neither the singers nor the rector slept: the former were kept awake by the anticipation of musical glory, and the latter was made restless by the dread of musical absurdity. Good Friday came—the whole village looked more like a scene of festivity than of fasting. The "chaps from the next village," as Martin Grubb called them, were as gay as so many larks: there was such a display of blue coats and yellow buttons as never was seen before. The singing gallery was full to suffocation, and the church itself was crowded. The squire of the parish was present, and his family also were with him, and the singers were so happy that they could hardly contain themselves. They did not mind the prayers: they had heard them before, and did not think them half so well worth hearing as the Hallelujah Chorus. There was such a rustling of leaves of music books, and such a buzz of whispering voices, that the worthy rector could hardly be heard. The choristers had arranged that the Hallelujah Chorus should be sung immediately before the sermon, and they thought that the prayers would never be over: they were as impatient as a young horse in harness.

At length the prayers were finished, and the merciless choristers let loose upon the congregation to inflict whatever musical torture they pleased. Away they burst with relentless and resistless fury. There was such scraping, and blowing, and roaring, and growling, and screaming, as never was heard; the powers of every voice, and of every instrument were exerted to the utmost of their capability;—there was such an infinite variety of articulation of Hallelowya, Halleluyear, Allylugar, and Ahmen, and Aimen, and Ameen, that none but the initiated could form a guess what the singers were about. The patient and afflicted rector sat still in the pulpit, waiting till the storm should be over: he knew that it could not last for ever, and that they must soon sing themselves hoarse or out of breath. There is an Irish proverb which says "Single misfortunes never come alone." This was verified in the present case; for a misunderstanding occurred, which produced a double infliction of the music. Messrs. Grubb, Gripe, Crabbe, Bang, Crack, and their friends, when performing at the cathedral, had observed that one or two parts
of the performance had been encored by a signal from his Grace the Duke of ——, who was present as patron, and this signal consisted of the silent waving or lifting up of a white pocket-handkerchief. Now, unfortunately, just as the band was bringing its mighty performance to a close, the squire of the parish most innocently drew his handkerchief out of his pocket; but happening to draw it forth with a peculiar grace, or with what Mr. Grubb and his friends thought a peculiar grace, they were most graciously pleased to take it for granted that it must be a signal for a repetition of the chorus, and therefore, just at the moment when the good rector was pleasing himself with the thought that the absurd display was over, they all burst forth again with renewed vigour. He thought that they were absolutely mad; he looked; he sighed; he shook his head; but he was only answered by Halleluyear, Alllyuger: and when they had finished the second time, he was half afraid that they would begin again, and sing it the third time. When the service was over, the good man took the liberty to hint to his musical parishioners that he thought they had performed a work of supererogation in performing the chorus twice. They themselves felt that they had somewhat encroached, but they laid the blame upon the squire, whose slightest wish, they thought, should be obeyed. The squire was very sorry when he found what mischief he had inadvertently done, and promised that he would take care, in future, not to pull out his handkerchief again in singing time.

CONVERSATIONS IN PURGATORY.—No. IV.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

Sir William Temple, Swift, and Pitt.

Temple.—I rejoice to address a modern statesman of your celebrity.

Pitt.—I am equally delighted to hear the conversation of Sir William Temple.

Temple.—Mighty changes have occurred in public affairs since I left the earth.

Pitt.—And even since my departure.

Temple.—Burke clearly foretold all the consequences of New Whiggism.

Pitt.—Certainly: but he was too flowery.

Temple.—Not flowery, Mr. Pitt, if I understand the word! Flowery implies excess of ornament.

Swift.—I would have had plainer words.

Temple.—Yes, Swift; your taste and mine generally differed a good deal.

Swift.—With due respect, I hope, Sir William.

Temple.—But with a sour countenance.

Pitt.—I think Burke would have done better if he had not let out his aristocratical notions quite so warmly.

Temple.—Men will judge differently of these things according to their own tempemments.

Pitt.—We must address the public after its own fashion—and not the fashion of the addresser.

Temple.—This is a very doubtful doctrine, and supposes that the populace ought not to be led.

Swift.—I am told that I led the public by my plainness; not by high-flown language.

Temple.—Your taste was rather hard.

Pitt.—Principals and manners cannot stand still, when the stream of Time is rolling on with force, Sir William: it will carry with it some of its banks, and some of its bottom.

Temple.—Yet Whiggism, I think, had gone far enough in my days.

Pitt.—Circumstances changed; and the school in which I was brought up differed from yours.

Temple.—I am aware of it. Your illustrious father, Lord Chatham, had to fight a different battle.

Pitt.—He had to fight against the whole aristocracy—whig and tory.

Temple.—He broke them by his great and vigorous genius. In his individual case this was good, but its future effects were dangerous.

Pitt.—I never entertained much respect for any aristocracy but that of talent.

Temple.—Do you not think that the aris-
tocracy which brought about the Revolution of 1688, was good.

PITT.—Yes: but when they afterwards compacted themselves together to monopolise place and power, and thought it presumption in any one, whose family they deemed less ancient and less wealthy than their own, however highly he was gifted by intellect and acquirements, to break in upon their ranks—then they became noxious and insufferable.

TEMPLE.—They might, in particular cases, carry this a little too far; but generally they were a useful control both on the Crown and the People.

PITT.—My father broke down this phalanx.

TEMPLE.—He did: but whom did he let in? — The Tories. From the entrance of Lord Bute, we may trace the American War, the French Revolution, the enormous debt under which England groans even to the point of death, and all the disturbances of Europe.

PITT.—You are rather severe in your deductions, and place upon my father a very heavy responsibility. Lord Bute's entry into power was totally independent of the effects of my father's political career.

TEMPLE.—I think the whig aristocracy would have kept out Lord Bute, if Lord Chatham had not weakened them.

PITT.—They are but remote, subtle, and shadowy speculations, which I never had much leisure to dwell upon. The business of the day before me was more than I had time and strength to manage. I took parties as I found them at the date of my early entrance into power. I found the whigs in close ranks attempting again what they had attempted against my father; and I resolved, like him, to put myself in the forlorn hope, and attack them once more. They had with them the greater part of the property, as well as the rank and historical influence of the country; and, what was still more, they had almost all the talent and genius. But in their overweening self-confidence, they grasped at too much, and lost their balance—they fell with a mighty crash! A new power had sprung up, of which they did not sufficiently weigh the political strength—the commercial power! We are all creatures of circumstances: it was a tide that lifted me up, and I rode upon its waves! Because I opposed this mighty conspiracy of whigs, I was called a tory! Now, a tory is for unlimited kingly power: no one will say that this was my case. Tories stickle for ancient rank and hereditary influence: this was not my case! I am even accused of a preferring parvenus; and I was obliged, in some degree, to resort to such men, when it was to the commercial body that I owed my power. I found that the high-born and titled scions would not do my work, nor bow to my influence. I wanted unity in my plans, and all to be directed by one movement; a divusim imperium would not do for me! I resolved to cleanse the Augean stable, and purify all the offices. I chose, therefore, men from secondary classes—not too proud to labour; and who, having much to gain from me, would be subservient to my views. Such men I brought into notice, wealth, and rank; and I changed the face of society.

TEMPLE.—You did exactly so; and the consequences of that line of conduct have been such as you had no conception of, and probably would still wish to be blind to. Many of the barriers of society, which are called prejudices, have resulted from deep and unerring experience. Their effects are not seen upon a superficial view; and the accidental political circumstances in which you were born, aided you in overlooking them. But when you came to conflict with the principles of the French Revolution, they took much of your ground from under you. It was some time before you could see in prospect the mischiefs of the storm that was brewing; and you never, to the last, entered heartily into Burke's reasonings and views.

PITT.—Sir William, Burke had been a whig, and now he turned tory.—I was neither.

TEMPLE.—You fall into the vulgar error there! Burke's opposition to the French anarchy was the true consequence of all the political principles he had professed through life.

PITT.—I never could relish those imaginative and highly coloured feelings which he indulged.

TEMPLE.—To speak frankly, you had not had time sufficiently to cultivate literature, and nature had not given you your father's imagination and warmth, though it gave you his courage, and decision, and patriotic desires.

PITT.—I derived from my mother's family the love of the dry details of business.

TEMPLE.—To that family I had myself a remote alliance, but no congeniality of taste or pursuits.

PITT.—As in your present state, you have become acquainted with what is passing above, give me your opinion, whether in the present age the condition of the English people is improved or deteriorated?
CONVERSATIONS IN PURGATORY.

TEMPLE.—Greatly deteriorated! The national debt alone is sufficient cause for that.

PITT.—It began in your time.

TEMPLE.—True. The false policy ought to have been seen in the beginning, for the bad consequences are quite as certain as in the case of individuals; but it is the excess, the enormous addition of the last half century, which has demonstrated its ruinous results.

PITT.—I gave much of my mind to finance, and I long had the credit of an excellent financial minister.

TEMPLE.—Some things you did well: the effect was the extension of credit, and the temporary prosperity of agriculture and commerce.

SWIFT.—I have taken little part in this conversation; for my patron, Sir William, knows that, coming to him in my youth, when he was high, and I in an humble station, I was always afraid of him.

PITT.—I have not had time to read your history and writings, Dr. Swift. I was too much taken up with public business. I had no leisure for literature.

TEMPLE.—Many complain of your encouragement of paper money, Mr. Pitt. I do not complain of that. I complain that you grounded upon it a profuseness in the public expenditure, and an idea that the national wealth had no limits; whereas, the wealth that is withdrawn from the productive to the non-productive classes must come to a stop, and, in the meantime, does more mischief than good. The due distribution of wealth is of as much consequence as its amount, and taxation generally draws it into wrong channels. It has made almost all the property of the nation change hands, and contributed to do that which your father did, by his individual genius—to overthrow the Whig aristocracy!

PITT.—I have not brought my mind to think that a great evil! I did not love that phalanx any more than my father; and I do not agree with you on the effect of taxation upon the productive classes. I have been all for the productive classes; and for this reason, among others, I have had little respect for the whig aristocracy. I would not encourage idleness and luxury; and therefore, the taxation that draws their wealth from them may make them more useful members of society.

TEMPLE.—I perceive that you consider the owners of rent non-productive, and think that this profit would be better in the hands of fundholders. This is a strange misapprehension. What classes are so non-productive, idle, and luxurious, as the fundholders? All taxation finally falls on the land, by adding to its costs, and diminishing the surplus. This increases the cost of all other things, of which the price must proportionally rise, so as to bear the same profits as before. But rent stands on a different basis from profits, and is diminished by the whole amount of the increase of costs. This is not the current doctrine; but I think I could clearly demonstrate it, were this the opportunity.

PITT.—I have not understood this debatable question in the same light. I had most the ear of the monied and commercial interests, and confess that I most listened to them: they had most acuteness, readiness, and pliancy. But the agriculturists, if not their landlords, were also mainly with me; for the effects of my financial system were to throw capital into the hands of the cultivators, and this put the yeomanry in the best humour with me.

TEMPLE.—You did not look far enough: some of this prosperity was of a temporary nature; even the profusion of government expenditure gave a momentary stimulus both to agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. But it was the funding system which sowed the fatal poison. If the revenue had been raised from the produce of the year, and only in proportion to the increased annual wealth, the ultimate evils would not have been the same. At the same time, it is but justice to you to say, that, by an opposite conduct on the part of your successors, many of these evils might have been checked, instead of having been augmented and aggravated tenfold, as they have been. To borrow in a profuse currency, and then to pay in a stinted one, is a sort of insane folly, for which no terms of reprehension are sufficiently strong. I give you credit for this, that, if you had lived, your sagacity would soon have seen to what evils your system led, and you could have corrected them, while you would have firmly persevered in its more beneficial parts. They who have followed you have, with unpardonable blindness and obstinacy, done the direct reverse!

PITT.—I have heard of the currency-restriction acts with horror; and with all experience in favour of a liberal circulation at a crisis when commodities were increased at least fivefold, and when there was no plausible argument against a paper-medium, except such as was drawn from minor abuses, which the legislature might easily have corrected.
TEMPLE.—See the effects of the ear you were too apt to give to the stock-exchange!

PITT.—It is easy to be wise after events have shown us consequences.

TEMPLE.—Certainly. My opinions now delivered result from the information I have received of what has been passing above up to the present crisis. It must not be looked for in my writings.

PITT.—I believe you wrote much, and enjoyed the happiness of a country retirement in your latter days.

TEMPLE.—There lay my delight, with my books, my garden, and the soothing silence, or the soothing murmurs of its umbrage, and its little stream.

PITT.—You allude to Moor Park, near Farnham. I visited it, with a respect for your memory. They assured me that its Dutch garden, its terraces, parterres, and arbours, remained much the same as in your time.

SWIFT.—Yes; there I laid the foundation of those writings which afterwards brought me into celebrity.

TEMPLE.—O noctes, sanctae Deum! After the fatigue and perplexities, and wearisome formalities of state affairs, how delightful is the tranquillity of a country retirement, if we have early lain in the food of thought and meditation by the literary culture of the mind!

PITT.—You had lived in troublesome times, and seen many important changes of state.

TEMPLE.—But experience did not teach wisdom to the Stuarts. They were a race without discretion, though not without talent; and Charles I. had many high qualities.

PITT.—I did not look to those times with any pleasure. The aristocracy were raised too high, or sunk too low. The parliamentarians were a dogged, sour, hypocritical set; and afterwards, the court of Charles II. was disgustingly dissolute and trifling. The remains of feudality, without its virtues or spirit, lingered in the manners of the higher classes; and the total absence of public integrity has left nothing to relieve and soothe the retrospect.

SWIFT.—But there were features in the reign of Queen Anne which were glorious. Her ministers at least favoured literature. What say you to Bolingbrooke and Oxford?

TEMPLE.—They had many great qualities.

PITT.—They were traitors to their country. The literary brilliance of Bolingbrooke was out of place in a statesman. He was unprincipled, and he did much more harm than good.

TEMPLE.—You always undervalue literature—so did Sir Robert Walpole. Your father did not do so. Sir Robert said that history must be false! This was a vulgar assertion. He had seen things so near, that he saw all the roughnesses and specks; but I am convinced, on the contrary, that the general character of history is true. We must not rely on private anecdotes and prejudiced representations.

PITT.—I found a good deal of falsehood in what was written in my time.

TEMPLE.—You mean in the party pamphlets of the day.

SWIFT.—Yes, we all know how those things were conducted in our time.

PITT.—But the wits governed too much in your time. We admitted no such men as you and Pope to our intimacies, nor ever trusted to a pamphlet or a poem to influence the public opinion.

SWIFT.—Yet you had some sorry scribblers with you.

PITT.—I would have had nothing to do with them, if I could have avoided it. I even wished that old officious George Rose would have let his pamphlets alone. When I came into power, I and my party suffered too much by the Rolliad, and by Sheridan's sarcasms, to have any taste for authors.

TEMPLE.—Then you knew nothing of the philosophy of politics and history.

PITT.—I knew no philosophy but practical good sense, and fitness for the conduct of human affairs.

TEMPLE.—You had a happy faculty of popular oratory, which in you supplied the place of literature, for the purposes of the state.

SWIFT.—We may say with Horace—

"Vixisti fortes ante Agamemnonis,
Mutis," &c. &c.

By too much reliance on the oral eloquence which perishes, your fame is already much faded.

PITT.—I was content with living fame—
I cared little for that which

"Would deck the cold insensate grave with bays."

TEMPLE.—My spirit is soothed, when I hear that my works are still pored upon, and live in the memory of men.

SWIFT.—And I glorify myself, that my works are still considered standards of a clear style, of good sense, sagacity, and useful and amusing fiction.

PITT.—Well, then, let us embrace, and depart in peace!
ALTHORP,
THE SEAT OF EARL SPENCER.

ABOUT five miles north-west of Northampton stands Althorp, the seat of Earl Spencer, which is situated in the parish of Brington. The house is a large pile of building, occupying three sides of a quadrangle, or built in the shape of a half H. It stands low, and in the approach you go through and cross those straight avenues of trees which at one time, by a strange perverseness, or rather deficiency, of taste, were considered the line of beauty. The present edifice was built by the Earl of Sunderland in the year 1688, and the estate has belonged to the Spencers ever since the reign of Henry VII.

It is remarked of Althorp House by Dr. Dibdin—"There is neither colonnade, nor vestibule, nor terrace, nor fountain, nor lake, as you approach the mansion; nor studied grandeur of architectural decoration as you enter it; but comfort, order, peace, unanimity, good management, choice society, and splendid cheer. These are the interior attractions which supply the place of silken hangings, Gobelin tapestries, gilt balustrades, and all the pomp and circumstance of elaborate and overwhelming furniture."

With all due reverence to the learned doctor, we would venture to remark, that the inference implied in the last sentence is anything but legitimate. Althorp, with its magnificent library and splendid collection of paintings, may well dispense with the adventurous and luxurious embellishments referred to; but, for the life of us, we cannot see that "silken hangings" are inconsistent with "comfort," how "Gobelin tapestry" should be intolerant of "order and peace," and why "good management, choice society, and splendid cheer" should be interdicted by "the pomp and circumstance of elaborate furniture."

The celebrity acquired by the late Earl Spencer, for his vast and invaluable collections of books, both at Althorp and in London, renders it quite unnecessary to give any, even the most brief account of them in this place. We may, however, mention that the number of volumes at Althorp probably exceeds fifty thousand; and that they comprise copies of the rarest and the choicest works in all languages. The collection of paintings, also, is hardly exceeded by any in the kingdom.

The family of Spencer claim a descent from the ancient baronial family of De Spencer, of whom Robert de Spenser came over with the Conqueror, and was, as his name imports, steward to that monarch. At the time of Domesday book, he had four lordships in Warwickshire, one in Gloucestershire, fifteen in Lincolnshire, and seventeen in Leicestershire.

Sir Egerton Brydges, however, (no incompetent authority in these matters,) in his edition of Collins's Peerage, considers that this descent is by no means established by satisfactory proof; but observes, "The present family of Spencer are sufficiently great, and have too long enjoyed vast wealth and high honours, to require the decoration of feathers in their caps which are not their own. Sir John Spencer, their undisputed ancestor, and the immediate founder of their fortune, lived in the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII.; and three hundred years of riches and rank may surely satisfy a regulated pride." The above Sir John Spencer was the first possessor of the estate of Althorp.

Sir Robert Spencer, first Lord Spencer, was sheriff of Northamptonshire in the reign of Elizabeth; and, when King James ascended the throne, was reputed to possess the most money of any person in the kingdom, which, added to his great estate, noble descent, and many excellent accomplishments, rendered him so conspicuous that he was promoted, about four months after the ascension of that monarch to the throne, in 1603, to the dignity of a baron of the realm. Soon after which, the learned Camden, in his Britannica, makes this honourable mention of him—"Althorp, the seat of the noble family of Spencer, knights, allied to very many houses of great worth and honour, out of which Sir Robert Spencer, the fifth knight in a continued succession, a worthy encourager of virtue and learning, was, by his most serene majesty, King James, lately advanced to the honour of Baron Spencer of Wormleighton."

This Lord Spencer was appointed, in the same year, ambassador to Frederick, duke of Wurtemberg, with the habit and ensigns of the most noble order of the garter. The state and magnificence of this investiture is set forth by Ashmole, who observes that the Lord Ambassador Spencer, who represented the so-
vereign, and the elect Duke, were so richly attired, glittering with gold and jewels, that they attracted the admiration of all the spectators.

Echard, in his History of England, informs us that some debates arising in the Parliament, in 1621, relating to the King’s power and prerogative, this Lord Spencer stood up boldly for public liberty, with the Earls of Oxford, Southampton, Essex, and Warwick, and speaking something in the house of the actions of their great ancestors, the Earl of Arundel, Earl Marshal of England, a great stickler for the prerogative, displeased with the arguments used, replied—“My lord, when these things were doing, your ancestors were keeping sheep” (alluding to the numerous flocks kept by his grandfather); to which the Lord Spencer, with a spirit and quickness of thought peculiar to him, immediately answered—“When my ancestors were keeping sheep (as you say), your ancestors were plotting treason.” This caused such a heat that Arundel, as the aggressor, was sent to the Tower; but soon after, acknowledging his fault, and offering to make his submission, was discharged. This noble and worthy ancestor of the present family died in 1627, and was buried in great splendour at Brington.

We think that we shall gratify our readers by presenting to them some specimens of a masque acted before the Queen and Prince Henry at Althorp. The author is the immortal but neglected Ben Jonson, whose merits in this exquisite species of entertainment, like those of his contemporaries, Dekker and Fletcher, have long remained strangely unappreciated. Milton, in his unrivalled masque of Comus, is indebted to this little piece; and has, indeed, numerous obligations to most of those written by Ben Jonson, and to the delightful “Faithful Shepherdess” of Fletcher. The name of this masque is “The Satyr;” but its original title stands thus in the folio, 1616—“A particular entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Althorp, at the Right Honourable the Lord Spencer’s, on Saturday, being the 25th June 1603, as they came first into the kingdom.” The Queen and Prince Henry, in their journey from Edinburgh to London, came from Holdenby to Northampton, where they were received in great state by the municipal authorities. James, who had joined them at Eaton, the seat of Sir G. Fermor, in Northamptonshire, passed forward; but the Queen and Prince were prevailed upon to take up their residence for a few days at the seat of Sir Robert Spencer (created a Baron about a month after), four miles from the town. It was on this occasion that this exquisite “entertainment” was presented to them as they entered the park and grounds at Althorp.

Mr. Gifford, in his edition of Ben Jonson, observes, with reference to this entertainment: “It is easy, or rather it is not easy, to conceive the surprise and delight with which Queen Anne, who had a natural taste for these elegant and splendid exhibitions, must have witnessed the present; she who in Denmark had seen, perhaps, no royal amusement but drinking bouts, and in Scotland been regaled with nothing better than ‘ane goodly ballad called Philotus,’ or the ribaldry of the Lion-king, as his countrymen delight to call Sir David Lyndsay, in the inimitable ‘Satyre of the three eistatis.’”

The opening of the masque discovers a satyr lodged in a little spinet, or cope of young wood, who, on the approach of her majesty, “advanced his head above the top of the wood, wondering, and with his pipe in his hand began ‘a Doric welcome to the august visitors.’” This ended, he “ran into the wood again, whilst, to the sound of excellent soft music, that was concealed in the thicket, there came tripping up the lawn a bevy of fairies, attending on Mab, their queen, who, falling into an artificial ring, began to dance around while their mistress spake—”

Hail and welcome, worthiest queen,
Joy had never perfect been
To the nymphs that haunt this queen
Had they not this evening seen,
How they print it on the ground
With their feet in figures round,
Marks that will be ever found
To remember this glad round.

SAYTH (Peeping out of the bush).
Trust her not, you bonaisell,
She will forty leasings tell,
I do know her pranks right well.

MAB.
SAYTH. We must have a spell
For your tongue;—it runs too fleet.

SAYTH. Not so nimbly as your feet,
When about the cream bowis sweet,
You, and all your elves do meet.

FIRST FAIRY.
Here he came hopping forth, and missing himself
With the fairies, slipped in, out, and about,
Their circle, while they made many offers to
Catch at him.

This is Mab, the mistress fairy,
That doth nightly rob the dairies,
And can hurt or help the churning.
As she please, without discerning.

SAYTH. She that pinches country wenchens,
If they rub not clean their benches.
And with sharper nails remembers,
When they rake not up their embers.
But if so they chance to feast her,
In a shoe she drops a tester.

* Time, or season.
SECOND FAIRY.

hall we strip the skipping jester?

SATyr.

This is she that empties cradles,
Takes out children, puts in ladies;
Trains forth midwives in their number,
With a sieve the holes to number;
And then leads them from her burrows,
Home through ponds, and water-furrows.

FIRST FAIRY.

Shall not all this mocking stir us?

SATyr.

She can start our franklin's daughters,
In her sleep, with shrieks and laughings;
And on sweet St. Anna's night
Feed them with a promised sight,
Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers.

The satyr having slipped away from meditated vengeance, Mab welcomes the Queen in some exquisitely delicate lyric verses, and concludes by giving her a jewel as a mark of her favour, engaging her, at the same time, "not to tell;" a solemn injunction twice given, conveying the received notion of the danger of betraying the partiality of the fairies, who were extremely sensitive on this point, and never permitted their favours to be bestowed with imputation.

It appears that the first day's show being ended, on the afternoon of the next day a speech was suddenly conceived, to induce a morris of the clowns thereabout, who most officiously presented themselves. But the speaker, in the person of Nobody, drest in characteristic gear, could not be heard, "by reason of the throng of the country that came in." However, he did speak, being unheard, or should have spoken, a speech of which the following is the commencement:

"If my outside move your laughter,
Pray love, my inside be thereafter.
Queen, prince, duke, earls,
Countesses, you courtly pearls!
(And I hope no mortal sin,
If I put less ladies in)
Fair saluted be you all!
At this time it doth befall,
I am usher to a morris
A kind of masque, whereof good store is
In the country hereabout.
But this, the choice of all the rout,
Who, because that no man sent them,
Have got Nobody to present them.
There are things have no suspicion
Of their ill-doing; nor ambition
Of their well: but as the pipe
Shall inspire them, mean to skip;
They come to see, and to be seen,
And though they dance afore the Queen,
There's none of them doth hope to come by
Wealth to build another Holmby."

Nobody then deviates into a short reflection upon dancing, and upon the claims of those who can boast no other qualification; but having thus slightly breathed his serious vein, he calls upon the rustic corps de ballet to commence.

"Come on, clowns, forsake your dumps,
And beshir your hob-nail'd stumps,
Do your worst, I'll undertake
Not a jerk you have shall make
Any lady here in love.
But see, the hobby-horse is forgot;
Fool, it must be your lot,
To supply his want with faces,
And some other buffoon graces,
You know how; pipe, play,
And let Nobody henceaway."

The Masque closes with this beautiful and impressive address—of a graver character than the preceding—worthy alike of the poet and of the illustrious personages to whom it was addressed.

"And will you then, mirror of Queens, depart?
Shall nothing stay you? not my master's heart,
That pant's to lose the comfort of your light,
And see his day, ere it be old, grow night?
You are a goddess, and your will be done:
Yet this our last hope is, that as the sun
Cheers objects far removed, as well as near;
So, whereas you shine, you'll sparkle here.
And you, dear lord, in whom my covetous eye
Doth feed itself, but cannot satisfy,
O, shoot up fast in spirit and in years;
That when upon her head proud Europe wears
Her stateliest tire, you may appear thereon
The richest gem, without a paragon.
Shine bright and fixed as the Arctic star:
And when slow time hath made you fit for war,
Look over the strict ocean, and think where
You may but lead us forth, that grow up here
Against a day, when our effusive swords
Shall speak our actions, better than our words.
Till then, all good event conspire to crown
Your parents' hopes, our zeal, and your renown.
Peace uher now your steps, and where you come,
Be envy still struck blind, and flattery dumb."

Jonson lived to see and to deplore that this touching address was not prophetic. Prince Henry was a youth of great promise, and would probably have fulfilled, had he lived, the predictions ventured of him at Althorp.

Gray's poem called "a long story," though it more particularly refers to the old mansion of Stoke Poges, in Buckinghamshire, may be considered equally applicable to the mansion, no longer existing, at Holmby.

"In Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands;
The Huntingdon and Hattons there
Employ'd the power of fairy hands,
To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each panel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.
Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,
The seals and asces danced'd before him.
His bushy beard, and shoe-string's green,
His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Now'd the stout heart of England's Queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

The brawls here alluded to, were a sort of figure-dance, then much in vogue, and probably deemed as elegant as our modern quadrilles.

* Holmby House was a magnificent structure in the neighbourhood of Althorpe, built by Sir Christopher Hatton. Lord Chancellor in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Sir Christopher Hatton was taken notice of by the Queen for his gracefulness in dancing before
THE COURT.

The cheerdul course of life pursued by their Majesties during the first three months of their abode at Brighton, was continued until their departure for St. James's Palace, on the 17th ult. On the 18th the King held a levee, which was fully and brilliantly attended. His Majesty gave audiences to several English and foreign noblemen, ambassadors, and ministers. This being the first levee of the season, numerous presentations took place. The King afterwards held a council, which was attended by all the Cabinet Ministers, the Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, and some of the Officers of State. Their Majesties continue in the enjoyment of excellent health. The Queen will hold a Court on the 5th inst. In our next Number we shall give a list of the ladies presented on that occasion.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Two Friends. By the Countess of Blessington. 3 vols.

The fair author of these volumes is one of the most remarkable women of her day. Endowed with intellectual gifts of a very high order, which have been carefully cultivated, she has long been distinguished by the most celebrated statesmen and literati in Europe for her extraordinary powers of conversation joined to a graceful elegance of manner, and a refinement of tact in which she stands unrivalled. In the walks of literature she was known by various poetic effusions and prose articles in some of our best periodicals, prior to the appearance, in the New Monthly Magazine, of her Conversations with Lord Byron, in which the mind of that great, but singular, and, we may say, unhappy poet is developed with a truth and force of colouring which no other writer concerning Lord Byron has evinced, because none other knew him so well. These Conversations will remain as the truest delineation we possess of Lord Byron's peculiar turn of mind, as well as a powerful test of the literary talents possessed by the Countess of Blessington. Since she has begun to range the wilds of fiction, she has produced two novels: the one before us, and a former entitled "The Repealers," written in an incredibly short space of time, and displaying acute powers of observation. "The Two Friends" will, no doubt, be extensively read. The story is very interesting, and abounds in incident, though we should rather consider it a sketch hit off in an instant, than an elaborately wrought picture. Perhaps it is the more delightful on that account, because each figure on the canvas, being given in bold and spirited outline, strikes more vividly the reader's imagination than if wrought out with strong and heavy colouring. Nevertheless, with Lady Blessington's skill in seizing peculiarity of character, and her powers of observation, she might, if she gave herself time, produce a series of interesting works, in which the stores of her imagination would serve to illustrate, in a very enticing form, the striking specialities of the several countries she has visited—particularly France and Italy. In the present novel she has given a better and more perfect description of French society—that is to say, of that portion of French society composing the remnant of the old aristocracy, and exclusively inhabiting the Faubourg St. Germain, at Paris—than we ever remember to have read before. We could fix upon twenty persons of our own acquaintance who might have sat for the portraits of the Comte de Bethune and the Duchesse de Montcalm. The Dame de Compagnie, the old femme de charge, the portier, and the snuff-taking chef de cuisine, are admirably hit off; they are true copies from nature. The delineations of character among our own aristocracy
are excellent. Of the more serious personages in this drama, Desbrow and Lord Arlington are much to our liking: the former as the beau ideal of an intellectual and noble-minded English commoner; the latter as a young and thoughtless nobleman, tinged, though not tainted, with the vices of society, but endowed with a mind of such spotless honour, that he voluntarily surrenders the happiness of his life to expiate a single act of levity, from the consequences of which he might easily have withdrawn himself. With the fair Cecile de Bethune we are ourselves in love; she corresponds, in every respect, with our own ideal of female excellence. Many other striking personages lend their aid in weaving the web of the story, of which, according to our usual practice, we refrain from giving even a faint outline, lest it weaken the interest and excitement which the reader naturally expects from the perusal of works of this description, and which, in the present work, he will find sufficiently stirring to carry him through the three volumes at a single sitting.

Manual of Entomology, from the German of Dr. Hermann Burmeister, with original notes and additional plates. By W. E. Shuckard, M.E.S. No. I.

To students of entomology this work, which is published in numbers, must prove a valuable acquisition. It combines excellence of matter with beauty of form and typography, and extreme cheapness. As a proof of the latter, each number, which is sold for a shilling, contains thirty-two pages, large octavo, of closely printed letter-press, and two plates, giving nearly fifty figures. No publication that has hitherto appeared, is so well calculated as the present, for rapidly acquiring a knowledge of this interesting branch of natural history. The language is plain and concise, without being inelegant, and the definitions are so clear as to be within the reach of the most ordinary capacity. The derivation and meaning of the technical terms are carefully explained, and nothing is left to impede the progress of the student, who finds a clear and easy path before him. Much credit is due to Mr. Shuckard for the manner in which he has executed this work, as well as to the publishers for combining so much elegance of form with so little cost to the purchaser.

The Village Church-yard, and other Poems. By Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley.

The muse of this noble lady is extremely prolific, this being the third volume of poems that has proceeded from her pen. "The Village Churchyard" however is inferior, upon the whole, to "London at Night," which we noticed in a former number, though lines of equal beauty may here and there be found in it. Poetry of a high order is not very rapidly produced, and unless inspiration is waited for, fantastic conceits and forced effects, which proceed from the head alone, will usurp the place of those overflows of the heart and imagination which constitute the true art. We also find in the poems before us many instances of harsh and even defective rhythm, which would lead any one, who had not seen evidence to the contrary, to infer that the writer had a defective ear. We entertain a very favourable opinion of Lady Emmeline Wortley's talents, and we have so high a respect for her understanding that we venture, from the most kindly feeling, to point out her faults, convinced as we are that she can bear to be told of them, and will willingly attend to advice conveyed to her in a friendly spirit. She is, beyond doubt, able to produce something of a higher order than what she has hitherto written, admirable as are some of her productions; but let her wait for the creeping thrill of poetic excitement, and never write but when the fit is upon her.

Drawings of Life and Character. By E.P.

These tales, the first production of a lady, are very modestly put forth, with a short preface that would melt the most icy critic. We therefore content ourselves with saying that each tale bears a moral, and that this little volume may prove a pleasing acquisition to young ladies spending their holidays at home, or to those who wish to enjoy a little relaxation from severer studies.


Mr. Valpy has done more for classical literature in this country than any living man, and but for him many of the works of our most esteemed writers would be confined to the libraries of the rich. The present edition of the History of England has been published in successive volumes, and has at length reached the thirteenth, ending with the reign of George II. The remaining volumes will contain the Continuation by Mr. Hughes. The pictorial illustrations are worthy of the work, which is produced in a neat and portable form.
The Autobiography of Jack Ketch, with fourteen illustrations from designs by Meadows.

We took up this volume fully persuaded that it would afford ample materials for the exacerbation of our criticism to work upon; but as we read on, we were both interested and amused in spite of a fit of ill-humour, brought on by certain books which we had just closed, gaudy with various hues like soap bubbles in the sun, and, like them, filled with nothing but empty air. Jack Ketch is a most interesting personage, and though we have no relish for vulgar scenes like those in which, of necessity, "he moved and breathed," still he relates his adventures delightfully, and we feel no repugnance at following him through the miry paths of his singular existence. The writer of this little book, whoever he be, has shown powers of a very high order; and if he has been able to impart a stirring interest to the "sayings and doings" of the hero he has chosen—though perhaps the choice was forced upon him—what may he not do with a subject more congenial to his mind? At all events "The Autobiography of Jack Ketch" is a beautifully written and amusing volume, and we are not ashamed to confess that we have read it with a considerable degree of pleasure.


This work is published in numbers at two shillings each, and when complete will form a volume of four hundred pages. The gentlemen who have undertaken it seem perfectly competent to the task, and will doubtless produce a valuable book. The present number contains two sheets, or thirty-two pages of letterpress, and four very creditable engravings. We could have wished, however, that it had been less loaded with advertisements, which fill nearly as many pages as the text, the title page of which is in the middle of the book. Mr. Weale, the publisher, has an eye to business with a vengeance, and evinces very little concern for the convenience of his readers, especially that portion, to whom, like ourselves, the loss of ten minutes is of consequence.

FINE ARTS.

Finden's Byron's Beauties. Parts I., II., and III.

* These imaginary portraits of the principal female characters in Lord Byron's poems, are well worthy of an extensive patronage. The artists who have produced them, as well as those who have transferred them to copper, have shown themselves worthy of the undertaking. To declare a preference to any one of these ideal Illustrations over another would be extremely difficult, though, were we forced to give an opinion, we should say that we much like Zuleika, by Wright, in the first part, and have a strong feeling for the lovely page Kaled, by McGlise, in Part III. But this is matter of mere fancy, and bears no reference to the talents of the artists, but only to the style of female beauty we most admire. Yet nothing can offer a stronger contrast than these two heads. There is a softness, an exquisite delicacy, an expression of feminine tenderness in the former, which kindles emotions of pure and holy love; in the latter, the pensive brow, the sparkling gaze of the dark eye, and the firm but delicate features, convey the ideal of the greatest mental energy concentrated in one all-absorbing passion.

Leaves from the Memorandum Book of Alfred Crowquill.

To those who are fond of a broad grin, and yet would enjoy it with decency, we strongly recommend these clever sketches.


These designs are connected with one of the most elegant discoveries of modern times for interior decoration of houses, and for ornamental furniture. The books before us contain a great variety of patterns, but the most elegant is a beautiful copy from the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon at Athens. The substance termed the new papier maché becomes as durable as stone, and the most elegant cornices and other ornaments, having the appearance, beauty, and solidity of marble or carved wood, may be formed at a cheap rate. We recommend this discovery to the attention of our readers. These pattern books have lately been published, and convey a just idea of what may be effected in this new style of decoration.
NEW MUSIC.

Galop and Waltz, for the Piano-forte.
Bagatelle, No. 1. By M. Vaucher de Strubing. Dedicated to Miss S. Beresford.
Remembrance of Scotland; three waltzes.
Bagatelle, No. 2. By the same. Dedicated to Lady Henderson Durham.
La Ville et le Village, quadrille caracteristique.
Bagatelle, No. 3. By the same. Dedicated to the Countess of Blessington.
M. Vaucher de Strubing, well known in this country by a clever work on insurance, is a musical amateur of no ordinary skill, and is almost unrivalled in the species of composition to which the works before us belong. These waltzes and quadrilles are of very original melody, and though light and graceful, have a firmness and elasticity of tone seldom found in such productions. No doubt they will become favourites at Almack's this season, and will, perhaps, last for several seasons more. We confess we envy the power which M. Vaucher de Strubing thus possesses, of setting in motion the little feet and graceful forms of our fair leaders of the ton.

VARIETIES.

Mr. Ellason's Musical Soirées.—The musical season has opened this year with these beautiful entertainments. As we purpose saying more about them when they are over, we shall here only state, that at the first, we heard Miss C. Novello, Mr. Seguin, and Mr. Roche, each of them in good voice; Mr. Baumann, in a solo on the bassoon, who played in a style and with a power of execution and tone superior to any bassoon performance that we ever before heard; Messrs. E. and L. Schultz on the piano-forte and guitar; and two beautiful performances on the violin by Mr. Ellason. At the second soirée we had a noble improvisation on the piano-forte, by Moschelles. The concluding soiirées promise a still greater treat, and we advise all those who love chamber music in its most captivating form, to patronise Mr. Ellason's exertions in getting up these beautiful little concerts.

Signor Manuel Garcia.—We are much pleased to hear that this gentleman, the brother of the gifted Malibran, has opened an academy in London, for teaching the vocal art. Educated by his father for this branch of the profession, he has been considered, for several years past, one of the best masters in Europe; and so far as our own experience goes, we can assure our readers that he fully justifies this reputation. We used to attend the class-singing of his father, when Signor Manuel Garcia himself was a little boy, and we can vouch for the rapid progress made by pupils taught according to this system. We sincerely hope Signor Manuel Garcia will receive the encouragement he deserves.

The French Plays.—We should be loth to admit our general inferiority to the French as an intellectual people; but, as a single proof of such inferiority, and one that, so far as it goes, cannot be gainsaid, we may safely ad-
execute, much of what is so worthy of admiration on the French stage; the graceful spirit and yet simple delineation of ordinary life (for these ladies cannot go beyond that), which necessarily makes up so large a proportion of the French comic drama. But they have not the courage to act upon their better knowledge; from the belief (well-founded, for anything we see to the contrary) that their efforts would at best pass unnoticed, if not be censured as tame, flat, and insipid.

The truth is, that we have but one actress among us who really feels and understands the true character of her beautiful art, and dares to act as she understands and feels. We again refer to Miss E. Tree. And even she would perhaps not have so dared, had she not been conscious of powers so infinitely superior to those of all her present rivals, as to entitle her to run the risk of making the experiment. Nor, we confess, has she hitherto got much credit by the success of her attempt; for though her powers in parts of passion, energy and pathos, are not unappreciated, the peculiar simplicity, purity and truth of style which she uses as the medium of displaying them, is, for the most part, overlooked.

We have said thus much, as introductory to a brief notice of the French performances recently commenced at the New English Opera House.

Hitherto, we regret to say, the performances of the French company have, upon the whole, not been, by any means, equal to those of preceding years,—chiefly from the total want of a first-rate female artist. This will doubtless be remedied speedily. In the meantime, the company, generally speaking, pretty good, though inferior to the average of former years. It includes one actor, whose powers are of the first order, both serious and comic, and whose use of them is directed by a skill, tact, and judgment, that we have never yet seen surpassed even on the French stage. We speak of M. Frederick Lemaître. His first performance was of a most unpretending nature—that of a confiding, loving, and dishonoured husband—in a little piece entitled La Mère et la Fille. In this little part, however, he displayed an ease and simplicity, added to an almost tragic power and pathos, that gave us the highest impression of his general talents. His next conspicuous performance was one of a most extraordinary and unique character—that of Robert Macaire, in a mélodrame, by Alexandre Dumas (excellent of its kind), entitled L’Auberge des Adrets. The character is so exquisitely and peculiarly French, that a considerable familiarity with the national character of that people is indispensable to understand and appreciate it, even in the representation. But to comprehend it by a mere description is out of the question. Our readers may, however, conceive (if they can) an escaped felon with something of the feelings and manners of a gentleman—a professional thief and pickpocket, with habitual notions of honour, spirit, and propriety!—a murderer for the mere sordid lure of to be gained by the deed, with an unaffected sense of his personal superiority, and ready to repel, at the point of his sword, any imputation on the purity of his character and the credit of his name; with half a score more equally natural contradictions in terms—the whole character (even while his hands are wet with an innocent man’s blood) steeped in the very spirit of true comedy, and defying the spectator to tell, at any given point of its delineation, whether he should tremble at its truth, turn with contempt from its falsehood, or laugh outright at the irresistible drollery in which the whole thing is steeped as an essence. We have never before witnessed anything like so fine a performance of its kind, or one which displayed such varied powers and consummate tact in the use of them. But it must be seen, before any distinct notion can be gained of it, or of the extraordinary manner in which it unites and reconciles seeming contradictions.

M. Lemaître has since played Othello, in Ducis “traduction” (a translation indeed it is!) of Shakespeare’s wondrous tragedy of that name. His success was great, and not more so than he deserved. The chief points of merit, however, were not of the highest and rarest class. We have never seen anything superior to the raging energy of the passion, the burning and blasting denunciations of vengeance for his supposed wrongs. But, in the profounder portions of the character, M. Lemaître was, to a certain extent, wanting. We should have been tempted to impute this defect to the miserable version of the drama, did we not remember the miracles of pathos and beauty which Pasta is able to extract from the still more miserable caput mortuum of an Italian libretto; and had we not also seen the exquisite creation of M. Lemaître himself in the character we have noticed above.—Robert Macaire. The truth, however, is,—and having said what we have of the deficiencies of their comic vein, we are the more willing to claim for our countrymen the superiority in this higher and more difficult line of art—the truth is, that the French, perfect and supreme as they are in comedy, are comparatively poor in the higher walks of the tragic drama. In fact, they are physically, and therefore morally, incapable of reaching the heights and depths of them; for their great Talma, who most assuredly did this in many instances, they cannot fairly claim as their own: he was born in England.

Should time and space permit, we shall have a few words more to say on the admirable performances of M. Lemaître when we have seen him in one of his celebrated characters,—which he has not yet played here—the hero of Trénes’s Ane de la Vie d’un Joueur.
LADY Helena Carolina Cooke, is the elder daughter of the present Earl of Kingston, and wife of Philip Davies Cooke, Esq. of Gwysaney, in Flintshire, and Owston Hall, in the county of York. The noble family of King, which has thrice been elevated to the honours of the Peerage, was anciently seated at Feathercroke hall, in the county of York, and the first of its members we find upon record in Ireland, was

Sir John King, knt., who, for the assistance he afforded Queen Elizabeth in reducing the Irish to obedience, obtained as reward the Abbey of Boyle, in the county of Roscommon, and after the accession of King James, that Prince conferred upon him extensive territorial possessions, and several employments of trust, profit, and honour. On his appointment, Aug. 1st 1618, to the office of Muster-Master-General, and Clerk of the Cheque of the armies and garrisons in Ireland, Sir James received the honour of knighthood, and was summoned to the privy council. On the 15th July 1624, he was constituted, among other great officers of state, a Commissioner of Justice in the province of Leinster and Ulster, during the absence of the Lord Deputy Falkland, then on a journey through Ireland, for the better administration of justice, and the preservation of the peace. By commission, dated Hampton Court, Dec. 9th, 1625, he was authorised by Charles I., (together with Sir Francis Annesly, Sir Wm. Parsons, Sir Thomas Dutton, and Sir Thomas Phillips,) to make a general review of the state of the army in Ireland, in order to improve its condition, and redress all frauds and misdemeanors. He married Catherine, daughter of Robert Drury, Esq., nephew of Sir William Drury, Lord Deputy, and died in 1636, leaving, with other issue, a fourth son, Edward, the intimate friend of Milton, with whom he was educated at Christ Church. It was on the occasion of the unfortunate shipwreck of this youth, on his passage from Ireland, that the poet wrote the beautiful poem of Lycidas. Sir John King was succeeded in his estates, and in the office of Muster-Master-General, by his eldest son,

Sir Robert King, knt., who distinguished himself in 1642, by his signal success against the Irish, particularly at the decisive battle of Ballinrobe—a victory mainly won by the gallant conduct of himself, and the troops under his command. By his wife Frances, daughter of Sir Henry Folliot, first Lord Folliot, of Ballyshannon, he left, with other issue,

John, who received the honour of knighthood, and although an active Cromwellian, was, by Charles II., for his zeal in restoring the monarchy, elevated to the peerage by patent, dated September 4th, 1660, in the dignity of Baron Kingston. This peerage, after being successively inherited by his lordship’s two sons, expired at the demise of his grandson, James, fourth lord, without male issue, in 1761.

Henry.
Robert, of whom presently.
The youngest son,

Robert King, esq. of Rockingham, in the county of Roscommon, L.L.B., M.P. for that shire, and a privy councillor in Ireland, was created a baronet September 27th, 1682. Sir Robert married Frances, daughter and co-heir of Colonel Henry Gore, and dying in 1708, was succeeded by his eldest son,

Sir John, M.P. for the county of Roscommon, who died without issue in 1720, when the title devolved upon his brother,

Sir Henry, M.P. for the county of Ros-
common, and a privy councillor. This gentleman married, in 1722, Isabella, sister of Richard Viscount Powerscourt, and, dying in 1740, was succeeded by his eldest son.

Sir Robert, who was elevated to the peerage of Ireland, June 13th, 1748, as Baron Kingsborough; dying, however, unmarried, in 1775, that dignity expired, while the baronetcy devolved upon his lordship's brother,

Sir Edward, who was created Baron Kingston, of Rockingham, July 13th, 1764, Viscount Kingsborough, November 15th, 1766, and Earl of Kingston, Aug. 25th, 1768. His lordship wedded, in 1752, Jane, daughter of Francis Caulfeild, Esq., of Donamon, in the county of Roscommon, by whom he had issue, three sons and three daughters; he died in 1797, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

Robert, second Earl. This nobleman married, in 1769, Caroline, only daughter of Richard Fitzgerald, Esq., of Mount Ophaly, in the county of Kildare, by whom he had, with other issue,

George King, third and present Earl, who was born April 28th, 1771, and married, May 7th, 1794, Helena, only daughter of Stephen, first Earl of Mountcashel, by whom he has issue,

Edward Viscount Kingsborough, born in 1795.—Robert, born in 1796—James, born in 1799—Helena, of whom presently—Adelaide.

Lady Helena Caroline, the elder daughter, whose portrait forms this month's illustration, was married, on the 5th Dec. 1829, to Philip Davies Cooke, Esq. Mr. Cooke is the representative of two very ancient families, the Cookes of Owston, and the Davieses of Gwysaney, the former his paternal ancestors, and the latter those of his mother, Mary, daughter and co-heir of John Davies, Esq., of Llanerch and Gwysaney, in the county of Flint. For a detailed account of these families, see Burke's History of the Commoners, vol. ii. page 276.

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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE CHARLES LAMB.

(Concluded from page 99.)

There was something so peculiarly characteristic, and (for lack of a better word) interesting, in the personal appearance of Charles Lamb, that the want of an adequate portrait of him is greatly to be regretted.

It is a remarkable fact, that we have no tolerable portraits, much less any adequate ones, of nine-tenths of the distinguished men of our own day. Though, upon the whole, Art was never in so creditable a condition among us as it has been during the last quarter of a century—and especially the portrait department of it—yet we may look in vain for any thing like worthy effigies of the men who have illustrated that period to a degree never before equalled in our annals. And this while the press literally teems with imaginary portraits, culled from every possible source, and executed in a manner that leaves nothing to wish for—except the only thing worth wishing for at all in a portrait—the truth! At the moment, we do not call to mind a single worthy representation of any one of our great poets or prose writers, only excepting Bozall's portrait of Wordsworth, engraved in mezzotint by Bromley. The only means which the general public have, whereby to judge of the outward appearance of their most popular writers and instructors, are the various series of mere ébauches, which have appeared in certain of the periodical works of the day: and even of those, half have been, in a great degree, as imaginary as the "Byron Beauties" or the "Gallery of the Graces," and of the other half, many have been mere caricatures, and not a few, mere "historical recollections" of what the originals were, before any body cared any thing about them!

Of Lamb there have been three or four miserable attempts at portraiture: the last (that in Fraser's Magazine) the most miserable of all. By many degrees the best—or rather the least unsatisfactory—was one that appeared in the Suffolk-street Exhibition, some five or six years ago, by an artist named (I think) Meyer. There was a general resemblance to the form and look of the face—what is called by courtesy a "likeness;"—
but as to the high and various intellectual characteristics of it, they were wholly wanting, no less than the general and individual expressions; and in their place we had one of those amiable nonentities, so aptly described as "portrait of a gentleman." Let those who have ever seen Charles Lamb "in his habitat as he lived," conceive him figuring, in a public exhibition, under the above designation!

Those who have not seen him, and who nevertheless know enough of him, through his exquisite writings, to feel an interest in these desultory recollections, will doubtless expect me to describe his person. But I fear that when I have done so as distinctly as I can, they will know not much more about him than they may have learned by looking on the would-be effigies of him alluded to above. But at least they will learn something different; so I will make the attempt.

I do not know whether Lamb had any oriental blood in his veins; but I cannot help thinking, that by far the most marked characteristic of his head was a Jewish look, which pervaded every part of it, even to the sallow and uniform complexion, and the black and crisp hair standing off loosely from the head, as if every single hair was independent of the rest. His nose, too, was large and slightly hooked, his chin rounded and elevated to correspond. Thus much of form merely. For intellectual character and expression, a finer face was never seen, or one more fully, however vaguely, corresponding with the mind whose features were marked upon it. There was something Rabbinical about it, yet blended with a mingled sadness and sweetness, which gave to it an effect quite peculiar, yet in all respects pleasing. There was the gravity of learning and knowledge, without the slightest tinge of their usual assumption and affectation; the intensity and the elevation of genius, without any of its pretension or its oddity; there was the sadness of high thought and baffled aspirations, but none of the severity and the spirit of scorning and contempt which these are so apt to engender. Above all, there was a pervading sweetness and gentleness of general expression, which went straight to the heart of every one who looked on it; and not the less so, perhaps, that it bore about it an air, a something, seeming to tell that it was, not put on — for nothing would be more unjust than to charge Lamb with assuming any thing, even a virtue, which he did not feel, — but preserved and persevered in, spite of opposing and contradictory feelings within, that struggled (in vain) for mastery.

It was something to remind you of the painful smile that disease and agony will sometimes put on, to conceal their pangs from the observance of those they love.

I feel it a very difficult and delicate task to speak of this peculiar feature in Lamb's physiognomy: and the more so that (from not having seen or heard it noticed by others) I am by no means sure of meeting with an accordance in the opinions, or rather the feelings, of those who knew him as well, or even better than I did. But I am sure that the peculiarity I speak of was there, and therefore I venture to persevere in alluding to it for a moment longer, with a view to its seeming explanation. The truth then is, that Lamb was what is by no means so contradictory or so uncommon a character as the unobservant may deem: he was a most gentle, amiable, and tender-hearted—misanthrope! He hated or despised men with his mind and judgment, in proportion as (and precisely because) he loved and yearned towards them in his heart; and, individually, he loved those best whom every body else hated. He generally through life had two or three especial pets, who were always the most disagreeable people in the world—to the world; and to be taken into his favour and protection, you had only to get discarded, defamed, and shunned by every body else. If I may venture so to express myself, there was, in Lamb's eyes, a sort of virtue in sin and its ill consequences to the sinner. He seemed to open his arms and his heart to "the rejected and reviled of men," in a spirit kindred at least with that of the Deity.

Returning to the description of Lamb's personal appearance—his head, which I have endeavoured to characterise, might have belonged to a full-sized person; but it was set upon a figure so petite, that it acquired an appearance of inappropriate largeness by the comparison. This was the only striking peculiarity in the ensemble of his figure. In other respects, it was well formed, though so slight and delicate as to bear: the appearance of extreme spareness, as if that of a man air-fed, instead of one rejoicing in an avowed predilection for roast pig! Its only defect was, that the legs were even too slight for the slight body; and this was observable only from the peculiar costume of the owner.

Lamb had laid aside his snuff-coloured
suit before I knew him; and during the last ten years of his life, he was never seen in any thing but a suit of uniform black, with knee-breeches, and (sometimes, not always) gaiters of the same to meet them. Probably he was induced to admit this innovation by a sort of compromise with his affection for the colour of other years;—for though his dress was “black” in name and nature, he always contrived that it should exist only in a state of rusty brown. I can scarcely account for his having left off his suit of the latter colour, especially as he had stuck to it through the daily ordeal, for twenty years, of the Long Room of the East India House. He abandoned it, I think, somewhere about the time his friend Wordsworth put forth his ideal of the personal appearance of a poet; which may perchance have been drawn, in part, from Lamb himself,—so exact is the likeness in several leading particulars.

“But is he he, with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown,
Who murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own?

“He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noonday grove;
And you must love him ever to you
He will seem worthy of your love, &c. *”

Now Lamb did not like to be taken for a poet, or for anything else; so, latterly, he always dressed in a way to be taken, by ninety-nine people out of every hundred who looked upon him, for a Methodist preacher! the last person in the world that he really was like! This was one of his little wilful contradicitions.

I was not acquainted with Lamb at the time when his house was the favourite resort of some of the best literary talkers of the day—Coleridge, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, &c.; and many of our best-known writers—Godwin, Piocket, Sheridan Knowles, &c. &c. So that I have little to say of his powers of conversation, in those wit combats and discussions which such meetings engender. And as to the “mixed company” that you sometimes met at his house at Islington, just before he took shelter from it in the forced retreat to Enfield, I cannot say that I ever saw him shine in that sort of olla podrida of mingled oddity and commonplace. It might be an “entertaining miscellaneous” to him; but it was not one in which he was tempted to publish any of those exquisite Eliaisms, of which his mind and heart were made up. On those occasional he was every thing that was kind, gentle, and liberal in his welcome; and his sister used to bustle about like a gentle housewife, to make every body “comfortable.” But you might have been in the apartments of any other clerk of the India House, for any thing you heard that was particularly deserving of note or recollection. What Lamb may have been when he found himself in the congenial company of the Hazlitts, Hunts, Coleridges, &c. of seven years before, “unmixed with baser matter,” I can easily conceive, but have no means of knowing, except from the testimony of Hazlitt, who always spoke of his conversational powers on those occasions, as at least up to the mark of the rest of the company, however high that might be pitched. But in ordinary society he was, if not an ordinary man, only an odd and strange one, displaying no superior knowledge, or wisdom, or eloquence, but only that surest criterion of a man of genius,—a moral incapacity, as it were, to subside into the conventional cant or the flat commonplace of ordinary society, even to please the most conventional and common place of his guests. He would do any thing to gratify them but that. He would joke, or mystify, or pun, or play the fool; but he could not prose, or preach, or play the philosopher. He could not be himself (for the benefit of others I mean), except when something out of himself made him so; but he could not be any body else but himself, to please a king. The consequence was, that to those who did not know him, or knowing, did not or could not appreciate him, Lamb often passed for something between an imbecile, a brute, and a buffoon; and the first impression he made upon ordinary people, was generally unfavourable, often to a violent and repulsive degree. Hazlitt has somewhere said of him in substance (with about an equal portion of truth and extravagance, but with an exact and characteristic feeling of the truth, in spite of the extravagance), that he was always on a par with his company, however high or however low might be its level. But somehow or other, foolish or ridiculous people have an instinct, that makes them feel it a sort of personal offence if you treat them as if you fancy you are no better than yourselves. They know it to be a hoax upon them, manage it how you may; and they resent it accordingly.

Now Lamb was very apt to play fast and loose with his reputation in this way; and I verily believe that he would much rather have been thought a fool than a philosopher,
a wit, or a man of letters—at least by nine-tenths of the world; and that to be “a noticeable man” at all, was any thing but desirable in his eyes.

There was no doubt a profound feeling of the truth in this; for in the vocabulary of the ordinary world, “a man of genius” seldom means any thing better, and often something worse, than an object of mingled fear, pity, and contempt. At all events, it is certain that any one who knew Lamb only by his public reputation for genius, and who thought of him only in that vague and indefinite point of view in which nine-tenths even of the “reading” public think of a celebrated author, would have been strangely disappointed in him on a personal intercourse, unless he (Lamb) happened to see something in the party which attracted his attention, or had heard any thing of them beforehand, to excite his interest or curiosity.

The truth is, that the Charles Lamb of private life, could be known and appreciated by his friends and intimates only; and he shone, and was answerable to his literary and social reputation, only in a tête-à-tête, or in those simple colloquies over his own table or by his own fire-side, in which his sister and one or two more friends took a part, and in which every object about him was familiar as the “household words” in which he uttered his deep and subtle thoughts, his exquisite fancies, and his humane philosophy. Under these circumstances he was perfectly and emphatically a natural man, and there was not the smallest vestige of that startling oddity, strangeness, and occasional extravagance which subjected him to the charge of affecting to be singular and “original” in his notions, feelings, and opinions. In any other “company” than that to which I have just referred, however intellectual it might be, he was unquestionably liable to this charge; though he as unquestionably did not deserve it: for affectation means or supposes a something assumed—put on—pretended—which Lamb was both morally and physically incapable of. His strangeness under the latter circumstances was as natural to him as his naturalness under the former; and the cause of it was that he was not at ease—not a free agent—not his own man—but

Cabin'd, cribbed, confined;
Bound to saucy doubts and fears,

that were cast about him by his “reputation”—which tramelled and hampered him with claims that he had neither the strength cordially to repudiate, nor the weakness cordially to embrace; and in struggling between the two inclinations, he was able to exhibit nothing but the prominent and superficial points of his mind and character—its mere “compliment extern,” as moulded and modified by a state of society so utterly at variance with all his views and feelings of what it might be, or at least might have been, that he shrank from the contemplation of it with an almost convulsive movement of pain and disgust, or sought refuge from it in the solitary places of his own thoughts and fancies. When forced into contact with “the world’s true worldlings,” being anything but one of themselves, he could not show like them, and yet feared to pain and affront their feelings by seeming too widely different: and between the two it was impossible to know beforehand what he would do or be under any given circumstances—he himself being the last person who could predicate on the point. The consequence was that, when the exigency arrived, he was anything or nothing, as the temper of the moment might impel him; he was equally likely to outrage or to delight the persons in whose company he might fall, and more likely than either to be regarded by them as a mere nonentity, claiming no more notice or remembrance than a strange picture or a piece of odd-looking and obsolete old china.

What an exquisite contrast to all this did his intercourse with his friends present! Then, and then only, he was himself:—for assuredly he was not so when in company with his own thoughts, unless when they were communing with those of his dearest friends of all, his old books—his “midnight darlings,” as he endearingly calls them somewhere,—und ina tone and spirit which prove that he loved them better than anything in the living world, and cared not who knew it. Yet it does not follow that he was more happy even in their company than in that of any other of his friends: nor do I believe that he was. In fact there was a constitutional sadness about Lamb’s mind, which nothing could overcome but an actual and personal interchange of thought and sentiment with those, whoever they might be, whose tone of thought and feeling was in some sort correspondent with his own. And though in his intercourse with his beloved books he found infinitely more of this correspondence than the minds of his most choice living friends could furnish, yet in the former there was wanting that reciprocal action which constitutes the soul of human intercourse. He could listen to them with delight; but they could not listen with delight to him in return.
And his spirit was so essentially and emphatically human, that it was only in the performance of human offices and instincts it could exist under its happiest form and aspect. Unlike his friends Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey respectively, Lamb was not a man whose mind was sufficient to itself, and could dwell for ever, if need be, in the world of its own thoughts, or that which the thoughts of others created for it. He delighted to visit those worlds, and found there, perhaps, his purest and loftiest pleasures. But the home of his spirit was the face of the common earth; and in the absence of human faces and human sympathies, it longed for these with a fond yearning which nothing else could satisfy.

It may seem contradictory and paradoxical to say so, but Lamb was as little qualified to live out of “the world” as he was to live in it. In some sort wedded both to solitude and to society, so far from being able to make himself “happy with either,” each was equally incapable of filling and satisfying his affections. The truth is that, deep and yet gentle as those affections were, even to the last, his daily life gave evidence that, in their early development they had, received a sinister bias which never afterwards quitted them—perchance a blow which struck them from the just centre on which they seemed to have been originally destined to revolve in a circle of the most perfect beauty and uniformity. And those of his friends who felt a real and deep interest in his character must, I think, have seen this aberration at work in almost every movement of his mind and heart, as these developed themselves in his ordinary life and conversation; for in his published writings the evidences I allude to do not appear, at least in any distinct and tangible form.

It would be a very difficult, and a still more delicate task to adduce detailed evidences of the peculiar condition of mind and heart to which I have now alluded. But I think that most of his intimates will call to mind such evidences, especially in relation to the last few years of his life. I appeal to those intimates whether any of them ever saw Lamb wholly at his ease for half an hour together, enjoying that mental tranquillity and repose, in the uniform absence of which no true happiness can subsist;—unless indeed they may have watched him through a window (he unknowing of their presence) hanging in rapt sympathy over the tattered pages of one of his beloved folios,—perchance disentangling some ineffable mystery in Heywood’s Hierarchy of Angels, or listening (with his “mind’s ear”) to the solemn music breathing from the funeral organ of Sir Thomas Brown’s Urn Burial. It is not the less true that Lamb was (for the moment) delighted at the advent of an unlooked-for friend, even if he was thereby interrupted in one of the above beauteous communings. But they must have read his character ill who did not perceive that, after the excitement of the moment was over, he became restless, uneasy, and “busied about many things” —about anything, rather than settle down quietly into the condition of mind from which your arrival had irretrievably roused him. Feeling the unseasonable disturbance, yet not for a moment admitting it to be such even to himself, he became ever-anxious to show how glad he was to see you; and he would do half-a-dozen things in a breath to prove the feeling every one of which, if read aright, proved something very like the contrary. He would go into the kitchen to see if the dinner or the tea was getting ready—put on his hat and go to the public-house to order an additional supply of porter—open a bottle of wine (without asking if you would have any) and pour out a full glass—taking one himself to set you the example,—at least as he innocently imagined,—but in reality to fortify himself for the task of hospitality that you had imposed upon him; in fact anything but quietly re-seat himself by the fire and enjoy your company. And if you happened to arrive just as dinner or tea was over, he was perfectly fidgety, and almost cross, till you were fairly seated at the meal which he and his excellent sister insisted on providing for you whether you would or not. It is true that, by the time this latter was over, he had recovered his ease, and really was glad to see you; and if you had come to stay the evening, when the shutters were shut, and the candles came, and you were comfortably seated round the fire, he was evidently pleased and bettered by the occasion thus afforded him for a dish of cosey table-talk. But that every knock at his door struck a pang to his heart at the moment, is what I am perfectly convinced of; and this without the slightest distinction of persons. Whoever it might be, he equally welcomed, and wished them away; and for identically the same reason,—namely, that they called him from the company of his own thoughts. In this respect he resembled the lover in Martial’s epigram;—he could neither live with his friends, nor without them. If they stayed away from him he was hurt and angry; and if they went to him he was put out.
I believe these contradictory feelings to have been the secret of his daily and interminable rambles, which he pursued without object or aim, and certainly without any care about the scenes of external nature which they might present to him; for (as I have before said) he was not fond of the country for itself, and took no sort of pleasure in any of the pursuits peculiarly connected with it. Even a garden he was more than indifferent about. In walking in one, he could no more have confined himself to the regular walks than he could have flown; and had it been his own he would have trampled it all into one plot in a week. The garden attached to the cottage they first took at Enfield-chase, was, I believe, never touched from the day they first occupied it till they left it two years after. In fact, if one may venture to tell such a truth of a poet, I believe that Lamb was more indifferent about flowers—that he even disliked them. In the world, as at present constituted, a man like Lamb must hate something; and for him (Lamb) to hate a human being—or indeed any sentient being—even an adder or a toad—was impossible to his nature. Is it then speculating too curiously into his so curiously constituted mind and heart, to suppose that he may have gone to the opposite extreme—for he lived in extremes—and hated that which seems made to be loved, and which all the world pretend to love because they can find nothing in them to move their hate—flowers, fields, and the face of external nature?

But I shall at once quit this perhaps too speculative portion of my recollections of Charles Lamb. I ought not to do so, however, without reminding his earlier and older friends that my knowledge of him extended only to the last 9 or 10 years of his life: and every lustre that he lived made him, in many respects, a new man.

Most literary men of extensive reputation have met with odd and unexpected testimonies of the admiration they have excited in quarters where it might have been least looked for, and which has been set forth in a fashion least consonant with their tastes and habits of thought. And Lamb did not go through his literary career without these testimonies. One of these evidences of his provincial celebrity he related to me as having tickled his fancy mightily. A young gentleman in the country, of a literary turn,

"A clerk fore-doomed his father’s soul to cross,
Who pen’d a stanza when he should engross,"

solicited the favour of Lamb’s correspondence and friendship; and as a testimonial of his claims to these, forwarded his miniature portrait! the said portrait setting forth the effigy of a form and features such as "youthful maidens fancy when they love!" It was very droll to hear Lamb describe his embarrassing predicament on the reception of this naive and original mode of paying court to a man who almost piqued himself on seeing no beauty even in women, but when nobody but himself could see anything but plainness; while anything like coxcombry in a man made him sick: and yet who had so exquisite a sense of what was due to the feeling of others, that when a young lady who was staying at his house had been making some clothes for the infant of a poor gipsy woman in the neighbourhood, whose husband was afterwards taken up and convicted for sheepstealing, he would not let her quit the village till she had called to take leave of her unhappy protegee,—on the express plea that, otherwise, the felon’s wife might imagine that she (the young lady) had heard of her husband’s “misfortune!”

"I have delicacy for a sheepstealer," said he.

There are many people who are ready to preach up the merits of this delicacy to the personal feelings of others, and some who can duly appreciate it even in extreme cases like that cited above: but I never knew any one but Lamb capable of uniformly practising it,—with the exception of Hazlitt—who extended it to the lowest and vilest of mankind—who would give the wall to a beggar, if it became a question whether of the two should cede it, and who, if he had visited a convicted felon in his cell, would have been on tenterhooks all the time, lest anything might drop from him to indicate that he thought the object of his visit different from the rest of the world.

By-the-bye, a writer of some pleasing recollections of Lamb, speaking (in the New Monthly Magazine) of Lamb’s intimacy with Hazlitt, and of the firm and unshrinking manner in which he stood by him, “through good report and through evil report,” says,—"He (Lamb) was, we believe, the only one of Hazlitt’s early associates who stood beside his grave." I repeat, Lamb was not merely the only one of Hazlitt’s early associates—he was the only one of all his associates, early or recent, save only the writer of these notes—

* See his own account of this incident, in a letter published in the Athenæum, of Feb. 7th; also an exquisite Sonnet he wrote at the time, embodying the poor woman’s supposed feelings towards her child, on the occasion of her husband’s conviction.
lines. I recur to the fact with feelings of mingled sorrow and shame, that I cannot help expressing. There were plenty of Hazlitt’s “friends” and “admirers,” who offered their purses to assist in defraying the expenses of his funeral, and the charges consequent on his last illness—charges which Hazlitt himself could not, under the most favourable circumstances, have ever been expected to leave behind him the means of meeting, from his known habits and temperament never inducing him to set about earning anything till the last shilling of his previous earnings was exhausted. But that personal kindness and respect which he valued more than anything else, was wholly withheld from him, except in the two individual instances just referred to. Not that any one with a due feeling for the literary character, would desire to see the grave of a great writer desecrated by the presence of a mob of vulgar “admirers,” as is the fashion of the day in the case of popular actors, portrait-painters, and the like; nine-tenths of which “admirers” have probably made it the cherished business of their lives to underrate the abilities, and malign the character, while living, of the man whom they thus “honour” when dead. But to see the obsequies of the finest prose writer of his day attended only by a son whom his death had left comparatively destitute, one friend known to fame only under a feigned name, and another not known at all, offers sorry evidence of the estimation in which purely intellectual endowments are held among us. And the case is not bettered by the fact, that to this day (six years after his death), not the smallest effort has been made to redeem Hazlitt’s name and character from the mass of undeserved odium and obloquy that was thrown upon them, during his life, by his political enemies and opponents*. But Hazlitt, to say nothing of his unpopular manners, and his unlucky disposition to “call a knave a knave, and Chartres, Chartres,” could not abstain from telling the truth even of his best friends, when they happened to treat him as he felt that only an enemy should be treated. And the man who does this must reckon upon outliving every friend he has in the world, die when he may.

There seems to have been a sort of fatality attending Lamb’s death, so far, I mean, as relates to several of those friends who felt the deepest interest in his character, and will the most severely lament his loss; for though it was not what can be called sudden, the news of it came upon many of those friends in a manner to increase tenfold the weight of the blow. There is something inexpertly shocking in first learning the death of a dear friend from a public newspaper; and at a time, too, when you believe him to be in perfect health, and are, perhaps, on the point of paying him a too-long-delayed visit. And such I know to have been the case in more than one instance with respect to Lamb. Two cases of a still more deeply painful aggravation of the loss I will mention. A celebrated lady, the brightest ornament of the English stage during the last fifteen years, and to whom Lamb was strongly attached by the double tie of admiration and friendship, was several days after his death, conversing of him to another friend with her usual fine discrimination of character, but without indicating that she was ignorant of his death, her knowledge of which was therefore taken for granted. Presently, however, a memoir of him was referred to, in terms which intimated to her what had happened. The effect upon her intense sensibility was almost alarmingly painful.

The other instance I shall take the liberty of mentioning, is my own. I had been for weeks, and even months past, daily, and almost hourly meditating a visit to the Lambs, not having seen them since a stay of several months on the continent. In the interim I had delayed the visit, partly on account of an attempt I was about to make to sketch the personal and literary character of Lamb, with a view to after publication, but which publication I should not have ventured without first gaining his consent to it. At last the sketch was written during the very hours when the beautiful spirit to which it related was quitting its “mortal coil”; and before I had determined whether I might venture, or not, to show the feeble portraiture to the exquisite original whom it sought to delineate, he was laid in his grave!  

* * * * *

It has, I understand, been objected to the first part of these Recollections, that they are not specific enough—that they do not deal with facts; that I have told of Lamb rather what I thought and felt of him than what I knew.

The complaint is, I suppose, a valid one.
for those who make it. At any rate, I cannot
defend myself against it. But I may, per-
haps, be allowed to say a few words in ex-
planation of its cause, if such exist. I did not
go to Charles Lamb's house with a note-book
in my pocket, ready to slip aside at every
convenient opportunity and record his "good
things" for the benefit of the absent, or the
amusement of those who, had they been pre-
sent, would have disputed his wit because it
was not dressed up in the received mode,
and yawned over (if they had not felt scanda-
localised at) his wisdom, because it was dic-
tated by his heart rather than his head.
Moreover, Lamb was anything but a wit and
a *diseur de mots*, in the ordinary and "com-
pany" sense of those terms, as the respectable
Lord Mayor who invited him to the city feast
in that (presumed) character, would have
found to his cost, had he, Lamb (in that
spirit of contradiction which sometimes beset
him) accepted the invitation. Though for
the mere sitters by, it would have been a
capital piece of fun to see him there,—mysti-
fying my Lady Mayoress; scandalising
my Lord; confounding the sheriffs; and
putting the whole court of aldermen and
their wives into a perspiration of mingled
wonder and indignation at the unauthorised
revival of an exploded barbarism; for they
would doubtless have mistaken him for my
Lord Mayor's fool*.

The Boswells of the literary world are ex-
cellent and admirable persons in their way—
that is, when they have Dr. Johnsons to deal
with. But Lamb was, of all men that ever
lived, the least of a Dr. Johnson; and heaven
preserve us from a Boswell in his case! for
he would infallibly dissipate the charm and
the fragrance that at present encrese the per-
sonal memory of Lamb in the minds of his
friends, and which, if not so disturbed, may
descend with him to that posterity which his
name and writings will surely reach.*

I am delighted to learn that Mr. Serjeant
Talford (one of his executors) is about to
collect the scattered works of Charles Lamb,
and to precede them by an essay on his
brilliant and writings. I trust, also, he will
not be deterred by any considerations of what
Lamb himself, at least, would have consid-
ered *false* delicacy, from going into the
secret places of his friend's personal charac-
ter, and showing him to the world as he was
to his intimates, and, (so far as may be,) to
himself. There is (now that Hazlitt is gone)
no one else among us by many degrees so
well qualified for the task; no one to whom
Lamb himself would so readily have de-
putit.

There is a ridiculous error of the press in
the first part of these Recollections, which the
reader will perhaps take the trouble to correct,
if he have not done so already. In p. 55, last
line, for "carcass" read civiare.

* I am supposing that Lamb did not accept this tri-
but offered to him under his character of Elia; but
he may, for anything I know to the contrary. What
I am sure of is, that if he had gone he would have
taken care to remunerate his inviter, as well as him-
self, in a manner, and to an effect something like that
which I have supposed in the text. The story of the
"Spirit of the Age."
higher intellects, is so often placed to the score of childish enthusiasm, but which, it may be truly affirmed, the process of maturing reason and worldly experience is too well calculated to cool.

By mid-day I had prospered exceedingly; and had collected various plants and fossils, which were to be the future witnesses and trophies of my enterprise. The evening was now fast closing in; for, during the latter part of the day, the beauty of the scenery had so repeatedly detained me, that I had ceased to reckon the hours, and only measured time by the charms it presented.

Learning from a family of char-burners, who were preparing their evening meal, that the pass of Winkelbrunnen was still a couple of stunden beyond the higher points of the forest, I quickened my pace, and shutting my eyes, as much as I could, to the natural beauties which developed themselves on my winding path, in less than an hour I crossed the hospitable threshold, and received that cordial welcome which is nowhere better understood, and nowhere more heartily bestowed, than in Upper Saxony.—The kindness of the reception, however, I could only attribute to the united benevolence of my host, and the friendly partiality of Baron Friesbach to whom I owed my introduction.

I was immediately conducted to a neat, clean, and comfortable chamber (or schlafzimmer), which I was requested to consider my retreat during my visit in that forest region, and which my host trusted would be as agreeable to me as the united efforts of himself and family could make it.

Left to myself, I felt deeply gratified by the kindly interest conveyed in the manner and expression of the speaker; and as I gazed from the open lattice for some minutes in silent abstraction, I certainly thought that a more romantic lodging had seldom awaited an herbarising pedestrian. Hastily adjusting my wardrobe, and depositing my forest spoils in a neat writing-cabinet attached to the chamber, I descended and was introduced to the family circle, already met at the supper table—that social repast which though expounded so generally, is here primitively kept up, and in Germany—what it was once in England—the medium of happy reunion—the promoter of innocent hilarity—and a passport to quiet and refreshing sleep.

"Whoever speaks against a frugal supper," says a Saxon physician, "sins against reason and social harmony, and deserves to suffer the full penalty of his indulgences, under a different name—late and long protracted dinners! Such indeed it well becomes to rail against the 'pernicious and gothic custom of suppers,' for it is not the practice but the excess which entails the danger. And where is the pleasure which, when carried to extremes, will suffer its votary to escape with impunity? What could be more easily proved than that this social meal has been the rallying point of the intellectual in all ages? Or who will deny," he continues, "that the literature of England has become puny and impoverished ever since the authors were curtailed of their ancient rights, and the word supper blotted from the bill of daily fare."

In presenting me individually to his domestic circle, it was soon evident, not merely from what was dropt, but more emphatically from the empty cushioned chair, that "one was not," and that the days of outward mourning had not yet expired. Two daughters and their younger brother with the amptmann of the township, his lady, and two daughters recently returned from a school at Heidelberg, composed the evening circle. If I was prepossessed in favour of the venerable Pastor by the manner of my reception, that feeling was greatly strengthened by his easy and graceful conversation, and the ethical turn which, without effort, he contrived to give to the most ordinary topic. There was no idle display, but the matured results of much learning, and of a mind long conversant with humanity, showed themselves conspicuous in all he said. And I was still better pleased when, changing the subject, he showed himself familiarly conversant with the objects of my visit, and as skilful a geologist as he was a profound theologian. He observed the agreeable surprise which this elicited, and remarked that "the study of the wonderful structure of our globe, so far from being foreign to his sacred functions, had been to him a prolific source of instruction, and had principally contributed to warrant and authenticate the truths, and to consolidate by arguments irrefragable the infinite power, wisdom and goodness of that Being, of whom he was the humblest of all his ministering servants. "When returning from Göttingen I first gave a limited portion of my time to this interesting science," said he, "I was looked upon by some of my clerical brethren with a sinister eye, and as one who neglected the duties enjoined by revealed religion, and launched upon a sea of theory of which I could neither discover the shore nor the current. Of this I received many friendly hints and ominous predictions. One assured me
that such studies had a direct tendency to invalidate the truth of sacred history, and that most of those who had applied their minds to such seductive pursuits, had either become avowed sceptics, or at least, carvillars in religion; and, in short, that my philosophical theories were totally incompatible with that service of the altar, to which I had offered up my life in dedication. It was some years," he continued, "before I could effectually combat the prejudices which denounced as impious all attempts to weigh and investigate the works of God; but by a cautious and constant reference to the subject, and occasional illustrations, which appeared to excite interest at first merely from their novelty, and latterly from their truth or plausibility, I succeeded at length in directing some of my flock to praise God 'in his works,' and to trace in the marvellous effects around us, their ever-working and almighty cause. "Hence," he concluded, "I became the originator of a society, which now comprises among its members names that reflect equal lustre upon the walks of science, and the precepts of our holy religion—for I will never believe that true religion can suffer either neglect or degradation from the progress of science. Superstition, it is true, may justly dread her advancement; but superstition is only the mist that obscures religion, and which science, like the natural sun, must detect and dissipate."

The supper was now on the table—frugal and homely, but abundant. Besides the soup and salad, some well-flavoured venison—the produce of the forest—was presented; and which, from the peculiar manner of dressing it, formed a very palatable, and, I might say, luxurious repast. An old domestic, whose appearance and manners bespoke long familiarity with the hospitable service of his master's table, stationed himself, according to custom, behind the stranger's chair, and every minute tempted me with a fresh supply of the good things prepared for the occasion, which he always recommended in an audible whisper, and appeared delighted as often as he succeeded in making me a convert to his own partialities. This innocent familiarity is a privilege universally indulged, and never abused, by bedienten-schaft in Germany. I have on various occasions experienced the same officious solicitude at the table of their princes. One circumstance truck me peculiar, and such as I had no where else observed on any similar event: this was the chair of the deceased, placed at table, as in happier days, and with the household Bible lying open upon the cushion. I do not inquire into the taste of such things, but I own that, in the present instance, the effect was solemn and impressive; and it had the tendency to exclude from the conversation every topic of mere worldly import. In another country, the manners of which form a strong contrast with those of Germany, I had remarked many ingenious methods adopted to banish, as well as to prolong in more vivid retrospect, the memory of some beloved object—such as the last flower she had painted, or letter she had written; the last pieces of embroidery, or other relic, enclosed in a frame, and placed upon the funereal cross:—but these, in point of solemn eloquence, fell far short of the vacant seat, and the open Bible now before me. What could be more appropriate—what more solemnly impressive than the glorious triumph which spoke from that inspired page, and at which it lay open!*

* * * *

I retired to my apartment in that sedate, but salutary condition of mind which holds a happy medium between the excitement of high spirits, and the depression of melancholy; and with the soothing persuasion that I had not "lost a day." I placed myself near the lattice, which stood apart, and through the wild vine-trellis with which it was luxuriantly festooned, sat for some time watching the moon as it gradually lighted up the leafy recesses of the forest, and mirrored its broad disk in the slumbering waters of an adjoining lake. It seemed the very original of the poet, where he exclaims—

"In such a place as this—at such an hour—
If ancestry may be in aught believed—
Descending spirits have conversed with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown."*

About fifty paces from the door of the priesters-haus, or parsonage, the wooden church with its green enclosure, undulated with graves, many of which presented the appearance of flower beds, offered an imposing field of meditation, such as might well have checked the lighter effusions of fancy, and conducted the thoughts into a more salutary and reflective channel. But, adhering to the candour, which is, of all qualities, most incumbent upon a mere narrator, I must confess, that with all these impressive monitors before me, this world seemed to have a firmer hold than ever in my affections; and when I communed with my heart on the subject, I felt that my philosophy, after all, was but an

* Job xix. 25—27.
indifferent safeguard, and that it still retained more sensibility than became a purely practical geologist! This was rather a startling discovery, and such as I felt betokened no very abundant harvest in the Odenwald. I resolved, therefore, to give the matter the most serious consideration—to resist all sorcery from within and from without—to devote my undivided attention to the objects of my visit—namely, the mines, the forests, and the flowers. From this very prudent and timely compact with myself, I felt some degree of returning self-complacency, and under the influence of that sweetest of all opiates, drop quietly asleep. Dreams, however, come, unbidden guests; and the moment we shut our physical eyes, we open those of our imagination. In my dreams, however, I neither descended into the mines of Saltbrun, nor sauntered among the more inviting retreats of the forest, but stood, as I thought, on the stalk of a honeysuckle, which every breath set to play with the neighbouring leaves, and kept in a state of constant agitation; while a sylph-like figure waved an enchanted wand over me, filling my mind at once with a mingled dread of her power, and admiration of her angelic form.

I opened my eyes as the chapel clock struck four, and shall never forget the beauty of the morning, as I threw open the lattice, and looked out upon the richly variegated and seemingly interminable forest, that shadowed and enclosed this sylvan retreat. The sun was struggling through the dark pines on the higher summits, while the less elevated regions of the oak and beech reflected the matured light from their leaves, and the intersecting streams—like beauty beneath the glance of her lover—sparkled with delight, as the all-reviving beam, with talismanic touch, drank up the dew, and brought their silver links into new and prominent existence.

From these, “the charms of early morn,” I turned to the little church-yard, which had awakened, the preceding evening, so much of that natural interest, inseparable from a spot which is so justly viewed as the extreme outpost of time and immortality; and carrying my observation round the west flank *, which was still in comparative darkness, I observed a female figure, devoutly kneeling beside a newly-erected cross, and enring, by a slight rotatory motion of the head, that grief so often thus manifested in female sorrow.

That she was a mourner who took this opportunity of paying the homage of private sorrow and avoiding public observation, to make Heaven and her own heart the sole depositories of her grief, was painfully evident; and with that feeling of respect which considers every stolen look an intrusion upon such holy privacy, I shrunk back from the window, as if convicted of an act, for which the least atonement I could make was instantly to withdraw.

Having perused, according to custom, a stated portion from the pages of “Thomas à Kempis,”—the gift of a worthy Catholic, in its original tongue, and a book as devout in feeling as it is elegant in diction—and arranged, into something like a tangible form, my notes of the preceding day, a signal at my chamber latch announced the arrival of breakfast. In the Circles, breakfast is everywhere a solitary meal, and generally served in his chamber, as soon as the sleeper has resumed his natural perpendicular. In the palace, it consists of warm café-au-lait and a rusk; in the village, of one or more glasses of home-brewed, with a substantial slice of swartz-brod; or, in short, whatever comes first to hand: a crust of cheese, or an onion, bespeaks a pantry of more than ordinary resources. But these luxuries, in nine cases out of ten, would ensure but small relish, unless preceded by the glass of schnapps, that indispensable preliminary to every return of active life and sound digestion†. On the present occasion,

* In Germany, the minute attention to east and west in ecclesiastic architecture—so general, or rather universal, in England—is less observed; so that the orié is as often found facing the south as the east; at least, in districts and localities to which the present subject has reference.

† It is by no means here insinuated that such indulgence is carried to excess, or that the practice is even more common than what is termed the morning in Scottish highlands, the goutte d’eau-de-vie throughout France, or the po’ ar Aqua rossigio beyond the Alps; only, I have observed it oftener here than in the countries mentioned. Nor is it confined to the menial or middle classes of society. A short time since, having business with two officers high in a certain royal household, I found them, at eleven o’clock in the morning, enjoying themselves (temporarily) over a flasch of kirschmesser; and in which, on my declining to participate, my squeamishness became a point of pleasant ridicule, reminding me of the scene——

"’Tis confounded strong, Master Boniface!"

"Strong! why it must be so—or how should we be strong that drink it!"
—out of compliment, no doubt, to English custom,—the slice of brown and black bread was accompanied with a fresh print of butter, bearing a very pretty device of a goat and a goose; but why thus and there associated I have not learned.

Having completed my meal, and made some decent improvement in the order and quality of my toilet, I descended the substantial oak staircase, and took my seat in the recess of the speisesaal, or dining parlour, where I was soon joined by my worthy host, with many inquiries for my health, and hopes that sleep had overcome the fatigue of the preceding day. Arrangements, he informed me, had already been made for our visiting the Inselberg—so called from its high and insular position; and as the day promised a continuance of fine weather, he had no doubt the excursion would prove satisfactory. But, in order to ensure full time for observation, he would, with my permission, recommend our setting off immediately. Then calling for his daughter, he asked, "Hast thou put up our luncheon? Are the oxen put to?"

"Ya, lieber vater," answered the beautiful girl, suddenly appearing, but blushing and curtseying back as she perceived "the stranger:"—and then in a softer and less animated tone resumed—"Ya, lieber vater, alles ist fertig!"—"Yes, dearest father, every thing is ready!"

This announcement was confirmed by the scientific crack of a long German whip, and the simultaneous advance of a huge four-wheeled car, drawn by a pair of sleek oxen.

This species of attelage is not a little curious, both in its construction and internal economy. It is certainly an uncouth machine, when viewed in immediate contact with the richly-appointed and highly-finished vehicles, in which luxury permeates the great city; but in a region like this, it is in strict conformity with the place and people—simple in the extreme, but strong and enduring, and formed for the convenience of more than one generation.

A sack well stuffed with fresh straw, and slung from opposite sides of the wagen, supplied the necessary accommodation for our party:—and thus adjusted, the oxen moving in a half voluntary, half compulsory trot, we soon disappeared in the depths of the forest.

The scene became more and more imposing, in its novel and picturesque effect, as we proceeded, with here and there a vista opening on the subjacent valleys, over whose hamlets the smoke of their morning fires still hovered lazily in transparent wreaths. The swine-herd piped melodiously to his bristly troop, where, from time immemorial, the husk had been the natural inheritance of that famous breed of wild schwein, in the hunting of which so many knights of old had sought both pastime and distinction.

We were still within the limits of the Pastor's jurisdiction; and it did the heart good to observe the paternal and filial salutations that passed between the venerable minister and the scattered members of his flock, who were proceeding to, or returning from, their various occupations in the forest.

"By the time," observed my host, "that the sun has cleared the point of Bergenfalk, we shall have reached our proposed halt, and may examine the mines at our leisure." The view, he assured me, would afford a source of surprise and delight.

At this point, the road, or rather the usual track, became too steep and rugged even for the stubborn oxen; and coming to a dead halt, we alighted, and entering a zigzag path, proceeded slowly upwards and onwards to the object in view.

Karoline, who till this moment had maintained an almost uninterrupted silence, now seemed as if she had suddenly recovered the gift of speech; and as we continued the ascent, broke out into a thousand expressions of delight at the enchanting prospect which was now expanding around us. Her cheek was flushed, and the tear rushed into her eyes, as she commented, in brief, broken accents, on the various objects that rose or receded from our view. The Kreut-Zentral, the Frauenliebe, and the Baum-garten, were now basking under the gorgeous light of morning; and every few steps fascinated the eye and fixed the attention upon their rival beauties.

Knowing that the object of "the stranger's" visit was not mere landscape, the younger part of the family literally weighed me down with contributions in the two departments for which I had hinted a partiality, namely Geology and Botany—my waistcoat was stuffed and every button-hole strung with wild flowers which Karoline deemed it her peculiar province to supply, while her brothers contented with one another in filling my pockets with every thing portable in the shape of stone, till indeed the specimens with which I was so liberally supplied threatened to become a speedy and serious evil. It appeared as if I were collecting materials
for founding an edifice, instead of fragments for a scientific shelf.

My companions, however, continued their activity, and by the time we had reached the first rocks, my pockets could no longer sustain the effort, and made an involuntary surrender of their treasures—to the no small merriment of my contributors. The specimens were soon, however, collected, and safely deposited in the family wagen, while fresh contributions continued to pour in upon me. Never were the wants of a wandering naturalist more copiously supplied, and never was tribute more cheerfully accorded. It is nevertheless candid to state that my passion for Botany was this day increased tenfold—which, whether from the abundance and beauty of the wild flowers which here thrive in shade or sunshine, or, from the beauty of the hand which presented them, I scarcely know—it might be both—and surely if ever the celestial Flora stood personified in human features—it was in those of Karoline Himmelreich. But, on the verge of my grand climacteric, it would savour of dotage to attempt any description of her as she then and there appeared. She had all the health and agility of the mountain fawn, and whenever a cluster of flowers was discoverable, sprang to the capture, and returning with the trophy presented it with that air of graceful simplicity to the "stranger" which gave value to the merest trifle and left her own impression in the gift. How little the most penetrating eye of our party foresaw the results of that day's excursion!—But I must defer the sequel till my next.


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SONG.

I.
On the dark waste of Trellick the sun is descending,
Saint Briavels looks glad in his last parting beam;
And the moon o'er the Forest* hills peaceful ascending,
Slow mirrors her face in the swift-rushing stream,
While I ponder alone,
O'er the years that are gone,
On the banks of the dark winding Wye.

II.
'Mid the woods of this vale, with their high cliffs impending,
The days of my boyhood were squandered away;
Like the river that rushed by, they seemed never-ending;
They passed;—and my heart feels the power of decay,
Like the flower that lies dead,
In the path that I tread,
On the banks of the dark winding Wye.

III.
Every dream of the heart that I wandered here dreaming,
Our fathers have dreamt, and their fathers before;
For the breast of bold boyhood, with fond fancies teeming,
But catches an echo from ages of yore—
E'en as mine caught the tone,
When I wandered alone,
On the banks of the dark winding Wye.

IV.
Here the ruins of Tintern, once hallowed and hoary,
Alas! now profaned by a sight-seeing crew,
In the calm sea of twilight retrieve their old glory,
And bathe their green ivy, unseen, with the dew:
As they crumble away
In the grasp of decay—
On the banks of the dark winding Wye.

* The Forest of Dean.
Here weep the wild willows, that lonely stood bending
While oft my young fancy of fame loved to rave;
But my spirit, now softened, like them lowly tending,
Thinks less upon glory than death and the grave,
While I saunter at eve,
In the twilight to grieve,
On the banks of the dark winding Wye.

But adieu! to the Abbey, in dust slow reclining,
Adieu! to the willows that gracefully mourn;
To the moon on the rapid wave brilliantly shining—
My step from this valley of visions must turn,
To encounter dismay,
In a land far away
From the banks of the dark winding Wye.

REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDETERMINATED ROGUE.

No. VIII.

"Having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in a rogue."

WINTER'S TALE.

Cooper seemed surprised at seeing Dillon and Phoebe enter the cavern. Nevertheless sitting in the corner upon a fresh truss of a straw, he observed a moody silence, while the old woman smoked her pipe close beside him, and hailed the entrance of her granddaughter and the Hobgoblin with a half suppressed scream of astonishment. It hissed through her attenuated throat, partly obstructed by phlegm and tobacco smoke, with that sort of whistling rattle which escapes with the last breath of a strangulated wheal. It was clear Cooper had related to her the whole affair of the water, and that she had come to the humane conclusion, that her granddaughter and Dillon were drowned, which will sufficiently account for her surprise when they appeared before her uncathed, and most provokingly "sound in wind and limb."

The old savage seemed to entertain almost as strong an antipathy to Phoebe as to Dillon, for no recountable reason save that she was utterly unlike the rest of the family.

"So then thou'rt not a feast for cels yet," said the gipsy grandmother, addressing our hero; "he that's born to be hanged will never be drowned, is a fair saying and a true. I wish the devil knew how to do his work better than to let such a fair subject for brimstone as thou art, escape from his gripe when he had thee dangling by a hair over the smoke of his own pit. Thou art too stubborn a cur to die nobly. Thou'lt never yield thy life until 'tis no longer worth the having."

Dillon paid no attention to this impotent raving, but addressing Cooper, told him that he should lodge an information against him for attempting the life of Phoebe Burrows.—The gipsy grinned defiance, but still maintained a dogged silence. His aged defender, however, again took up the burden of her old song, and continued her abuse with such earnestness, that she at length fell back upon the straw exhausted. Cooper, no longer able to contain his wrath, which had only grown the more vehement under his struggles to suppress it, rose hastily from his seat, and approaching Dillon with a threatening air and flushed cheeks, bade him in a peremptory tone to quit the cavern. His rival, who knew not what fear was under any circumstances, was so little excited by the gipsy's swaggering phrase and bearing, that he answered with a deliberate quietness which at once attested the sincerity of his purpose—

"Cooper! take heed how you dare to command my absence from a place to which I
have more than purchased my right. Don’t think that the waters have so far stifled my resolution, that I shall hesitate to strike the ruffian to the earth, who, after he has attempted the life of an innocent girl, dares to look at me with an eye of menace.”

Cooper was abashed; he partook of the cowardice of his race, and retired to his straw in sullen confusion.

“Dastard!” shrieked the old woman, having again recovered her power of vituperation, and turning towards him her black deep-seated eyes, whilst her tawny cheeks were pursed up into a thousand frightful corrugations—“dastard! dost fear a sleek fresh-coloured whelp like him? Why a woman’s sinews are enough to level him with the earth, which he thinks it a fine thing to spurn. See what an old arm can do—then cast the slough of thy manhood, and take to a petticoat.”

Saying this, she rose hastily, but over-balancing herself by the energy of her sudden exertion, she again fell back in a state of almost perfect exhaustion. Cooper, excited by the taunt of the aged gipsy, and impelled by a sudden impulse of uncontrollable rage, sprang from his straw, and was in an instant at Dillon’s side. He raised his arm and made a blow with all his strength at the head of the Hobgoblin, who, starting actively forward, avoided the intended visitation, and collecting his whole force, struck his adversary on the temple, and prostrated him upon the earth senseless. He then dragged him out of the cavern, and cast him from the threshold into the chalk-pit, like a piece of worthless carrion. During this scene poor Phoebe looked on in silent agony; but when she saw Cooper prostrate and in a state of insensibility, her woman’s compassion was roused;—she implored Dillon to quit the cavern, and leave her to restore him. The moment she saw him in a condition of utter helplessness, she forgot the recent injury he had done her; and no sooner was he released from the strong grasp of his rival, than she raised his head, rubbed his temples, and in a very short time brought him to his senses.

When the grandmother perceived the sad issue to which her taunt had led, and saw Dillon dragging her favourite from the vault, she arose with some difficulty, her whole frame convulsed with emotion, her palsied head oscillating with the horrid agitation of a galvanised body after death, her matted hair sticking to her cheeks, and reeling towards the object of her malignant hate, who had by this time re-entered the cavern, she fixed her thin grimy fingers upon his shoulders, and looking in his face with an intense, and malignant stare, uttered, in a deep husky whisper—“This is what comes of harbouring a snake, instead of scotching the treacherous reptile and casting it upon a dunghill, to die by stages as the moon grows and fills her niggard lamp in the wintry heavens. But there’s a reward for thee yet, though thou thinkest this thy hour of triumph. I know no curse bitter enough for thee; but this I know, that could I be thy tormentor in hell, I’d gladly suffer its tortures as long as eternity shall last, to hear thee howl under my inflictions for the same season.”

Dillon smiled at the ferocious malice still cherished by this miserable woman, in the impotence of age and on the very confines of that eternity, of which she seemed to speak in terms that expressed no very agreeable anticipations; and having gently laid her upon the truss of straw on which she had been sitting, turned to quit the cavern, when he perceived Cooper approaching him armed with a knife, and his hand raised ready to strike him with this weapon of death. Phoebe perceiving his horrible intent, sprang suddenly before him just as his arm descended, and received the stroke on her shoulder. Fortunately the knife struck upon the bone, and glanced off without doing further mischief than inflictimg a slight flesh wound, from which indeed the blood copiously flowed. Cooper, imagining that he had seriously wounded her, made a speedy retreat. Dillon soon staunched the blood; but his attention was shortly after called to a more fatal event. When Phoebe’s grandmother implored the last curse upon Dillon, nature made all but her final effort. The wretched creature had been failing for some time past, and it was evident to all who saw her that the period of her miserable probation was well nigh terminated. She had not hitherto appeared conscious of this, or if she were, it abated not in the slightest degree that innate malignity of temperament which characterised her whole life.

Scarcely had Phoebe’s wound been dressed before Burrows and his wife entered the cavern. They had been gathering fuel on the common, and returned just in time to witness their parent’s decease.

“Children!” exclaimed the old woman, in the same hoarse whisper as before, “the hand of death is upon me; in a few hours I shall be nothing—dross—dross—this old body will be dunghill carrion. Ha! tis a bitter thing to die—to become a clod—to be loathed.
Oh! I would live—I would live. Save me, boy—let me not die—tis a heart-rending struggle, but I would master it. Give me air—breath—life—aye, tis a vain expectation. It baffles me—there—there, raise me!"

She gasped, and her expressions of horror were frightful. No words can so truly depict her feelings, as one of Shakspeare's exquisitely

Oh! but to die and go we know not where.
To lie in cold oblivion and to rot.
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clot; and the dilated spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice:
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds
And blown with relentless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine, howling! tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

It was awful to see the impression produced upon Burrows and his wife, at the sight of the dying gipsy. The shock seemed to come upon them with a suddenness and surprise, as if they had never calculated upon such an event.

They both sobbed and bellowed by turns, the wife tore her hair, and the husband threw himself upon the ground, exhibiting every expression of ungovernable grief, and occasionally giving utterance to the most horrible blasphemies. Phoebe heaved an occasional sigh, and though her affections had never been deeply engaged by the dying sinner before her, still the tears stole silently down her cheek, as she witnessed the death throes of one so unwilling to quit a world, which had been to her one of rigorous privation, and heard the fearful expressions of horror which occasionally burst from her thin discoloured lips, as a sudden thought of futurity awakened her energies to desperate but transient exertion.

Dillon knelt by the side of the expiring gipsy, and began to pray for her departing soul, with an earnestness worthy of a better christian. Even at this hour of her extremity, she fixed on him a look of withering hate, and with a faint guttural howl, muttered a malediction upon him. Dillon, however, continued on his knees; Phoebe knelt by him; and both offered up a prayer for the dying delinquent, while the whole family united in one wild wail, manifesting all the symptoms of the most extravagant sorrow. It was a scene calculated to awaken reflection in the most thoughtless heart. Dillon had never witnessed anything so awful, for the death of his late guardian Miss Biddy Mackin-
adding to the pangs of her departure. Her son and daughter-in-law were so occupied by the noisy expressions of their grief, that they made no efforts to render her the necessary assistance, which now devolved upon Phoebe, whose gentle attentions she rather appeared to endure than to desire. The spasms at length became more frequent and severe; every fibre of her body was convulsed, and her tongue fixed so firmly against her jaw, that utterance was impossible—while her teeth clenched audibly, her throat swelled and blackened with her desperate agony, she made a sudden spring, raised herself from her straw, started vigorously to her feet, and fell forward dead without a groan. For a moment the son and his wife seemed stunned, as if the shock had come upon them like a thunderstroke. They gazed at the corpse, and then at each other with an expression of distracted amazement without uttering a word. At length, Burrows turned the body, and looking at it for a moment with an air of bewildered astonishment, exclaimed, "She's dead—poor soul, she's dead, and what shall we do?"

The howlings of the bereaved family were now redoubled, and were only quieted by Burrows and his wife steeping their senses in that forgetfulness which is sure to succeed upon repeated potations of brandy or Hollands, however adulterated. The body was left to stiffen upon the straw upon which the soul had quitted it, while a scene of the most disgusting brutality took place in the chamber of death.

Early in the evening, Dillon quitted the cavern, and Phoebe retired to the inner compartment, where she was accustomed to sleep, while George Cooper joined with a heartless apathy in the unnatural mode of drowning sorrow resorted to by the son of the deceased and his wife. He had looked on with perfect indifference during the death struggles of the miserable old gipsy, who had always treated him with a kindness and consideration, which she sometimes almost seemed to consider a reproach upon her uncompromising temper, and the inflexible rigidity of her nature. Whilst the spirit circulated, Cooper continued to hint the darkest falsehoods against Dillon, and when he saw that the passions of Burrows were in a state to be inflamed, he told the whole of the morning's occurrences with the most malignant exaggerations, and being excited at once by the brandy and the theme, he painted our hero in colours that would have degraded a demon, and signalised his malice, by uttering, with the most deadly imprecations, a deep hoarse vow of vengeance. Burrows, who had for some time felt the advantages of Dillon's acquaintance, started from his chair, and gave Cooper the lie. The latter having his passions sufficiently under control, and not finding it convenient to provoke a dispute where it was his interest to keep on friendly terms, soothed his enraged host by a ready admission that he had wronged his friend, and thus peace was restored. But the malice of Cooper only rankled the more fiercely in proportion as he denied it vent, and his resolutions of vengeance were but the more confirmed by opposition.

Burrows entertained no particular regard for Cooper, even though he had consented to his becoming the husband of Phoebe, as the young profligate was not possessed of those qualities which had so strongly prepossessed him in favour of Dillon, who had not only shown great dexterity in those arts which Burrows respected above all others, but had likewise frequently helped to put small sums of money into his pocket,—a prodigious merit in the estimation of the nomadic tinker.

It was a beautiful May morning:

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Woods and groves are of her dressing,
Hill and dale do boast her blessing.

Dillon, with the earliest ascent of the sun, hastened to the chalk-pit. Here he found Burrows already risen digging a grave in the centre of the cavern. The corpse ghastly in death, and still more ghastly from the smoke and tobacco fumes with which it had been bronzed during the night, was still extended in rags upon the very spot where it had been laid after the spirit had quitted it. The gipsy mother, scarcely recovered from her unnatural debauch, was boiling a kettle into which she had just thrown some salt and

* The gipsies do not believe in the soul's immortality, as an instance related by Toppeltin will serve to show. "One of the more civilised gipsies in Transylvania took the resolution of sending his son to school; leave being obtained from the government, the lad was admitted, and was going on very well under his teacher's hands. The boy died, whereupon the relations applied immediately to the magistrates and the clergy for permission to give him Christian burial, he being a student at the time of his death. On this occasion the priest asked whether they believed the deceased should rise again at the last day. "Strange idea," they answered, "to believe that a carcass, a lifeless corpse, should be reanimated, and rise again. In our opinion it would be so more likely to happen to him, than to the horse we flayed a few days ago."—See Grettman on the Gipsies.

potatoes, in order to still the cries of the several hungry claimants around her, who were screaming with rage because their breakfast had been delayed at least half an hour beyond the usual time. Cooper had quitted the miserable chamber of death on the night preceding, and had not returned, and Phoebe had strolled into the fields, in order to avoid the sight of objects as disgusting as they were melancholy, and to breathe a purer air than the fetid smoky atmosphere of the gipsy tenement. Burrows pursued his labour with an energy altogether unusual, welcoming Dillon as he entered with a lugubrious smile, and bewailing the miserable fate of the old damsel, as he invariably called his mother, who, he said, had quitted life to be a mere lump of offal; “but here,” said he, striking his spade into the chalk with all his force, “here she’ll be secure from the worms however;—there’s nothing like your chalk for keeping dead flesh sweet and clean;” then he broke out into a wild lamentation, so loud and bitter, that his guest was astonished to see the strange mixture of acute feeling, and coarse levity, which marked every reference he made to the death of his mother. Here was one of those strange anomalies in nature which will ever baffle the speculations of philosophy. In the heart of this man, encased in a crust of the grossest animal selfishness, without a sympathy for human kind, obdurate, unrelenting, and ferocious, scorning all obligation, social, civil and moral, steeped and saturated to the very core with the overflowing of every base and bitter passion—in the heart of this man glowed one little spark that raised it above the brute level to which its vile qualities had depressed it, and that was the bright glowing spark of filial affection.

The pit was at length hollowed to the depth of five feet, and cut just long and wide enough to receive the corpse. The mode of sepulture was simple and summary. Phoebe having returned, the whole family crowded round the grave with eager curiosity, when Burrows and his wife raised the corpse, the one by the head, the other by the feet, and dropped it into the pit without uttering a word. No prayer was breathed. No silent aspiration went up to Heaven for the repose of the departed soul. The body was buried like that of a dog, and but that it was inhumed in chalk, and with the alteration of the name, nothing could be a more appropriate epitaph for the deceased gipsy, than that written by Milton upon the university carrier:

Here lies old Burrows, death has broke her girt,
And here, alas, hath laid her in the dirt.*

The hole was filled up as soon as the corpse had been deposited within it, and that very afternoon the whole family quitted their winter abode, never again to return to it, and proceeded towards London. Our hero took leave of them and of Phoebe, determined to see her no more. In spite of his love for her, she had refused him, and his pride revolted against making any future advances that might expose him to the chance of a similar repulse.

Dillon started for London without any very defined notion with respect to his future plans of life. His intercourse with Phoebe Burrows had produced a considerable change in his sentiments as to the natural right, even of one of the predestinated, to rob. She had frequently insisted not only upon the illegality and social enormity of thieving, but upon the spiritual deflagration which it would not fail to induce, at the same time pointing to a short sentence of only four words in the decalogue, which he had taught her to read, containing a very significant prohibition against stealing. He had amassed sufficient money to put him in a more honest way of increasing his stock, and after balancing many plans in his mind he determined, as the most profitable investment of his little capital, to repair to the coast, purchase a small vessel and add to his store by the more honourable occupation of defrauding the revenue.

On his arrival in London he soon discovered that his brother still retained the confidence of his master, an opulent merchant, and had been advanced to the situation of clerk in his counting-house, with a salary of a hundred and fifty pounds a year. Dillon was some weeks in town before he ventured to acquaint his brother with the place of his temporary abode, which was in respectable lodgings at the outskirts of the city, as he was well aware that Edward had been long acquainted with his mode of life, and naturally feared, therefore, that he would meet him with severe reproaches. The extent to which he had carried his depredations was unknown to his brother, although the latter was well aware that the

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* As the preparations for death are generally regulated according to a person's notion of religion; so a gipsy, who neither knows nor believes anything concerning the immortality of the soul, or of rewards and punishments beyond this life, for the most part dies like a beast, ignorant of himself and of his Creator, as well as utterly incapable of forming any opinion about a higher destination.—Gretman.
eldest son of his mother was anything but an honest man. The consciousness of the low estimation in which he was held, therefore, made our hero slow in communicating the place of his abode, to the only person living, save Phoebe Burrows, towards whom his heart in the slightest degree yearned. He at length, however, made up his mind to write and request his brother to come and see him, which the latter did with a most unexpected alacrity. The meeting was one of mixed feelings—there was a hesitation on the one part and a subdued affection on the other, but to which a few minutes' mutual embarrassment put an end, and the conversation became free and cordial. Edward having gained his entire self-possession, alluded, in the gentlest terms, to the profligate life which our hero had hitherto thought fit to pursue, and ended by assuring him that all intercourse must for ever cease between them in this world, unless he could see him hold up his head in society as an honest man. The Hobgoblin, who had been long pondering upon the social degradation in which roguary cannot fail to terminate, and not relishing the thought of being an outcast from that society among whom his brother was eagerly welcomed, now felt the less reluctant in acceding to his wishes, and made him a most solemn promise, which he confirmed by an oath duly taken on the Bible, that he would never rob again, under any pretence, or however great the inducement. This promise he religiously kept, and the intercourse between the brothers was in consequence regular and cordial. Still Edward Dillon could not bring his brother into the presence of those friends who were acquainted with his former habits; James, therefore, felt himself to be an outcast, and his spirit accordingly rebelled against what he considered such an arbitrary decision. He was a marked and degraded man. As he could not hold communion with respectable persons, his brother only excepted, he made up his mind at once to repair to the coast, and turn smuggler, holding that there was no moral offence in refusing to pay a duty to government and trying to traffic to the best advantage with his own means. He could not bring his mind to the conclusion, admitted by every wise man since the flood, that man has a prescriptive right to impose laws upon his fellow man which the latter does not feel it either agreeable or convenient to obey. His argument was, that man, as a free agent, had by nature the liberty of doing just what might happen to please him; never for a moment considering that it may please a man to be a very great rogue, and a very great nuisance to society; that consequently there is a moral necessity for the establishment of human laws, in order to secure the good from the mischievous machinations of the bad. He did not communicate his determination to Edward Dillon, who was in hopes that by getting him into a regular and honest employment, the stain upon his character would by degrees be removed, and that he might eventually be restored to society after a fair test of his probity, confirmed by a trial of years. These notions of the honest Edward were frustrated by an event that nearly involved our hero in that sort of difficulty which commonly ends in a halter.

The brothers had been spending the day at Barnes where they went to meet the land steward of a nobleman, to whom James had offered his services as gamekeeper of a manor in the neighbourhood of Windsor. The meeting, however, had an unfavourable termination, as Dillon was rejected. As they were returning home, about twelve o'clock at night, on passing a house near Kensington, Edward Dillon remarked that it was the residence of the gentleman who had prosecuted him for a robbery on the Bath road, for which he had been tried at the Salisbury assizes, as before related. While the speaker was expatiating in very ardent terms upon the beauty of the daughter, who appeared to have made a very vivid impression upon his memory, a faint scream was heard from one of the upper rooms of the house. Our hero immediately sprang over the fence and darted forward to the building, leaving his astonished and perplexed brother in the road, wondering what would be the issue of this untoward adventure. The Hobgoblin, by a sort of professional instinct, soon discovered that an entrance had been obtained into the house through a back window, the shutter of which had been bored through with a centre bit, and opened according to the usual fashion of practised burglars. Dillon lost not a moment, but made his way towards the upper stories.—He passed a man in the passage, who appeared to have been placed as a sentinel, and who took him for an accomplice. Proceeding up stairs with a light but quick step, he heard a noise which directed him to a back room on the second floor. By the time he had reached the door he could distinctly hear the suppressed scream of a female, which was followed by a struggle as if suffering from unnatural violence. Without stopping to calculate the danger, Dillon dashed open the door and entered. Here he
saw stretched almost motionless upon the bed the same interesting girl whose life he had probably saved on the Bath road, when the horses ran away with her and her father. Her throat was firmly grasped by the hand of a man who had his other hand upon her pocket, which he was tearing eagerly from her side. The moment the door was opened the burglar raised his head, when to his astonishment Dillon recognised his old host of the chalk cavern. Burrows recognised him as instantly, and rolling the protruded orb of his blind eye in most repelling unison with a quick wink of the other, he continued his violence without uttering a word, so eager was he to obtain the contents of his victim's pocket. Without hesitating an instant, our hero sprang forward, and striking the gipsy with his utmost strength upon the left ear, prostrated him upon the floor. Dillon next snatched the fair victim of his quondam host's rapacity almost senseless from the bed, took the mattress, bedding, and all he could lay his hand upon at the moment, and flung it upon the prostrate robber, who lay nearly stunned with the force of the blow he had so unexpectedly received. He then blew out the light, took the terrified girl in his arms and quit the room, carefully fastening the door after him. He was now in total darkness, but whispering to his charge to keep silence, he proceeded cautiously down the stairs. A dim light was admitted into the passage below from the lamp in front of the house, just sufficient to enable him to distinguish the same figure which he had observed as he entered. “Is all right?” the latter inquired, as Dillon, who immediately recognised the voice of George Cooper, cautiously approached the passage. “All right,” replied our hero, at the same instant darting into the face of his interlocutor a heavy watchman's rattle, which he had taken from the room where he had so dexterously left Burrows a prisoner. No sooner did the Hobgoblin perceive the passage clear before him, than he made his way out of the house with his lovely burthen, and sprang the rattle, with all his might, as soon as he got on to the lawn. In a few minutes a number of watchmen were upon the spot, when Dillon committed his fair companion to the charge of his brother, and immediately proceeded with the watchmen to search the house.

Upon entering the passage, it became clear that Cooper had made use of his best wits to get out of a dilemma. The back door was open, through which it was fairly surmised that he had made his escape, and the kitchen window being broken, as if it had been forced open with sudden violence, led to the no less natural conclusion that through it an accomplice had likewise made his escape. The watchmen, after carefully examining the lower stories, proceeded to the second floor, where, upon unlocking the door of the back room, they found Burrows, who had just disencumbered himself from the bed-clothes, in the act of fastening the sheets and blankets together in order to let himself down through the window. He had cut them into wide strips, which he had skilfully twisted and tied, thus forming a rope sufficiently strong and substantial to have insured him a safe and easy descent; but the consummation of his ingenuity was baffled by the sudden arrival of the guardians of the public peace. After a desperate struggle he was secured, and in his possession was found a large clasp-knife; upon the floor lay a short iron crow, and near it a bag of tinker's tools, a centre-bit, and other implements of a cranksman's trade.

Ah me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!
What plaguey mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after-claps?

The moment he saw Dillon the disappointed gipsy broke out into the most furious railing. “Is this the way you serve your friends? Thou miserable son of a Christian mother, there'll be a halter for thee yet. Thou'll be in thrall still. If I had but thy gullet between my finger and thumb I'd squeeze darkness into thy soul as black as the hell thou and thy canting mates dream of, to frighten fools and still the squalling of nursery rebels. Rascal!—thou shouldn't have no more trick out thy bugbear, like a smoky sweep on a sunny first of May, if I could once lodge six short inches of cold iron under thy waistcoat.” The watchmen listened with surprise at this unexpected recognition between the prisoner and him to whom they were indebted for so easy a capture. They therefore looked upon Dillon with suspicion, which he could not fail to perceive with some slight feeling of discomfort—but having proceeded with them to the watchhouse, where Burrows was securely lodged in the black-hole, he left his name and address with the night constable, and returned to his lodgings. Here he found his brother, who told him that he had taken the young lady whom he had committed to his charge to the house of a neighbour, where she had been kindly welcomed. There he had left her, after having
been assured by the family, who, it appears, were acquainted with her, that she should remain with them until the return of her father, who was absent from home, and expected next day. It appeared from her statement that she had retired to her chamber, when the house was entered by Burrows and two accomplices, but not feeling disposed to sleep, had sat up in an easy chair. No one was in the house besides two maidservants, the housekeeper, and herself; the man-servant being absent with his master. The burglars did not attempt to molest the housekeeper, who was a gentlewoman in the hibernial season of life; but their leader, the gipsy, was not so forbearing towards her young mistress, acting, no doubt, upon the maxim of the poet,

Summer fruits we highly prize,
They kindly cool the blood,
But winter berries we despise,
And leave them in the wood;
On the bush, they may look well,
But gathered, lose both taste and smell.

The following morning Edward Dillon repaired to the house where he had left the young lady, whom his brother had rescued from the brutality of Burrows, to make his inquiries, and was received with very flattering attention. James, on the contrary, was required to appear at the police office, to give evidence against the gipsy, who, after a brief examination before the magistrate, at Bow-street, was committed to Newgate for trial. Upon his return home, our hero unexpectedly met Phoebe Burrows, who, having heard of her father’s capture, had come to Bow-street in order to ascertain the result of his examination. Dillon would have avoided her, but was overcame by her look of tender recognition, and approaching her, held out his hand, which she grasped with a warm but nervous anxiety. A tear started into her eye, but by a sudden exertion of energy she repressed her rising emotion, and greeted our hero with an earnest yet subdued welcome. Her lip, however, occasionally quivered, and she bent her eye towards the ground, as if she feared to trust herself to speak. There was a mute earnestness in her that spoke far more eloquently than words. Dillon was moved, but amid the tender recollections which now crowded upon his memory, his rejection by the beautiful gipsy, rose like a dark and gigantic spirit from a paradise of flowers, and dashed every delightful thought of the past with a poisonous drop of bitterness that turned all the sweet to gall. His pride had been stung, and the pain of that sting had scarcely yet subsided. He, therefore, looked upon the poor trembling girl with a momentary feeling of triumph, as he recollected that she had rejected his hand for that of a vulgar scoundrel who had attempted her life, and was likely soon to forfeit his own to the outraged laws of his country. There was a bitterness in his spirit which had never before manifested itself, but which he made no effort to control; on the contrary the dash of gall that came over his feelings imparted a relish to the gentle revenge, which he was now taking, for what he considered to have been an unmerited repulse. Phoebe, feeling awkward at Dillon’s silence, for he had not yet spoken, at length raised her head, and her cheek was covered with the hue of mixed sensibility and shame at the cause of her appearance in the vicinity of a police office. Dillon asked her where her mother was; Phoebe told him that they had lately pitched their tent on the least frequented part of Wimbledon Common, with some other families of their tribe, where they had formed a little encampment for the summer. As Burrows was committed, Dillon offered to take Phoebe back to her family, and ordering a hackney coach, they proceeded to the common without further delay. The poor girl appeared uneasy, as if she had something to communicate which was painful; and Dillon, assuming an air of indifference, in order to hide his real feelings, selected the most commonplace topics of conversation, with the apparent tone and air of one who was naturally careless and habitually gay. At length Phoebe said, timidly, “Dillon I fear I have offended you;” and as she uttered this in a tremulous tone, her eye was instantly suffused with tears.

“Why should you think so?—because I have appeared against your father?”

“Not so, James; for I will confess to you, my father has long ago excited within me such a repugnance towards him, that I cannot feel as if I were his child. The name of father cannot sanctify vice, nor force the seeds of affection to grow even in the heart of a child, when such a foul blight is perpetually cast upon them; and his enormities have so completely turned my affection from him, that my nature seems to have undergone a complete revolution, and I can only pity where I feel I ought to love. I shrink from my own filial obduracy of heart, but I can neither control nor disguise it.”

“Why then do you fear that you have offended me?”

“Because you were not wont to treat me thus coldly.”
"But would you have me treat with marked tenderness one who is pledged to another?" asked Dillon, with a slow deliberate tone of assumed indifference.

Poor Phœbe burst into tears. Dillon folded his arms, and looked out of the coach window in dogged triumph, but did not utter a word. The loud sobs of the lovely gipsy, which were becoming hysterical, at length somewhat subdued his pride, and he took her hand, at the same time gently pressing it, and begged to know, in a soothing tone, but still free from that eloquent inflexion of sympathy which conveys so instant a balm to a wounded spirit, what was the cause of her sudden and irrepressible emotion.

"James," said the agitated girl, weeping bitterly, but feeling a relief in that sudden gush of tears, "I feel I have wronged you. I feel I have not appreciated the affection of a man whose love I ought to have prized beyond any thing this world can offer me; but I rejected him for a villain."

"You had good reason for your choice, Phœbe, no doubt;" said our hero, calmly interrupting her. "The interdiction of a father whom you despise, and of a grandmother whom you did not venerate, and of a mother who is not much behind your father and grandmother in deserving, was no doubt to be observed with becoming reverence. George Cooper was every way worthy of your choice; I was not. You did right then to reject me, and having been rejected, Phœbe, I am not the man to press myself where I am not welcome."

Our hero had great difficulty in suppressing his feelings, as he deliberately uttered this blighting reproach. Phœbe, sting by its severity, checked her tears, and the rest of their journey was passed in silence. When they reached the common, Dillon saw his charge safe in the custody of her mother, and returned to town, with an overcharged bosom, where love and mortified pride fiercely struggled for the mastery.

SYMPHAX.

A TALE OF THE HAOURAN.

BY H. W. WOOLRICH, ESQ.

During one of those petty wars which eastern chiefains are perpetually waging against each other, an English gentleman, with his wife and daughter, had penetrated into the Haouran. They had been travellers far and near, and were inured to the toils and dangers of their calling. Of late they had been pleasure at Cairo, in the season of health, when the scourgé was still, and the slave market full, and the people, instead of flying from their homes, were busy with gain, and eager for the coming Beiram. Passing by way of Suez, and through Palestine to the peaceful spot whence Jordan sends forth its gladdening streams, they had at length reached that mixed abode of men, the Haouran. (For as you go to Damascus by the mountains of Lebanon—the Libanus and Anti-Libanus—the scattered villages of Christians, Druses, and Turks, together with endless camps of Arabs, are to be found throughout the land.) The intended route of our countrymen was now homewards. They were to proceed by way of Damascus to Aleppo, and had already seen the broad blue sea from the neighbouring heights. But in these lawless districts no man can say with certainty that he shall behold again his country and hisireside. Descending into the plain, the travellers took up their abode at one of these motley villages. They were conducted to the strangers' rest, a hovel belonging to the Sheik of the place, dark, cold, and comfortless, but still a refuge for the wanderer, whether white or negro, poor or rich, good or bad. The usual repast of the country being ended, and the scanty remnant devoured by the hungry Arabs, the party prepared themselves for repose. The hut which they occupied, and which might rather have been called a cell, was built of lava, yet not so strongly but that the snow was constantly melting through sundry crevices upon the inmates. It was without a chimney, and in order to give vent to the smoke, an opening was afforded just opposite to the entrance, which, while it did its office of ventilator conveniently enough, let in at the same time no slight share of the pitiless breeze. Round a blazing fire sat the Englishman and his child, with several wandering Arabs, and some few Druses for neighbours. While the English slumbered, the pipe went briskly round, each handing it to the person
nearest him, and one of the Arabs, Ab Aylin, began to rehearse, with much pleasantly, the lengthy tales of his country. They then spoke of war, and more particularly of the feud which was then at its height in their territory. Two Sheiks of the mountains had refused to comply with the demands of a neighbouring emir, and upon his marching an army into their district, they had raised some forces to resist him. This civil war had rendered travelling highly dangerous, and many hints were thrown out regarding the Englishman and his daughter, whose courage, in venturing so far, formed a theme for much admiration. It was now late, and the Arabs, tired with their journey, and satiated with talk and smoking, were, last of all, about to lie down before the recruited fires, when a vast clamour was heard without. The dogs from within loudly responded to this noise; and whilst the startled inmates were seizing their arms, several Druses, equipped for battle, rushed hastily into the khan. They related that an encounter had happened to their disadvantage, that the emir was in pursuit of their chiefs, who were then in the village, and that they were in search of a spy who had betrayed their position to the enemy, and had been the main cause of their discomfiture. All eyes were turned almost instinctively upon the still sleeping Englishman. At this moment one of the Sheiks entered, a tall, dark chief, whose heavy brow denoted the passions of anger and disappointment which raged within him.

"What do you gaze at, Druses?" said he sharply, observing the attention with which they were surveying the British traveller. A more intense notice of the guest, unaccompanied by a reply, succeeded to this appeal, and attracted the Sheik more particularly.

"Ah! is it so?" he exclaimed, approaching the stranger; "his sleep is feigned, it is well done, but the soldiers of the Haou ran are not so easily trapped. Make him prisoner," continued the chief, advancing; "and what have we here?" he added, as he beheld the fair countenance of the lady, who had shrunk behind her father's chair. Terror had deprived her for the moment of a fortitude which she had preserved through many toils and dangers, but the word spy had fallen upon her ear, and her heart failed as the Sheik advanced.

"And she must be a captive too, I suppose," said one of the Druses, adjusting his bushy beard, and pointing to the girl. But the Englishman now rose up, and boldly stood before his daughter.

"Thou knowest the Emir Ezra?" said the Sheik hastily.

"I do," replied the gentleman. The Sheik turned to his Arab with a scornful smile.

"When didst thou last see him?" was the next interrogatory.

"Some years since at Damascus."

"But the last time?" asked the chief once more, and impatiently.

"I have told you," returned the unau dented Briton.

"Let him be searched," said the indignant Sheik. "Our foes may be at hand, but justice shall first be done upon this dog."

"What is this?" cried an Arab, lifting up a piece of paper he had taken.

"That is my firman," said the Englishman, with a firm voice.

"A firman from the Turk," returned the Sheik; but he made no obeisance to the signet of the Grand Signior.

"And these?" exclaimed the Arab.

It was explained that they were letters of credit upon a merchant of Damascus. The Sheik looked sullen and dissatisfied.

"And this," said the Englishman resolutely, "is a ring which Sheik Osman gave me in token of his friendship, as a sure talisman to protect me on my journey."

"And verily, if thou dost, thou shalt be protected," replied the chief, pressing the ring to his lips, and prostrating himself.

"And if there is no more against thee," continued the chief, "perhaps we may let thee go."

"But there is one more paper," said a Druse, who was very observant of the scene before him.

"What is it?" said the Sheik, again aroused to suspicion.

"That," observed the Englishman, with coolness, "is indeed a letter to your enemy, the Emir Ezra." The Sheik started. "But it is a mere letter of recommendation. We English travel for our pleasure, and desire as many sources of protection as can be afforded us."

"Priest," said the Sheik, "I pray thee interpret the letter for us."

The person addressed was no other than the Druse who had been so busy at the search. He took the letter, which was in Turkish, and after reading it awhile, dashed it on the ground with violence.

"It is true, Sheik. He is the spy, the man who has betrayed us. The letter is from
the treacherous Emir, thanking him for his service."

Thus spoke the priest, with a solemn air, which infused conviction into all, and decided the traveller's fate.

"And is it so, traveller?" exclaimed the commander, now beside himself with passion.

"Let him be taken to the middle of our village, and shot before our face, and let his burial be that of an infidel dog."

"Every word is false," said the Englishman, with a firm tone. "Your priest has lied to you for the sake of plunder."

"Away with him," cried the Sheik, spear from him the suppliant child, who begged her father's life.

"For half an hour!" she implored, but in vain.

"He might have some few moments with me," said the Druze, "in mercy to him, who deserves no mercy; let me tell him of his future destiny. 'Tis fit that, for the sake of others, it should be known that his unhallowed soul will pass after death into a half-starved and crippled horse. Such is the sentence of our Deity against a vicious heathen like himself."

"Take him for some few short minutes," said the Sheik, "then let him be brought forth to undergo his doom. By the golden calf he dies."

The Druze now led aside his prisoner to discourse with him of things to come, and gladly for a bribe would he have recalled the prophetic fate he had decreed. A few piastres would have changed the ill-fed brute into a kindly and well-carpisoned steed. The priest was of the higher order of the Druzes, reputed for learning, and simple in his habits and apparel. His neat and well-adjusted turban, his hoary long beard, the scarf and sleeves, like those of our hierarchy, which hung gracefully on his shoulders, his band and crozier-like staff, bespoke his more enlightened order. He was the Akal or wise man of the country, bound by his vow to keep secret the rites of his religion, and pledged to guard with awe the mystic ceremonies to which he had been instituted.

It was an awful season for the wretched child, who remained a captive also, and apart from her parent by order of the Sheik. But in this gloomy interval there was a ray of hope. The Arab, Ab Aylin, had not failed to remark the crafty Druze, whose learning had decided the fate of his companion. Turning to a fellow traveller, he bade him hasten to the dwelling of another priest, who lived at the next village, and who might, said he, interpret somewhat differently.

His urgent entreaty was obeyed, and he contrived to acquaint the trembling girl with the summons he had sent. But time, he knew, was short, and his heart quailed beneath the thought that the Sheik would grow impatient, and the victim be sacrificed ere his messenger could return. And, indeed, he had well reckoned, though with sad certainty; for, like an angry lion, the great chief quickly returned, and gave a peremptory mandate that the prisoner should be brought to his punishment. The Druze appeared, and delivered up his charge.

"I am happy, chief," said he, "to declare that this heathen, when he dies, will suffer a far less miserable change than I had deemed him worthy of. His money—"

"Is in your pocket, Said," cried the independent son of the desert.

"Ab Aylin," returned the priest in wrath, "by what right dost thou profane our holy order by thy blasphemies?"

But before he could say more, he was interrupted by a loud exclamation by the Sheik.

"Ha!" exclaimed the commander. "See—by yonder hill, and now they wind along the steep; do you not see the force? they are the Emir's troops."

"And Turks behind," said another of the party.

"Hasten to my brother," cried the Sheik; "gather the men; we must stop them at the pass. It will be too late."

He paused for an instant.

"But for this dog," added he, pointing to the Englishman, "we had been safe. Unsheath your swords, friends, and plunge them into his heart, and let not his child survive her heathen parent. Quick."

And in the self-same instant a dozen weapons were out to do the destined execution. But as swiftly did Ab Aylin rush forward with a loud cry, and as his messenger came before the Sheik, leading a stately and venerable priest, the arms which were raised for death, delayed awhile to do their savage office.

"Sheik," said Ab Aylin, "I demand justice for the stranger. Before he dies, I demand that this learned Druze interpret the letter which has invoked your vengeance."

"Is the pass guarded?" exclaimed the Sheik, with impatience. "What would you have?" he added, spurring the Arab from him.

"The pass is forced," cried a soldier, hastening towards the chief.—"They are upon us."

The scene was striking. The Arab stood between the Englishman and his execu-
tioners, whilst the daughter lay motionless at her father's feet. The old Druse who had just arrived was examining the letter to Emir Ezra; and the Sheik was preparing to defend himself and his fortunes to the last. But what could a handful of undisciplined mountaineers attempt against a well appointed force with veteran commanders! The struggle soon commenced, and was soon over, both the Sheiks fell at the entrance of the village, and their heads being cut off, their remains were thrown to the birds of prey. Their followers were quickly slain or dispersed, and the Emir Ezra, with the Turkish Captain Hussein Abdullah, were masters of the Haouran.

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Our Englishman, however, had yet another hazard to encounter. Being left unguarded when the conflict began, he retreated from the village street (the place fixed for his execution), to the khan where we first found him. Hither he was followed by the priests and Ab Aylin. But it chanced that some fugitives belonging to the Sheiks took refuge in this khan, and amongst these were two of the men whose swords had been drawn to massacre the traveller. Stung with rage, and eager for revenge, they would even now have perpetrated the deed, but that Hussein Abdullah and his band of Turks were at hand to accomplish this second deliverance. After despatching his enemies by the summary law of arms, he learned from Ab Aylin and his ancient priest that the Druse who had translated his letter had been a false interpreter, and that for the sake of lucre he had conspired against the life of the stranger.

"Go," said the Turkish commander, "hang him on the nearest tree.—Nay," continued he, waving his hand, "his priesthood shall not save him, he is no Moslem. Go, execute this worshipper of the golden calf."

But few weeks had elapsed after this sequel of the civil war, when the city of Damascus was enlivened by a splendid nuptial ceremony. The retinue of the bride was the most considerable which had been in that land of groves and gardens. The grandeur of the bride's dresses was the theme of universal applause; the multitude of her ornaments dazzled the eyes of the beholders; her horse, highly appointed, was the finest of the east; and numberless torches denoted the rank of her husband. Curiosity was intense; not so much to gaze on the bridegroom, though his bearing and cortège were of the highest order, but to get a view of the spouse, whose fair countenance, revealed beneath a slender veil, bespoke her the inhabitant of a distant land. Rumours told of misfortunes which had befallen her, of a wonderful escape which she had made, and the poets of the country were prepared to sing of her adventures in many a romantic lay.

It was the marriage of Abdullah, the Turkish captain, with the Englishman's daughter.

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**THE PRIOR ANSELM'S LUTE. A LEGEND.**

"Well-a-day! Gregory!—here is another string gone! this bitter mountain air hath surely a particular controversy with music—go thou to my cell, and see if thou canst find me another."

Away trudged Gregory to fulfill his superior's pleasure, and, after a moderately long absence, returned with the comfortable assurance that no string could be found to replace the broken one.—"I think," added he, "your reverence finished the last of the packet from Rome some weeks ago."

"Good-bye to music for a while, then," sighed the patient Prior Anselm.—"I shall miss its consolations much on the long winter nights which are to come. Truly, the worldly who revile us as an idle sensual race, little know how few and far between are the enjoyments which some of us possess, or perchance they would judge of us more charitably. In sadness I declare that this good old lute hath been my sole pastime ever since I was compelled to leave my dear city of Milan and take up my abode here—and now it is useless to me—till the spring shall set the roads free again. Well, it may be, I took too great delight in it." The old man, as he spoke, removed the favourite instrument into a safe corner with melancholy care, and taking from a shelf a huge volume of divinity, grim with antique cuts of martyrs and miracles, began to read.

It was no small trial for the Prior Anselm thus to be cut off from his favourite recreation. He had been stationed (some whispered in consequence of a misunderstanding with
his Bishop at the head of this monastery, seated in a wild corner of the Simplon Alps. No principal road passed near it, and the by-way on which it stood, was merely a communication between two mountain hamlets, so difficult of access, that the small convent of Dominicans over which he presided had been reared, half for the purpose of affording shelter and accommodation to wayfarers in so wild a country; and, like its more celebrated prototype, the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard, was more renowned for its simple hospitality than as a place of retirement and penitence. The guests, however, who claimed this, were of no more distinguished order, for the most part, than benighted peasants or travelling merchants, who came thitherward with their packs full of conveniences and cheap luxuries, only a few times in the year.

The inhabitants of this lone monastery were, generally speaking, adapted to their position—being ignorant benevolent men, without any ideas or wishes passing the immediate sphere of their duties. Their Prior, however, was much superior to this—and not extraordinarily well beloved among them. Their suspicion of him might, in some measure, arise from his solitary habits, and from his discomposure of, if not disbelief in all manner of modern miracles and prodigies, signs, omens and dreams. He was too good for his situation—perhaps, sometimes too little careful of concealing that he was aware of this, and preferred shutting himself up with his lute to mingling familiarly among them. He therefore failed again the ascendancy over them which he might otherwise have done. Altogether there was a strong party against him, consisting of the more ancient and narrow-minded of the brethren—and when Gregory, who was a perfect sieve, announced that, for the present, the Prior Anselm’s lute was rendered useless, not a few of those assembled in the refectory spoke of it, as the illiberal will always speak of the mishaps which befal the intelligent, with scarcely concealed satisfaction. “It may be that our blessed Saint Antony,” observed the bulky Father Cyprian, the chief dreamer of dreams in the community—“it may be that our holy patron hath taken away this snare from among us. Truly, the enticements of yonder idle instrument have ever been a stumbling-block in the way of our superior’s humility.”

“Ay,” replied Father Adam, a withered, pinched-up old monk, with a nose like a dry love-apple, who had long considered himself the wise man of the flock—“the snapping of that string, an he read it right, may be a lesson unto him, how—but what? I say nothing.”

“And I,” interrupted Gregory, “say that some of ye should go to the wood-house, and bring in some logs for the fire ere night set in. The snow will fall thick presently—I would have done it, and not spoken save for my ague—oh! such a shake as I had this morning!”

“Thou wouldst?” replied Adam, “hump!—that same ague of thine is a remarkable ailment—for me, I am under a vow not to approach a spot where the Evil One hath so recently been seen—were our Prior to”—and he wound up his speech with his usual finale—“but, remember, I say nothing.”

Now, the rumour to which he alluded had troubled the brethren much for many days. These good men, themselves so free in fabricating legends and miracles, were far from being exempt from mortal fear—and many a shadow fitting over the savage scenery around them—and many a hollow gust of wind pining through their long dreary corridor at midnight, had been magnified by their timorousness into a supernatural visitation; more particularly as the last who had heard and seen any thing, always for the time being took some state upon himself. But the last had been a more tangible matter than the above, Father Hilary having stoutly declared, that, on returning home from the wood-house a few nights before, his path, short as it was, had been more than once crossed by the Prince of Darkness, in visible presence, clad cap-à-pié, in sable-hat, plume, doublet, mantle and hose, all black—and that once, while passing him (hastily, it may be divined, though pious Hilary spoke of strolling sturdily on, singing a comfortable canticle) the Evil One had bestowed such a pinch upon his arm, as had caused his sanctity to roar fiercely, and the trace of it remained imprinted on his plump flesh for many days—disappearing, at last, under the powerful compulsion of holy water. One had surmised that the injury looked somewhat like a slight graze from the branch of a tree—but Hilary sternly declared that the peculiar shape of the mark corresponded with the make of Satan’s thumbs, which were not those of Christian men—so the fact was added to many of a similar nature. And thus it was, that upon Gregory’s pointing out the decaying state of the fire, a slight demur arose upon every side—and it ended in too of the youngest of the brethren being almost compelled to bear each other company, in this service so full of fear.

Shivering and most reluctantly did the
Father Thomas and Benedict set forth upon their errand; and yet it was a considerable time ere the sound of their feet in the passage gave notice of their return. "Heavily laden, I warrant," said Father Cyprian; "they have no mind to bring their load at two journeys.—But—holy Angels—what is this? Whom is it ye have found, good brethren?" he exclaimed, as they staggered into the hall under the weight of a recumbent figure, which they appeared to support between them, with much difficulty.

"A perishing traveller," said Father Thomas, as soon as he could speak for lack of breath.

"An exceeding pretty young lady!" exclaimed Benedict, briskly—setting her smartly down upon a bench, "and, poor thing, I am sure, cold, and wet, and hungry!—Sit up, sweet lady! you are in good and holy hands—but, what?—She hath swooned—water here—and cordials—and frankincense—and some of ye go call the Prior!" This was an office which they were slack in performing.

And no wonder that the enchanted holy men crowded around their unexpected guest, "like bees around a honey-crooke," as the old poet hath it—and, when her veil was put aside, like a cloth from a babe's face, though less gently—to apply the afore-mentioned restoratives, that they were yet further like bees—and set up a happy hum of delight and admiration at the beauty it had concealed. For the maiden's face was of faultless colour—her hair soft and smooth as silk, and dark as midnight, was simply braided back upon her forehead, with a jewel in the centre—such of her neck as could be seen was of an exquisite and ivory fairness—the hands which peeped out of the heavy furred sleeves of her damask travelling pelisse, were small beyond their experience. How they longed to see what was under those eyelids, each like a pair of pale rose leaves!—and as to those round, dewy lips.

The Prior, though little curious to see what new inmate the chance of so bleak a night had sent among them, came down from his cell—perhaps not displeased to leave his large book of miracles. He entered the hall unperceived—they were all so busy nursing and peeping at their guest—and he too, started with sudden pleasure at the sight of such rare beauty. The colour was just beginning to murest in her cheeks—her large eyes to heave beneath their veils—in another instant they looked out—two dazzling, dancing orbs of jet, full of amazement at the aspect and costume of the group by which their owner was surrounded. The lady then blushed a deep and sudden blush, and motioned with her hand as if to seek for her veil—but Father Benedict in his zeal had utterly removed it.

The Prior, much perplexed (it would appear) by the arrival of such a strange guest, saw at once that it would be much the most edifying to put an end to this scene. "Support the lady to my cell," said he; "till the pilgrims' dormitory be prepared: one of you go call Paula hither—and let a fire be lighted—and the best we have in the buttery made ready for supper." The lady, pleased by so gentle a voice near her, raised her head; spoke a few words in an unknown language, and seemed, by her gesture, to claim the support of his arm. "Gregory," cried he, readily, "support the lady gently on the other side—thou, Cyprian, carry the light before us. This way, dear madam—only two steps—fear not to lean upon me!" "Humph!" growled Father Adam, in his most monastic tone, when the door had closed: "lean upon me, indeed! a proper guest this for a religious house like ours! Did ye never hear, brethren, how a water-saint thus gained entrance into the monastery of Bell'Ombra in Tuscany, and abode there for many weeks, eating roast kid and drinking wine jovially. What can this gadding damsel be doing in such an out-of-the-way place as this?—a journey, indeed!—but I say nothing."

"Good lack! that were an awful visitation!" said Cyprian. "Let us fast and pray," recommended Gregory.

"Each man according to his own conscience," said Father Thomas, wiping his mouth dry from the last drops of the flagon of wine brought for the use of the fainted lady. "I have heard that pious men have been sorely tempted by evil spirits when weak in the body from over abstinence."

And in such talk as this, and many speculations, which for the present were to receive no solution, the lady betaking herself to the guest-chamber as soon as it was prepared, and the Prior Anselm remaining in his cell, the night went by.

The days which followed brought no comfort to the curious monks. To their unceasing wonderment, the lady (by which name alone she was known among them) continued their guest: to be sure the roads were impassable—and she frail in health and, the Prior said, unfit to travel. Said—but, except by himself and old Paula, she was seen by none of the brotherhood. They could gather nothing of her history. The Prior had simply told them that she was a traveller
who had first been misled by treacherous
guides, then robbed, and lastly abandoned.
How was it likely they should believe so
straightforward a tale? No one arrived at
the monastery—no one could venture abroad
while the snow continued: and thus pent up
in their curiosity, the fraternity became un-
usually testy and irritable, and each member
of it, proud in the supposition that he saw a
little further into the mystery than his com-
panions, sat by himself in the refectory, too
wise to volunteer words—too cross to ask
questions in this state of ripeness (for what not
one of them could divine). They were thus
one evening assembled in the refectory, when
Father Cyprian entered the room hastily,
brinful of some new wonder. "What next
is to befal us, St. Anthony knows!" exclaimed
he, crossing himself—"what woe is coming
upon our holy house I dare hardly guess,"—
and he paused, resolved to make the most
of his marvel.
"Canst thou not speak?" cried half a
dozzen voices at once. "Art thou crazed, or
possessed?" inquired Father Adam.
"Nay—but I think our Prior is!" replied
Cyprian. "What think ye now of our lady
guest?—Yonder she sits in her chamber,
singing like any mermaid that ever came
out of a river—the Saints be good to us! and
he hath opened the door of his cell, and sits
listening!"
"Oh!—singing!" ejaculated the chorus.
"Ay—and truly I could hardly tear my-
self away—and not psalms or hymns, but
light ditties—brought, be sure, from Naples,
or some other such city of Satun!"
"What could one expect better?" said
Father Adam. "Did I not—nay, I said
nothing."
"Never at matins," exclaimed the devout
Benedict. "Can't travel—and can sing:"
chimed in two of the most ancient of the
brethren.
"But art thou sure?" said Father Adam—
"dost not think it might be a humming in
tine ears—or Bennet tuning the organ."
"Nay—humming in my ears, indeed!
hark! for yourselves!" and, as he spoke,
through the opened door the preluding of a
voice was heard—quick and lively—a clear
voice too, untouched by catarrh or hoarseness
—running through the full extent of its wide
compass, with a warbling voluble mirth, to
which leaves might have danced, and bright
waters laughed, on a May morning. After one
or two preliminary flourishes, the songstress
chose her key, and struck boldly at once into
a ditty—the words whereof were something
like the following, to the potency of which
the heads and hands of her scandalised
listeners bore ample testimony.

O think no more of Isabelle,
Though young, and rich, and fair she be,
She's blind to some fatal spell
To love a youth of low degree:—
And leaves her father's castle bare
For lowly hamlet in the dell,
Without a passing sigh or care—
O think no more of Isabelle!

Ten gallant knights as e'er you knew,
Of proud estate and stainless name,
Had done what bravest man could do
One smile for sweet reward to claim.
The maiden heard unmoved as stone,
No word could win her—none compel,
And all her suitors home are gone—
O think no more of Isabelle!

Her lady sisters wept and prayed,
Her brother frowned—her mother chid—
Her nurse looked sad and shook her head—
Her sire did with his curse forbid—
"Twas all in vain—the maid replied,
"I love my home and kindred well—
But Bertram more than all beside."—
O think no more of Isabelle!

Listening is hard exercise for the loquacious
—and the silenced throng, who had crept as
close to the door of her chamber as prudence
permitted, heard the foregoing melody with
much pleasure, and waited to see what next
might follow.

"Holy St. Antony!" exclaimed Father
Benedict, in an under-tone of horror; "will
she also dance?"

A quick reverberating sound of two tiny
feet, distinctly heard, made good his words
almost as soon as uttered. Then the maiden
ceased, and took a deep breath—then burst
forth a few more fragments of fresh joyous
singing—and then (sore offence, though it
did shut in so much abomination!) the door
of the chamber was closed smartly, leaving
the discomfited old men in doubt as to what
the next iniquities of its inmate might be.
They stole down in a body to the refectory
fire, and, none the more amiable because
they were all shivering with the cold of the
corridor, sat down to talk over these moment-
ous and shameful doings.

"O she is nought better than a witch,"
groaned Cyprian.

"Let us purge this holy house of her
sorceries," responded Father Thomas, in the
same tone—"but we will discuss the matter
further after supper, which I smell to be at
hand."

"Alas! that appetite of thine! what a
hindrance it is unto thee, Father Thomas,"
said old Adam: "thou imaginest only loaves
of bread and savoury meats—yes, indeed, I
fear that our superior is under the dominion of
this audacious woman!—and it were nothing more than expedient to—to say nothing—" for while he was speaking, the Prior Anselm entered, and took his place at the head of the board.

The brethren, who were always more or less restrained in his presence, on this occasion appeared disposed to unusual silence, as if conscious that they had recently been agitating very delicate matters. This abashed state, however, did not endure long—superstition and inquisitiveness presently gained the mastery over their habitual reverence, and, with sundry winks and nods, they presently encouraged each other into a considerable assurance of boldness. The Prior, who was not the most observant of men, sat simply eating his supper, not aware how much was going on around him; perhaps, to be precise in an account, he was endeavouring to trace the tune of that fascinating melody. He was roused from his reverie by the confident question put to him by Brother Cyprian, "Who is their guest?"

"Ay, who?" chorused his brethren, quite ready to follow, now that one had taken the leap.

"And when," continued Cyprian, with yet more freedom, "when is she to depart? and who is to take her away?"

"I apprehend," replied the Prior, very quietly, and yet not without a certain dryness of tone that made some of the quierists feel a little awkward, "that our guest will depart so soon as an opportunity shall offer: as to her name, I cannot see wherein would lie any edification were I to communicate it to you; whereas the withholding it may not be without its use, as an inculcation of self-denial. Let us, none of us, seek to pry into matters of no moment; Benedicite, and content be with you!" With these words he rose from his seat, and withdrew.

The offence which his admonition gave to the brethren is not to be described. With one accord they pronounced their superior to be under the influence of some dangerous spell, which, as Christian men, they behoved them to remove, lest mischief should ensue. Of course such a resolution once taken, acquired new strength at every moment. They heartened each other up to the performance of bold measures, and, ere they separated for the night, had decided that in the morning they would go in a body and request their equivocal guest to take her departure; and, if need were, enforce the same.

In full purpose of heart to fulfil their purpose they arose. As soon after matins as was possible, they arranged themselves in a sort of procession, to give form and solemnity to their proceedings, and bearing before them on a salver, a breviary, two lighted candles, a vase of holy water, and such relics as they could lay their hands on, marched up stairs with one accord towards the pilgrim's dormitory, chanting lustily all the way. The Prior, supposing them to be employed in some superfluous devotion of their own, and not liking to encourage such matters even by inquiry, passed them without remark, and, as he was bound in another direction, took no notice of the way they went.

"Shall we knock at the door?" said Father Benedict.

"It is already unlatched," observed Cyprian, "and (listening) there is not a breath of sound within—what if she be asleep?"

"Let us enter at once," said Gregory.

So they opened the door, and went in:—the lady was gone!

It was even so—she was gone! no fire was on the hearth—no sign of the bed having been occupied—and the entire air of the apartment was so forlorn and cheerless, yet all so perfectly in order, that it was difficult to imagine how it could have been lately tenanted, and the perplexed and disappointed brethren felt and looked like men in a dream.

After the gentle but decided rebuke which their superior had administered to them on the preceding evening, none among the brethren was hardy enough to question the Prior concerning this mysteriously sudden disappearance of their late inmate. They inquired of every neighbouring peasant, of every casual sojourner, but without success; and at last they were compelled to let so very unsatisfactory a matter drop, and to note the occurrence as the visitation of some evil spirit, whose malicious designs upon their peace and reputation had only been counteracted by their timely zeal. It was a brave addition to their list of marvels.

But even with this interpretation the tale could not last for ever, especially when there were so few to tell it to; and their talk concerning it was beginning to diminish when a fresh wonder at once revived and extinguished its predecessor.

It was on a lurid, stormy, spring evening, after a day of thunder and lightning, and fierce wind, that they were startled at an unusually late hour by a tremendous peel of the bell at the gate. Twelve of them at least, curiosity almost conquering awe, sprang up at once to answer the summons. They unclosed with trembling hands the
high, iron-studded doors, and shading as well as they could the light they bore with them, looked eagerly out to see what so noisy a summons might mean. Great was their awe!—There sat before them, on a powerful horse, without a white hair upon his body, a tall figure, wrapped from head to foot in a long scarlet mantle, dripping with the storm. He had ridden fast and far, for his steed was in a foam, and his eyes, from beneath his black velvet riding-cap twinkled and burned like two restless flames of fire!

"Whence come you?" asked one of the brethren, timidly, "and what seek ye here?"

"Give this," said the awful figure, speaking as if through a trumpet, "to the Prior Anselm," and he extended his arm as he spoke, producing from beneath his mantle a parcel of considerable size.

"Will you not alight, for some refreshment?" asked Gregory, in a quivering voice, not very anxious that his invitation should be accepted.

"I may not," replied the stranger, solemnly, "I must hasten back to them that sent me—Stand still, Apollon!"

"And who be they?" persisted the quester, yet more unsteadily, falling back upon his brethren as he spoke, "and what is your name?"

"Know ye not the name of Judas, the traitor?" was his answer, in that same stern hollow voice, "but good rest to you—I lose time—give that to the Prior," and with one shrill whistle, and one touch of his spurs, the gallant steed gave a bound which carried his rider back into the darkness. In another instant they lost the dark outline of his vanishing figure, in another they ceased to hear the hoof-trumps of his charger, and all was still.

This was almost too much of a wonder, even for the credulous brethren. They made fast the huge doors with care and speed, and returned pale and terror-stricken to the rest, adding to the sufficiently startling appearance of the rider, the appendages of a tail, cloven feet, and a strong odour of brimstone. They dared but deliver their ominous-looking packet to their superior; it defined all tampering: but Father Cyprian, who devoted himself to do the errand, after having given it into the hands of the Prior, and recounted the circumstances of its strange and unblest arrival, could not help expressing the singular desire he felt to know what it might contain.

"Stop, and thou shalt see, Brother Cyprian," replied the Prior, very coolly. The packet, when divested of its envelopes, proved to be a box of strange shape, tied with strings and sealed with many seals. Father Cyprian was half afraid to look on, while his fearless superior disentangled and broke them one after the other.

"Now then," said he—himself rather curious—when the last gave way. Father Cyprian recoiled a step, and muttered a little exorcism to himself. The Prior opened the box—with something wrapped in a piece of red silk—a folded billet lay upon the top, which the Prior glanced at, kissed, and placed in his bosom; then putting aside the silk impatiently, lifted out—a lute. Father Cyprian was sure that it could be of no Christian make; the frame thereof was fashioned like a serpent, glistening with changeable colours, and was further ornamented with two grinning masks of heads, half man half crocodile, with cold malicious eyes of some jet black stone, which gleamed wondrously! The Prior smiled, and took it up fondly, as if to run his hands over its strings; Brother Cyprian durst not stay for any thing further.

Spring had yielded up its empire to summer, when two of the brethren might be seen entering the suburbs of Turin after a long and weary pilgrimage. Father Cyprian's bulk had dwindled by his much walking; and poor Father Adam might be now likened to a wrinkled vine branch. They were trudging on disconsolately, side by side, hardly exchanging a word of comfortless discourse, and often groaning with extreme fatigue, till exhausted nature could endure no more. They hobbled up to a large stone under the shadow of a deserted, sat down, coughed, and began to shake the dust off their garments.

"Heigho! Brother Adam! another day of this would have killed me!"

"Alack, Brother Cyprian, thou lookest as lean as an empty sack, and I hear my bones rattling together—I was never much of a walker!"

"After all," observed Cyprian, musingly, "what if we have peradventure been too hasty in this matter?"

"Thou dost well to talk thus!" replied the other, bitterly, "and we so near our journey's end—thou, the first to stir us up to drive him forth! Didst thou not din in our ears, in season and out of season, that we were bound to remove so unworthy a member from among us? Is not the memorial we bear thine own particular matter?—and thou now taketh of being too hasty,—shame!"

"Nay, but Brother Adam, choler is bad when men are weary; and I was but thinking of the patient look he gave when we shut
the gates upon him that wild night!—Marry, I think he minded the breaking of his lute more than leaving us—I wonder whither he hath betaken himself—but the sky is darkening—up, if thou canst, and let us be going."

Wearily the two old men dragged themselves along, excusing themselves, as they went, from the responsibility of the decided step they had taken, which, it appeared, had lost some of its justice in their eyes, as they approached their journey's end. They entered the city, and took up their abode in a monastery of their own order. Betimes in the morning they sought out a scribe to make a fair copy of the memorial which they had come thither to submit to the Bishop of their district. It ran thus:

Whereas the Prior Anselm, of the Monastery of ________, dedicated to the blessed Saint Antony, did encourage many unholy doings—did receive and entertain an evil spirit in the guise of a young woman, which same was only banished from among us by important prayer and fasting unto starvation—and whereas he did use for his pastime instruments of music, derived directly from the Father of Lies, in consequence of which sin, were mishaps befell our devout community, such as the loss of two rare relics, and the sudden fracture of a dish of peculiar sanctity, whence the blessed St. Catherine had partaken of her dinner.—We the Brethren of the said Monastery, deeming it incumbent upon us to wage warfare with all such evil doers, have separated the aforesaid Prior Anselm from our company, and we humbly pray his Reverence, the Bishop, to confirm the act of this our zeal, and to give us power to elect one from among our number to succeed to the vacant dignity.

The bearers of this choice document discovered, on inquiry, that the Bishop had left Turin for a day or two, to visit some friend who dwelt half a league beyond the city; and, never dreaming that their business might be deferred without injury, or that their presence could be considered an intrusion anywhere, resolved to follow him at once.

The country-seat, whereunto we must wend along with them was a splendid mansion, seated in the midst of a stately garden, well trimmed, and decorated with many sculptures. As the old men approached the palace, their courage began to abate, and they augured ill for the happy termination of their business, that they were not admitted straightway to the presence of the Bishop, but obliged to deliver their memorial to his secretary, a severe, stately-looking ecclesiastic, who bade them abide his pleasure. To comfort them, however, they were ushered into a comfortable closet, where a repast was set before them, of a richness of savour positively astounding to their limited experience. There was wine too brought, the like of which they had never seen, far less tasted. They were afraid to eat off such rich plates as the viands were served on, and sate uneasily upon the extreme edge of their chairs, tasting the divers dainties cautiously and in silence; when, in the midst of this rich meal, the door was opened by chance, and lo! there came merrily in upon their ears a sound they had none of them forgotten,—a voice they well knew,—singing the identical ballad of the Lady Isabelle!

"Dost thou hear?" cried Father Cyprian, perspiring with amazement.

"Ay—truly!" replied the other, "I know not what to make of it. If we have been eating of the meats of enchantment I can say nothing."

Just then the Bishop's secretary reappeared, and signed them to follow him. Glimping each other, they obeyed; and he led the way through one magnificent chamber after another till they were utterly bewildered. At last they stood in the presence of the Bishop; and after a genuflexion, ventured to look up.

He was seated in the shade of a deep violet-coloured damask curtain, which half veiled a large window—a man of most imposing figure, with a dignified serenity which impressed all who approached him. He regarded the suppliants with a cold and severe look; and his benediction, as Father Cyprian afterwards recollected, was as scant as possible.

"I have read your memorial, my children," said he; "doubtless your inclinations have been zealous, and shall be rewarded accordingly. As for the election of a new Prior, there is one already on the way for your government; for the rest, ye will perhaps accuse me too of sorcery, since I bid your old acquaintances appear before you."

As he spoke he drew aside the curtain behind him, and behold! to the infinite confusion of the brethren, there stepped forth the mysterious lady who had taken shelter in their monastery, a young gentleman as handsome, and to all appearance no less mirthful than herself, and, to crown the whole, sedately smiling at their amazement, their proscribed Prior Anselm!

"What think you of this, my children?" said the Bishop, with something of sarcasm in his tone; "will you write out a memorial against me also? Was it necromancy, think you, which made this fair lady fly from the
guardianship of a cruel and evil-disposed man, to throw herself upon the protection of this gentleman?—Was there any particular secrecy in their fixing upon your monastery as a place of meeting, seeing that it was secret and secluded, and its superior, the oldest friend and confessor of the lady's father?—or, that as her lover's home was Ratiston, he should have missed the appointed time, and arrived there a week earlier than he intended. He chanced to meet with your superior in private, without the monastery, and fearing mischief, resolved to take the road to Turin, and meet the lady; that he did not is owing to the knavery of her guides, who led her by wrong and wild roads, and abandoned her, as ye know already.

—Was it not rather the hand of Providence, think you, that cut off her avaricious and wicked guardian at that juncture, making her the heiress of this fair domain? If her lover had not stolen her away silently by night, well do ye know that the country-side would have rung with the story—a tale unbecoming to promulgate, as some might have turned it to the scandal of a noble house. See, too, how the jibe of a man-servant, and the common and grateful gift of a musical instrument blinded your weak understandings. Your Prior might have told you this, it is true, but forbore—knowing you to be as noisy as you were inquisitive. For this he shall do a penance—I will keep him near me and strive him once a week. Do ye go home with all speed, and take heed that you perform what your new superior may enjoin of you. Had not your former one, whom ye drove out with such presumptuous audacity, found means to communicate with his friends,—he might have perished, and ye have been murderers."

"Now, good my Lord Bishop," said the lady, merrily, "let me put in a petition for these worthies. Give them over to my justice this one day, and I will comfort their ruefulness with a sufficient dinner, and as much minstrelsy as my page Guido can give them, and he is not easily wearied."

"Well said, Isabella," said her husband; "we owe it to them for the fright our waggish knave, Judas, gave them—his horse Appollion too—I could die with mirth when I think of it!"

"Be it so," replied the Bishop, "their new Prior will presently rid them of any superfluous vain-glory they may have acquired on their travels."

"Why,—is he so severe?" inquired the lady.

"It is the pious Father Barnabas—one who bateth a miracle like a heresy, and hath knelt till he cannot straighten his joints. He is also fond of midnight vigils and rigid fasts. Methinks the brethren of St. Antony’s will be long in forgetting their Prior Anselm’s lute!"


BACHELOR BALLADS.—No. 2.

THE INCONSTANT.

O tell not my lady
Where I was last night,
Of the lively French maiden,
Who blushes so bright;
With an eye like a jewel,
And rare raven curls,
And lips, which close over
A casket of pearls;
On her tiny feet tripping
Like moon-loving sprite;
O tell not proud Ellen
Where I was last night!

Thou know’st that I love her
With tresses of gold,
And smile pure and stately,
Though some call it cold;
But t’other wild angel
Sad mischief hath done,
And stands—the enchantress!
Twixt me and my sun:
She would weep if she knew it,
And deem it a slight;
Then tell not my lady
Where I was last night!

Nay, smile not!—I tell thee
I love her too well,
To be won from her service,
Whatever the spell.
But t’other—go seek her,
And bid her away;
There’s death in her smiling—
Yet, stay, brother—stay!
One courtly farewell is
The stranger one’s right:
Then breathe not to Ellen
Where we go to-night!

Grant.
THE WHIMSEY PAPERS.—No. II.

VAGUE CONCLUSIONS CONCERNING SELFISHNESS AND BENEVOLENCE—VIVID THE CANCILL—SKINFLINT THE MISANTHROPE—GREEN, THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

One of the least known, and assuredly the most philosophical of the late Mr. Hazlitt's works, is a small book published at an early age, entitled "An Essay on the Principles of Human Action." That original and powerful writer, taking up a position which had been laid down by the great Dr. Burton, attempts particularly to refute the philosophy of Rochefoucault, whose "maxima felicitas" consisted in polishing with vast care and perseverance, certain pointed sentences, implying a perfect contempt and distrust of the motives of mankind. In a word, Mr. Hazlitt strove very earnestly to show that the principle of human action is disinterestedness; whereas, Rochefoucault refers all our motives to self-love or selfishness.

I fear it will not do to philosophise in the Court Magazine, or I think I could elucidate this mystery. At present, it may be sufficient to observe, that every man feels himself to be the one exception to the rule of Rochefoucault—and the one rule of Mr. Hazlitt, to which the rest of the world are exceptions. At all events, it may be said, that an acquiescence in Mr. Hazlitt's theory is a pretty good proof of your self-love: and a belief in Rochefoucault's maxims, a very sufficient evidence of your disinterestedness.

Having thus left the question in very exemplary confusion, I may remark, that when we see a good action performed, it is not quite the thing to doubt the motives that prompted it; and when a bad action is completed, I do not think we are bound to refer it to good motives. For my own part, I must confess, I rather tend towards a hapless scepticism in the goodness of human nature. Evil monopolises so much of the pavement, that I know not whether virtue goes to the wall, or is lost in the kennel. I shed so many tears on gigantic vice and Patagonian folly, that no wonder I cannot see the dwarf goodness or the pigmy virtue. Besides, when I look at home, I find that my own family of virtues have gone out, and are not expected to return for a long time. Under which of the two categories of selfishness and benevolence, permit me to ask, shall we place the following example: A certain comic actor, now deceased, met a friend one day, who informed him that he was about to leave the country, perhaps for ever. The comedian appeared not a little affected at this intimation, and proposed that they should make an exchange of presents as a mutual evidence of reciprocal and long-continued friendship.

"By the bye," said he, "let us exchange umbrellas," presenting at the same time a wretched gingham filtering machine, or a superannuated sieve with a handle, while he prepared himself to lay hold upon the well-appointed silk, waterproof, ivory-handled, umbrella of his friend.

Nor is the following refreshing anecdote less characteristic of selfishness or benevolence; but which of the two I may not undertake to determine. An Irish pavior expressed an anxiety to enter into partnership with a friend, who likewise followed the same lapidary profession. The equitable terms of agreement were these: "While you ram down the stones, Mike, I'll cry! Ugh!"

But these two instances—whether of selfishness or of generosity—may at any rate be admitted to be of a conscious character. What, however, are we to say of men who unconsciously render themselves obnoxious to an imputation of the one or the other? There are many such in the world, but my quondam friend Vivid must serve for a specimen of the genus, upon which I must leave an abler hand to expatiate. Let me beforehand guard myself against any possible imputation of hostility towards my proposed lay-figure, by disclaiming all personal feelings in the matter. It is an unconscious evidence of the abstract feeling, and therefore the more suited to my purpose.

Vivid was, at one time, a gay man of the world, perfectly content to let the world go as it came, and to make such passing remarks thereon, as so transitory a sphere deserved—and no more. But, perhaps unfortunately for himself, and certainly unhappily for his friends, he threw himself or was drawn into, a suit at law. His "case" (for so he delighted to term it,) was of a very involved nature, comprehending many intricate considerations, not hitherto provided against by jurisprudential wisdom. Thenceforward he became an altered man. He packed himself
THE WHIMSEY PAPERS.

I have never since been tolerant of the word "case."

"Is that the case?" I think I hear the malicious reader exclaim.

Oh, no more, I beseech you. I have already said that I entertain no overweening affection towards human nature, or its possible perfectibility. I imbibed this feeling at an early age, from a fountain of moral wisdom, to which I accustomed myself to resort frequently.

My middled-aged mentor, Skinflint, occupied a small old-fashioned tenement, in the vicinity of Kensington. The wretched eight feet by six fore court, was embellished by half a dozen dust-accumulating, worsted-looking, holly-hocks; while a congenial cudgelmonger of a vine occupied the entire front of the house; having attained the height of its ambition without condescending to gratify the tooth of its owner with a single grape. The walls of the little parlour to the right were set off to advantage, by sundry pieces of fancy needle work, hung in oval frames—the contribution of a maiden aunt, who had departed this life many—very many years before. Over the mantel-piece stared the portrait of an old fellow, with a very curiously curled wig; an apoplectic, white-plaited, cambric stock, and his right hand buried in a flowered waistcoat. On the mantel-piece were two very tall China jars—a shepherd and shepherdess, in the Court dress of the earlier half of the eighteenth century; and a dirty piece of rock crystal. There was a dumb-waiter in one corner of the room; and a fire-screen with a bird, that would have puzzled Audubon, painted upon it, in the other. To conclude my description, the rug was worn to a skeleton, and the venerable arm-chairs seemed in the act of appealing against the injustice of permitting the horsecar to make its exit from the seats.

To the worthy possessor of these agreeable premises, I made it my business to apply for golden rules of my conduct during my progress through the earlier stages of existence. What he was, or had been, I never knew; but I believe he was known to make periodical visits to the Bank, whence I doubt not, he drew forth material for the supply of existing necessities. I am equally unable to describe how he lived; for although I was a frequent visitor at his house, where

The feast of reason and the flow of soul were plentiful enough; yet, strange to say, the feast and the flow were confined to those unsubstantial satisfactions. He might be

up in his case, as it were, and was carried about from court to court, rejoicing in his confinement. His "case" was no longer a part of him; he was a portion of his case. He was, in fact, the case. He was no longer Vivid—he was Vivid v. So and so. He could not look upon himself in any other light—he could not view himself in any other character. All his friends were separately impaled upon the several points of his "case." The Entomologist gazes through his glass-case, and discerns the various insects he has collected therein; in like manner did Vivid look upon mankind, as so many insects included in his case, which he could see through as clearly as though no legal parchment had been laid over it. Everything in life, political, pressing, or otherwise important, gave place to this eternal theme. Every untoward circumstance that occurred during the progress of this "case" acted as a stimulus, inciting him to further exertions. Nothing could damp his ardour—nothing could assuage or allay the violence of his zeal.

"Well, my friend," said he, one day, rushing after me as I hastened up a court, the extremity of which unfortunately permitted no thoroughfare—"it has been referred to the twelve judges—we are all right now."

I congratulated him upon his prospects "Didn't I always tell you," he rejoined, that it would be so? Didn't I always say we should get them into a corner at last?"

Upon another occasion he called upon me, when I was engaged in important business with a common friend. He, nevertheless, burst without ceremony, into the room.

"I've got a letter," said he, producing a bundle of papers, and instantly snapping out the required document—for he had cultivated an almost miraculous intimacy with every memorandum; and he preserved the whole with almost filial care) "I've got a letter from my solicitor, Shark, informing me that there is still some difficulty in my case—" and he looked triumphantly towards us—"but" he continued, "the servant below informed me that you were engaged in private business."

"We were."

"Ah! you dogs, you knew you were talking over my case—you know you were," and he probed his finger into our respective ribs.

"No, upon my honour; indeed we were not; private business I assure you."

"Eh?" said he, incredulously, winking at our friend, and bursting into a fit of laughter —"two to one you were consulting about my case."
said, however, to take his whine constantly; and, perhaps, he sometimes indulged himself too freely in that luxury, whenever he secured me for a companion. His account of human nature, and of its tendencies, was somewhat deplorable; and yet he had candour enough to acknowledge that he himself was as hopeless of moral amendment as the rest of mankind. He would nothing—even to himself. He did not hold with Dryden, that

Thyself may freely on thyself bestow,

but was rather inclined to say with Hamlet,

"I myself am but indifferent honest." The world to him was as a pack of cards—consisting of knigs, queens, aces, deuces, and the like; all of mere artificial value and importance. For his own part, he confessed to being one of the knaves.

"Young man," he was wont to say to me, "above all things acquire a perfect knowledge of the world. Till you have attained entire skill in this science, adopt these two rules, and you are pretty safe. Never accustom yourself to say 'Yes,'—practise an emphatic and decisive enunciation of the far more dignified and important monosyllable, 'No.' This latter word, timely spoken, will carry you through all the more perplexing difficulties of life; the former will inevitably entangle you in the most disastrous misery. I compliment you 'Yes' too highly, however, when I call it a word—it is not so—it is a sibilation, with which the tongue has nothing whatever to do: it is the hiss of a goose—and only geese of the most authentic breed ever think of uttering it. Believe me, it is of the utmost importance (the advice is not of recent date) that you should No the world."

This counsel, I must confess, has influenced me not slightly in my intercourse with mankind; and I have hitherto been quite unable to gainsay many other ill-natured strictures which some of our modern misanthropes make it their pleasing study to give utterance unto.

It is but fair, however, to inform the reader, that my instructor, Skinflint, appeared never to have derived much happiness from the working of his philosophy; and that when he gave up the ghost—the only thing he ever did give—he furnished—the only piece of furniture he ever contributed—a derogatory and highly-coloured paragraph in the daily newspaper. It may not be amiss also to state that the heir to his property, (it is not a difficult matter to "catch your heir" upon these occasions), soon melted down his consolidated three per cents; and very shortly found himself in a situation to look down upon the world with all the contempt and bitterness of his predecessor—from the attic window of a workhouse.

But, in order that we may see the question on both sides distinctly, I purpose to introduce the reader to a very different character.—Green and I had been old schoolfellows, and my respect and affection for the boy induced me to make many inquiries latterly after the man—a custom which I have not often observed towards other individuals of equal claims (on the secular score) with himself. I found that my early acquaintance had succeeded to an ample estate, and I was much mortified at learning that his ample estate was in a fair way of seceding from him. He had, it seems, adopted a new-fangled philosophy, something akin to the "greatest happiness principle," by a perversion of which he had taught himself to believe that it was an incumbent duty upon him to facilitate the happiness of others; instead of (which is the true interpretation of the doctrine) rendering them plant machines for one's own welfare and advancement. In charitable obedience to this principle, his blankets were jerked from his bed—his wine was caused to ascend from the cellar—his fruit was plucked from the trees in his orchard—his vegetables were uprooted from his garden—above all, his money was drawn out of his pocket—for the benefit of the poor. He made hay while the sun shone—he got in his abundant harvests—he transferred his Exchequer bills—for the poor. He had a vast woollen wardrobe devoted to the poor—he kept open house for the poor—his cattle were knocked on the head to make soup for the poor. He was a subscriber to every charitable institution in the county, and projected others. In addition to these claims, it is no wonder that there were other exactations. There were taking men, who imposed upon him at pleasure; for he did not prosecute. He considered himself a trustee for others; no wonder, therefore, if they sometimes took their affairs into their own hands. He was the most good-natured man in the world. He would have lent his fingers to a pickpocket upon any, the slightest, reason shown for such proceeding; he would have divested himself of the coat on his back to lend to a travelling stranger who had already two box-coats; he would have suffered his head to be shaved, were he satisfied that the produce would be acceptable in the manufacture of a lady's pincushion; and I firmly believe he would afterwards have worn a Welsh wig to encou-
rage the worsted manufacture. He would have melted himself down into material for candles, if any modern Diogenes would have undertaken to find an honest man; and would have exchanged places with Truth in a well, could he have induced her to fix her habitation upon the earth.

Now the fact is, Mr. Brown of that neighbourhood had married Miss Green, the sister of our good-natured friend—it is not surprising, therefore, that a kind of yellow jealousy was engendered between them. Green was a bachelor—indeed he was far too good natured a man to think of taking a wife before other people were served; he knew his place; others must take precedence, of course. The brother-in-law and his partner, accordingly, felt themselves entitled to take a revisionary interest in Green's effects. They, good people, had no distinct idea of charity—they knew only that it began at home, and, looking towards that quarter, they discerned three daughters whom their brother's property would render altogether marriageable articles. In a word, they talked on the matter seriously with him; and as Green did not half so well like talking as doing, he made over a chief portion of his property to his three nieces—reserved to himself (I marvel at his prudence) a small portion—about three hundred a-year—and came up to London, where he took lodgings in Howland Street, Fitzroy Square.

I openly aver that I never entertained a strong attachment for the people at whose house he found it convenient to reside. Mrs. Larkin, the landlady, wore a face like a wizened pippin, over which a wig, provided with orange-tawny curls, dangled with an appearance of extremely rueful desolation. The two Misses Larkin, her daughters, rejoiced in a pair of peaked noses, with a tendency to ruddy bloom at the lips; and wore their own sevenpenny-moist-sugar coloured hair. They were always rubbing their clammy paws together with a freezing earnestness, and they welcomed you to the house (for they were always talking about the passage) with a kind of snappish obsequiousness that awaked suspicion. In addition to these monsters, I sometimes observed a wretch of aspect malign, whom I afterwards discovered to be Mr. Larkin—"a gentleman in the excise."

I had occasion to notice whenever Green was from home, that these persons invited me into the parlour, and descanted upon the merits of their lodger with a vehemence truly frightful. I knew what all this must come to. "Such a kind creature!" cried one. "Good soul!" said another.

"An amiable and excellent man," remarked the mother. "Oh! my poor friend!—how long did I foresee the sacrifices you must inevitably have made.

As I looked more nearly and narrowly into the proceedings of these harpies, I found that the good-natured man was in the habit of not only settling the amount of his own lodgings, but also of paying their rent. I discovered, after much cross-examination, that Larkin was "unfortunately so given to drink," that Green's money was unfortunately given to Larkin—that his coats ornamented the back of Larkin—that his shoes were made receptacles for the feet of Larkin. I worked out the mystery, also, of the Misses Larkin's superior gowns, silk stockings, and bracelets; and made myself acquainted with the origin of Mrs. Larkin's imposing headgear. In minor matters, I took the best means of ascertaining, that had Green possessed the sugar-loaf mountain, the Larkins would first have reduced it to a hillock, and then would, sans remorse, have carried it clean off; and that were the East India Company's stock of teas transferred to him, they would barely have left him the contents of a three-ounce canister.

"The horseleech hath two daughters, crying—give, give"—but the two daughters of the Larkins cried, "take, take," and the elderly Larkins followed their example.

This appeared perfectly reasonable and proper to the good-natured man. He only said, in answer to my remonstrances—"It's all right—let them alone. Poor creatures! they want these things more than I do."

I left him in disgust for several months.

On my return from the country, I called in Howland Street, determined to renew my acquaintance with my old friend.

"Is Mr. Green within?" I inquired. The passage was instantly filled with Larkins. I "Within!" cried the landlady—"Oh! Sir, poor Mr. Green is dead."

I was shocked, and could not speak for some minutes.

"Dead?" I repeated mournfully.

"Yes," cried one of the daughters, flippantly, "Mr. Green has been dead—let me see—yes, two months."

"And what has he done with his property?"

"The little there was left," said Mrs. Larkin, "he bequeathed to the Middlesex Hospital."

"And what has become of his library?"
"He left that to the British Museum."
"His wines?"
"He left them to me," hiccuped the Ex
cisceman.
"His furniture and paintings?"
"They are mine," said the landlady.
"His watch?"
"Mine," cried the eldest daughter.

"His snuff-box, rings, brooches, &c.?"
"Mine," cried the younger.
"Well, well—this is very strange,"—re
marked I—"but where is he buried?"
"La, Sir," exclaimed the women in chorus
—"he gave himself to the surgeons, and I
believe you may see him by this time in a
glass-case, in Lincoln's Inn Fields."

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AFTER THE DRAWING-ROOM.

By Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq.

The Drawing-room is over, and I have seen the King!
I'm very sure my head is turned, and won't come right this Spring:
I positively can't take off my feathers and my train;
I never looked so well before, and never may again.

I heard a lady to a lord complaining of the crowd,
And say, "What common people come!—I wonder they're allowed!"
Of course that wasn't meant for me, though father did sell cheese;
Since brother made a noble match, I'll go there when I please.

And I was ornamental too, nobody looked so fine,
I did not see one gown or train that looked the least like mine;
I'm sure I had more colours on, than anybody there,
Green, red, and yellow mingled, and blue feathers in my hair.

Then some one came and took my train, and spread it out behind,
Just as a peacock spreads his tail; I thought it very kind:
And seeing 'twas a nice young man, dressed out in gold and blue,
I said, "I thank you kindly, Sir—I'd do as much for you."

They led me to his Majesty—I thought I would have dropped,
He held his hand out friendly like, and kissed me when I stopped;
And there the King and I were standing, face to face together,
I said, "How is your Majesty?—it's mighty pleasant weather."

And then the people pushed me on! I didn't half like that—
I'm sure the King had half a mind to bid me stop and chat;
But looking on, I saw the Queen! I'm sure I hope and trust
She didn't see the King kiss me! and yet I think she must.

I curtseyed to her Majesty, the proper thing to do,
And seeing ladies standing round, I curtseyed to them too;
I honour maids of honour so, I wished to be polite,
And the Queen and all the ladies smiled, which proved that I was right.

I knew (though ne'er at Court before!) well what I was about—
Of course I did not turn my back, but tried to siddle out;
But walking so, I tripped and fell—they make them trains so big!—
And, catching at the first thing near, pull'd off a lady's wig!

And then I fainted dead away!—a dreadful thing to do—
Until I found myself at home, no earthly thing I knew!
I've graced a Court! indeed I'll add, by way of being witty,
'Twas n a court that father dwell—a back court in the city!
THE COURT.

On Tuesday, February 24th, the King went in state to the House of Peers, for the purpose of formally opening the Session of Parliament. The brilliant assemblage in the House appeared to more advantage than heretofore, in consequence of the ladies present being accommodated with places in the gallery. The Royal speech was delivered in His Majesty's usual firm and distinct manner. On his way to and from the House the King was saluted by immense crowds of all classes with the most respectful and enthusiastic demonstrations of attachment. His Majesty wore a naval uniform, and appeared to be in excellent health.

On the next day the Address from the House of Peers was presented to the King at the Palace. A levee was afterwards held, at which the attendance was very numerous. After the levee several of the foreign ambassadors had audience of her Majesty.

On Friday, the 27th, the Queen went to Covent Garden Theatre, and on the following Monday her Majesty honoured Drury Lane with a public visit.

On Saturday, the 28th, the King held a Court at St. James's, for the purpose of receiving the Address of the House of Commons. The Speaker was attended by upwards of a hundred Members. On receiving a gracious answer to the Address the deputation retired.

On Wednesday, March 4th, the King held a levee, which was very numerously attended. His Majesty also held a Chapter of the Order of the Thistle, at which Lord Mansfield was installed a Member, with the customary ceremonial.

The first drawing-room of the season was held at St. James's Palace on Thursday, the 5th, in celebration of her Majesty's birthday. At one o'clock the Archbishop of York, with seven other prelates, arrived at the Queen's house, and the Archbishop read the address of congratulation to her Majesty. A deputation, consisting of the Governor and Officers of Christ's Hospital, with forty of the boys belonging to the Mathematical School, was ushered into the Royal Closet, according to the ancient custom. The boys exhibited their charts and drawings to the King. The drawing-room was exceedingly brilliant, and was hailed by the crowds of well-dressed persons who thronged round the Palace to witness the arrival and departure of the company, as the harbinger of an unusually prosperous season for the metropolis. The Queen, the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Victoria, and all the other ladies present were habited in dresses of British manufacture.

The King held a levee on Wednesday, the 11th. On Thursday their Majesties left St. James's Palace for Windsor Castle. The Royal Party was welcomed to Windsor with the warmest testimonies of attachment, by a numerous and respectable concourse of the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood.

On Wednesday, the 16th, the King, attended by Sir Herbert Taylor, arrived in town to hold a levee; after which Sir Howard Douglas was admitted to the Order of St. Michael and St. George, Sir Harris Nicolas acting as the Chancellor of the Order. His Majesty gave audiences to several of the Cabinet Ministers, and then returned to Windsor.

The Court went into mourning on Sunday, the 22nd, for the late Emperor of Austria; the mourning is to change on the 5th instant, and to cease on the 12th.
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Natural Son. A German Tale.
Translated from the German of Spindler, by Lord Albert Conyngham. 3 vols.

Extraordinary powers of imagination, brilliancy of execution, energy and truth of description, a minute acquaintance with the historical part of his subject, and an exquisite judgment of its properties and keeping, render Spindler, to our liking, the very best of those writers who explore the exhaustless regions of historical fiction in Germany. Since Walter Scott gave the impetus to this description of romance, a host of imitators have sprung up in foreign countries; and we must be allowed to say that in magnitude, strength, solidity, and variety, one or two of the German writers have even surpassed their model. We state this as our deferential opinion with the earnestness of profound conviction—however strange it may appear to those who would place the Scottish bard in the rank of Shakspeare or Milton. The German romancers are monumental in their writings; the materials with which they build are everlasting; they embrace matters of minute and important research which the flimsy texture of an English novel could not bear, and which indeed to the English novel-writer would afford neither fame nor lucre sufficient to remunerate him for his labour.

There is something so irresistibly attractive, even to the most superficial reader, in the works of Spindler, that when you take up the book, you find a spell upon it—you must read on. This is particularly the case with "The Natural Son," even beyond former productions, two of which, "The Jew" and "The Jesuit," have already appeared in an English garb. The translation of these volumes is admirably done, and by one who with a refined taste, and an elegant sense of the beauties of his own language, combines a thorough knowledge of the German. We have carefully compared the translation with the original, and find the German most faithfully rendered in graceful and flowing though forcible language.

We cannot press this work too strongly upon the attention of our readers, who will find themselves richly paid for its perusal.

Sketches of a Seaport Town, by Henry F. Chorley. 3 vols.

This is a series of tales which the rich and vivid fancy of Mr. Chorley has engrafted upon certain associations of early youth, with his native town of Liverpool; at least, such is the conclusion to which the work before us has led. There is an exuberance of imagination about Mr. Chorley, an enthusiasm of spirit, a poetic dreaminess which holds out high promise. This young writer appears blind to the wants and sensuality of human nature, to contemplate only the essence which exalts from it. All is spiritualised with him—a rock, a tree, a stone, a church—everything in short that comes before him, passes through the alembic of his mind until the whole is vapourised and the dross cast away. A nature of this stamp easily communicates its enthusiasm to others; and thus has Mr. Chorley produced a most delightful book, and one too that will afford entertainment to all classes of readers. Of his tales we prefer "The Adventures of the Merchant by chance," which has merit of a very superior order. And this preference we avow without prejudice to the others, all of which evince considerable talent, and are exceedingly entertaining.

As a specimen of Mr. Chorley's style, we give the following short extract.

"Upon that vacant ground, now barricaded from the streets by palings, stood, a few years ago, a small church—a quaint little octagonal building, without the slightest pretensions to any style in architecture—dingy without, and dingy within; a place where you might be sure that the 'tableau vivant' of Hogarth's sleeping congregation was exhibited every Sunday afternoon, and sometimes even during morning service. I shall never forget the tone of its asthmatic organ, nor the particular wheeze with which that venerable instrument was wont to indulge itself in the midst of its duty, so like the puffling of some pursy valetudinarian for whom the most moderate exercise is too much; and the organ in question was never called upon to do more than bear a steady accompaniment to some half a dozen old tunes, which served all the year round, Christmas and Easter included. Moreover, the Reverend who performed the service there, was much in the style of Doctor Dozzeal, who (as the story-book tells us) was considered to be the perfect model of a gospel minister, uniting in his own person the rare qualifications of a sonorous delivery, a peremptory appetite, whereby he was considerate enough to regulate the length of his discourses, and a choice selection of proverbs. Yes, he was well suited to his audience, which of latter days, for the most part, consisted of substantial tradesmen and their steady wives, who never dreamed of the possibility of such a thing as cutting a dash, and might be seen plodding thither, carrying their prayer-books.
wrapped up in clean pocket handkerchiefs, and
followed by a flock of orderly children; at least
half a dozen years after you might have 'sought
all the town and not met them elsewhere.'
Clergyman, clerk, choir, and congregation, all
declined at the same time, with a gradual and
serene decadence, and when they became ex-
tinct, as no one seemed able or willing to step
forward and take their vacant places, St. Catha-
rine's was doomed to fall; great was the dust
thereof!"

Poems with Illustrations, by Louisa
Anne Twamley.

These poems are the production of very high
geniuses, and when we assert that they are not
inferior to any by the first female writers of
the day, it is announcing our opinion that Miss
Twamley, who is still a very young lady, will
and ought to take a high station among her
contemporaries. We have been as much de-
lighted as astonished, in reading the contents of
this volume. There is mind, power, imagina-
tion, eloquence, sweetness, and originality, all
combined to make up the most beautiful little
book of poetry that we have met with for many
years past. Then again there are beautiful
pictorial illustrations, drawn and etched upon
copper (a first attempt) by the authoress her-
sclf, which shows her to have cultivated, very
successfully, this branch of the fine arts. Miss
Twamley has extraordinary endowments, and
if she be not spoiled by ill-judged praise and fa-
tery, which, from the tone of mind displayed in
her writings, we think will not be the case, she
will become a very remarkable woman, in an age
rife in remarkable women. We earnestly call
attention to the poems before us. We here
insert one, not because it is superior to the
others, but because it suits our limits better.

THE BLUE HAREBELL,
Written as an illustration to a group of Harebells,
painted from some gathered for me by a valued friend.

Have ye ever heard, in the twilight dim,
A low, soft strain,
That ye fancied a distant vesper hymn,
Borne o'er the plain
By the zephyrs that rise on perfumed wing,
Where the sun's last glances are glistening?
Have ye heard that music, with cadence sweet,
And merry peal,
Ring out like the echoes of fairy feet,
O'er flowers that steal?
And did ye then deem that each trembling tone
Was the distant vesper-chime alone?
The source of that whispering strain I'll tell,
For I've listened oft
To the music faint of the blue Harebell,
In the gloaming soft:
'Tis the gay fairy folk that peal; who ring,
At even-time for their banqueting.

And gaily the trembling bells peal out
With gentle tongue,
While elves and fairies career about,
'Mid dance and song.
Oh! roses and lilies are fair to see,
But the wild Bluebell is the flower for me.
And when, in far distant years, I meet
Their semblance here,
What varied thoughts, loved, sad, yet sweet,
The smile—the tear—
Will be writ upon stem, and leaf, and flower,
As they greet mine eye in that lonely hour!
I shall see, in fancy, the woodland glade
Where Harebells grew,
'Neath the evening sky's soft twilight shade,
As bright and blue;
And who kindly called them for me, and smiled,
Saying "Bluebells for thee, they're like thee—
wild."

Pierce Falcon, the Outcast. A Novel.
By Emma Whitehead. 3 Vols.

This novel evinces talent of no common order. There are specimens of power to be
found in it that would do honour to a practised
writer, and their appearance in this first pro-
duction of a young lady is an earnest of future
excellence. The tale is interesting, and well
wrought out, the characters are well conceived,
the execution is firm and free. That Miss
Whitehead, probably from timidity at her first
appearance before the public, has not put out
her whole strength, must be evident to every
reader of discernment; and it considerably
enhances the merit of these volumes, that,
though they are not the best which further
experience will enable her to produce, still
they are so good as to be entitled to a place
among those higher works of fiction which, in
the present day, minds of the first order do not
disdain to produce. Pierce Falcon, in fine, is
very clever and very amusing, and is certain of
finding numerous readers.

Wanderings through North Wales. By
Thomas Roscoe, Esq. Part I.

Mr. Roscoe, whose beautiful Annual on
Spain must be fresh in the memory of our
readers, here publishes the first part of his
"Wanderings in North Wales" upon a plan
imitative of Dr. Beattie's beautiful work on
Switzerland. The drawings, made expressly
for the present work, are by Cattermole, Cox,
and Creswick, and are engraved by Hadley
This number contains the Vale of Llangollen,
the death of Prince Llewellyn, and Caencaut
Mawr. The letter-press is worthy of Mr.
Roscoe's reputation; the style is good, the
matter well chosen and aptly illustrated.
"Old associations," says Mr. Roscoe, in
his introductory chapter, "and the pleasure
derived from excursions in the principality in earlier days, and under brighter skies, were not without influence in directing the Wanderer’s steps on his return from other and distant scenes. Ties of early friendship, warm greeting and hospitality, with pleasant companionship, gave additional zest to the charm of rambling through a beautiful country, combining so many features to interest the imagination and allure the eye.

“The old British birth-place of elf and fairy lore, famed alike for triumphs of the sword and prizes of the lyre—to how many recollections did it give rise, as the wanderer of many years looked back to those ‘white days,’ so indelibly marked in memory’s tablets, with the thoughts of Howarden, Erthig, Holywell, Downing, Wainstow, Penrhos, and other spots no less socially endeared. Like the woe-ridden pilgrim, from some far-off clime, he seemed to renew his existence, as the scenes familiar to his boyhood dawned upon him—again he breathed the freshness of his morning hours, and impressions never wholly effaced filled his mind with mournful pleasure; for he now beheld the ancient seat of his forefathers, the spires of his native seaport, and the wild blue hills of Cambria mingling with the distance.”

It is with the feelings and associations conveyed in the above lines that Mr. Roscoe has performed his task, and in a manner fully equal to his preceding labours.


This is an excellent little book, forming a complete compendium of English grammar, useful not only in schools, but in self-tuition.

The French Language its own Teacher; or, the Study of French divested of all its Difficulties. By René Aliva, Author of “The Anti-Spelling Book.” Part I.

The extraordinary success of “The Anti-Spelling Book” has induced us to look most carefully into this new production of Mr. Aliva’s, which is likely to supersede every other book for teaching the French language. The plan is simple, rational, and of easy adoption. It is founded upon experience submitted to the test of common sense. Mr. Aliva dares to think for himself, and never allows himself to be swayed, against his judgment, by any previously adopted principle, however extensive its influence, however venerable the precedent that sanctions it. He has therefore, as in

“The Anti-Spelling Book,” worked solely upon his own materials, and succeeded in producing a work, by the aid of which any one may, in a comparatively short space of time, become proficient in the French language. We call upon our readers to examine it, and judge for themselves.


This useful and promising periodical has now reached its fifth number, and increases in interest as it proceeds. It contains nearly eighty pages of closely printed letter-press, both entertaining and instructive—a great portion of it, indeed, of considerable scientific interest—for the sum of eighteen pence.


This first volume is a very good specimen of what Mr. Yarrell means to give in his future numbers. His work is deserving of patronage.

History of England, by Hume and Smollett, with a continuation by the Rev. T. S. Hughes Vol. XIV.

We have already stated our opinion of this Edition of the History of England, edited by Mr. Valpy. The present volume is the commencement of Mr. Hughes’ continuation of Smollett, beginning at the death of George II. The preliminary essay is much to our liking: clear, methodical, and elegant. The reign of George III., is written with great ability, and is generally free from the decided party bias by which contemporary history is generally debased.

A Tour on the Prairies. By the author of “The Sketch Book.”

Every body has read and admired the writings of Washington Irving, and every body who knew that amiable man, regretted his departure from this country. Since his return to the land of his birth, he has been wandering through its wild regions, and the results of these wanderings constitute the beautiful volume before us. There is a purity and elegance of style, and a playfulness of fancy which in all Mr. Irving’s writings, rather than strong and startling originality of mind; and to the former he is indebted for his power over the reader’s mind. He shows us nothing more than we see every day; but he places it before us like a beautiful and skilfully painted picture, in which we perceive only the poetry of nature, and which therefore strikes us as something new and beautiful. This is the great secret of Mr. Irving’s success. The volume before us, is a beautiful illustration of it.
Memoirs of Mirabeau, Biographical, Literary, and Political, by Himself, his Father, his Uncle, and his adopted Child. Vols. I. and II.

No man played a more conspicuous part in the great political drama, which, at the close of the last century, altered the social state of the whole civilised world, than the Count of Mirabeau. The premature death of this great statesman and orator—attributed by many to poison—was the signal for those excesses which threw despair, like a mourning pall, over the kingdom of France. Conspicuous as the Count of Mirabeau then was, little was known concerning his previous existence; but shortly after his death, the publication, by breach of trust, of his letters from the Donjon of Vincennes, threw a stigma upon his private life, which his enemies and rivals endeavoured to fix as an indelible stain upon his memory. Mirabeau left an adopted son, the author and editor of the present memoirs, compiled from the family papers, and to him has devolved the task of justifying his benefactor's memory. The volumes before us are the first part of this undertaking, which has been executed with great fidelity and truth. It would far exceed our limits to enter into a critical examination of these volumes: we content ourselves with saying that they are highly interesting, and contain valuable materials for history.

Legends of the North and Border Minstrelsy, selected chiefly from the works of Sir Walter Scott.

This looks like one of the most barefaced attempts we ever saw to feed like the bug upon the blood of an honest man. The compiler of this book tells us very coolly—"The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border has been confessedly the least popular of Sir Walter Scott's productions; a great portion of its contents is wholly devoid of interest to the general reader, although valuable to the antiquarian [antiquary], while there are scattered throughout its pages numerous literary gems in every respect worthy of the author's name. It therefore occurred to the editor of this little volume that he would be rendering a service to the admirers of Scott, by selecting the legendary tales and most popular ballads, and presenting them in a collected form, divested of that voluminous and dry detail which had deterred many from perusing the original work." If this editor have the sanction of Sir Walter Scott's family for his speculation—for such it appears—well and good; if not, we scarcely know how to qualify his act. Some might term it literary piracy, but we refrain from giving it a name.

Human Physiology. By Dr. Elliotson, Part I.

No physician stands higher as a practitioner than Dr. Elliotson, and certainly he is exceeded by none of his contemporaries either as a writer or a lecturer. He belongs to a practical and working, as well as a highly scientific school. Though the work before us comes not properly within the province of our Magazine, we cannot resist this opportunity of stating that we have read it with intense delight. The style is simple and lucid, elegant and vigorous; the matter is treated with the straightforwardness of a clear-headed and practical man, acquainted with the most recent discoveries by others, and adding to them the valuable store of his own. We are impatient to see the remaining part of the work, which will not appear till after midsummer; and in the meantime, we most earnestly recommend to medical students, and to men of science generally, the part now before us.


This is a most delightful and gossipping book; and its re-publication in this country—it having already appeared on the other side of the Atlantic—is a proof of Mr. Bentley's judgment; for it must have an extensive sale. No one has given a truer and more vivid description than Mr. Hoffman, of American wilds, and American people; and no one, in the soberness of reality, has invested them with more of the poetry of romance. We can promise our readers a store of entertainment from these volumes.

Finden's Byron's Beauties. Part IV.

Here is another number of this beautiful work, which does equal credit to the publishers and to the artists employed. Again we are at a loss to give a preference to any of the ideal portraits in this number. Florence, by Stone, is commanding and lovely. Adah and her Child, by E. Wood, is exquisitely soft and beautiful. The Astarte of Corbould is also beautiful, but it wants the settled melancholy and despair which should characterise such a portrait. It is too placid.

Leaves from the Memorandum Book of Alfred Crowquill.

Another leaf from Mr. Crowquill's Memorandum Book!—and an admirable leaf it is. Some of the puns are excellent, and would not disgrace that prince of punsters, Thomas Hood.
RAINBOW SKETCHES.—With the advent of the rain and sunshine which our northern spring usually presents, we are promised an appropriate literary offering under the title of "Rainbow Sketches," a volume of tales, poems, &c., from the graceful and agreeable pen of Mr. Francis, author of "Sunshine," &c. It is to be embellished with many plates, so as to give it the aspect of a species of summer annual; and yet it will be published at a price much more moderate than the expensive forcing necessary to the due production of its winter rivals, compels the publishers of them to demand.

MISS MAYER.—It is with great pleasure that we announce the return of this gifted young pianiste to town, and her intention of remaining in this country. She has it in contemplation, as we have been informed, to give a concert in the course of the present season, when our fair readers will have an opportunity of judging of her splendid powers upon the piano-forte.

MR. BARNETT AND THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—In a former number we stated, that having received an explanation which exonerated the directors of the Philharmonic Society from any blame in the return of a piece of music, unopened, to Mr. Barnett, we would publish this explanation in a future number. We now do so.

It appears that the composition sent by Mr. Barnett to the Philharmonic was a recita, destined to be sung by Braham, who, from not being in the way, or from some other cause, was unable to sing it. The directors of the Philharmonic, therefore, finding that there was no chance of Braham singing it during the season, sent it back to Mr. Barnett; but, that he might not suppose they had rejected the composition, they thought they had better not look at it, but return the packet unopened. The accusation contained in Mr. Barnett's letter, to which we alluded, was thus founded upon a mistake. We trust that this explanation, which was given to us before the appearance of the number in which we incidentally alluded to the circumstance, will satisfy Mr. Barnett, and convince him—as we ourselves, being impartial judges, are convinced—that no slight to him was intended by the directors of the Philharmonic.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

M. LAPORTE has at last succeeded in opening this theatre, and the season, though short, promises to be a splendid one. Our old favourites, Gisici, Rubini, Lablache, and Ivanoff, will shortly arrive; and though something has occurred—perhaps quelque tour du metier, but, as we are assured, from no fault of Laporte's—to prevent the engaging of Tamburini, this latter, it is said, will visit London during the season, and no doubt the public will have the benefit of his talents at the Opera. We understand that two or three new operas are to be brought out in the course of the season, and among them one by Signor Costa. We rejoice at this, because we consider Costa to be a man of first-rate genius, and likely to place himself at the head of his Italian contemporaries. Poor Laporte seems, however, to be the sport of misfortune. C'est vraiment avoir de guignon. Just as he was about to open with Tancredi, Madame Finkel, the prima donna upon whose talents he most depended for a striking debut, was suddenly attacked with measles. The consequence was, that the theatre opened with a miscellaneous performance, since repeated, and which has been very favourably received by overflowing houses. Signori Brambilla and Galvani did their best. Both are very cre-ditable singers, and both fine women. Our favourite, Madame Stockhausen, warbled like a nightingale, and the powers of Moschelles also contributed to turn into a triumph that which had been anticipated as a failure. We must say that nobody understands the management of this theatre better than M. Laporte, who, at a moment's notice, and harassed on all sides by disappointment, can cook up a dish to tickle the palates of the most fastidious. Our opera-goers have already testified their satisfaction, and it is to be hoped that a lucrative season will enable the manager to fulfil all his engagements, notwithstanding the unreasonable sum, reduced as it is, which he is obliged to pay to the assignees of Mr. Chambers. When will this unfortunate theatre be freed from assignees, and lawyers, and litigation? These have eaten up it like a canker for the last twenty years, and the subscribers and other opera-goers are the sufferers. But, like "Jock's beating," or the "eels skinned alive," they have got accustomed to it. They may, however, wince on some unlucky day, build a new opera-house, and persuade the Lord Chamberlain to license it. The sun of the King's Theatre would then set for ever. Let the assignees reflect upon this!
LADY NEWARK is the second daughter of the Right Hon. Edward John Littleton, of Teddesley, in the county of Stafford, and wife of Charles Viscount Newark, eldest son of the present Earl Manvers.

The family of Littleton, from which her Ladyship descends, has been of long standing in the county of Worcester, and had considerable possessions in the vale of Evesham, particularly at South Littleton, whence the name has probably been assumed in the beginning of the thirteenth century.

THOMAS DE LUTTLETON, about the nineteenth year of Henry III, wedded Emma, only daughter and heiress of Sir Simon de Frankley, Knt., by whom he had an only daughter, Emma, wife of Augerus de Tatynston. Thomas de Luttleton espoused, secondly, Anselm, daughter and heiress of William Fitiswarren, of Upton, in the county of Worcester, one of the Justices itinerant, and Judge of the Common Pleas, 12th Henry III, and Sheriff of Worcestershire the following year, by whom he left three sons. He was succeeded at his decease by the eldest,

EDMUND DE LUTTLETON, who resided at Cowlesdon, and had lands at Naunton, in Worcestershire, which still continue in possession of a branch of the family of Lutten. He died without issue, and his estates devolved upon his youngest and only surviving brother,

THOMAS DE LUTTLETON, who represented the county of Worcester in Parliament from 9th Edward I, to the 34th Edward III, and was succeeded at his decease by his eldest son,

THOMAS DE LUTTLETON, who recovered the manor of Frankley by a writ of right, in failure of issue, to his cousin Thomas de Tatynston. This Thomas de Luttleton was Esquire of the body of three successive Kings, Richard II, Henry IV, and Henry V, and from each of those monarchs he received several grants of money, timber, &c. He died in the first year of Henry VI, and left an only daughter and heiress,

ELIZABETH DE LUTTLETON, who was married to Thomas Westcote, Esq., a gentleman of Devonshire, of ancient descent. Her family pride however, and the large possessions and inheritances she obtained from her ancestors, De Luttleton, and from her mother, the daughter and co-heiress of Quartermain, and other ancestors, induced her to continue the honour of her name, and therefore to provide, by Westcote's assent before marriage, that her issue inheritable should bear the name of Luttleton. Upon this marriage, Mr. Westcote settled at Frankley, and served the office of Escheator of Worcester, in 1460. Dying soon after, he was succeeded by his eldest son,

THOMAS DE LUTTLETON, the celebrated Judge. This gentleman having adopted the legal profession, was, in 1454, called to the degree of Serjeant-at-law, and in the following year nominated King's Serjeant, when he rode Justice of Assize in the Northern Circuit. In 1464, Mr. Serjeant Luttleton was appointed one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas. In the 15th year of Edward IV, he was created with the Prince of Wales, and other persons of distinction, a Knight of the Bath. Sir Thomas wrote his "Treatise on Tenures" after he had ascended the bench. He married Joan, widow of Sir Philip Chetwynd, of Ingester, in the county of Stafford, and daughter and co-heiress of Sir William Burley, Knt., of Broms-
croft Castle, in Shropshire, by whom he had, with other issue, William his successor, ancestor of the Lords Lyttleton, and

Richard Littleton, Esq., who followed the profession of his father, and to whom the treatise on tenures is inscribed. He married Alice, daughter and heir of William Winesbury, Esq., of Pillaton Hall, in the county of Stafford, by whom he had, with other issue, a son and successor,

Sir Edward Littleton, Knt., who inherited, twelve years after, the estates of his mother, upon that lady’s decease. This gentleman had a grant from King Henry VIII., for life, of the office of Constable and Keeper of the Castle of Stafford, Keeper of the King’s Parks, and Bailiff of his manor of Fairbriggs in Staffordshire. By his first wife, Helen, daughter of Humphrey Swynnerton, Esq., of Swynnerton, he left two daughters and a son and successor,

Sir Edward Littleton, Knt., who wedded Alice, daughter of Francis Cockain, Esq., of Ashburne, in Derbyshire. He died 19th July, 1574, and was succeeded by his eldest surviving son,

Sir Edward Littleton, Knt., who represented the county of Stafford in Parliament, in the 39th year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Sir Edward wedded Margaret, daughter and co-heir of Sir William Devereux, Knt., youngest son of Walter, Viscount Hereford, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

Sir Edward Lyttleton, M.P. for Staffordshire, in the 21st James I, and Sheriff of the same county in three years afterwards. He married Mary, daughter of Sir Clement Fisher, of Packington, in Warwickshire, Knt., and had, with other issue, a son and successor,

Edward Littleton, Esq., Sheriff and Deputy-Lieutenant for Staffordshire. In the third year of Charles I, this gentleman was raised to the dignity of Baronet. In consequence of his loyalty, he was rated by the Sequestrators at £1347 6s. 8d. for composition for his estate. He married Hester, daughter of Sir William Courteen, of Lon-
don, Knt., and was succeeded by his eldest surviving son,

Sir Edward Littleton, second Baronet, High Sheriff and Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Stafford. By his first wife, Mary, daughter of Sir Walter Wrottesley, Bart., of Wrottesley, in Staffordshire, he had, with other issue, Edward, who espoused Susanna, daughter of Sir Theophilus Bidulph, of Elm-hurst, in Staffordshire, and died before his father, leaving, with other issue, a son, who succeeded his grandfather as

Sir Edward Littleton, third Baronet. This gentleman married Mary, only daughter of Sir Richard Hoare, Knt., who had been Lord Mayor of the city of London, and one of its representatives in Parliament during the reign of Queen Anne; but died without issue, 2nd Jan. 1742, when he was succeeded by his nephew,

Sir Edward Littleton, fourth Baronet, who removed the family seat from Pillaton to Teddesley. He wedded Frances, eldest daughter of Christopher Horton, Esq., of Cattton, in the county of Derby; but dying without issue, in 1812, the baronetcy expired, and the estates devolved upon his grandson,

Edward John Walhouse, the present proprietor, who assumed the surname and arms of Littleton, and now represents the Staffordshire branch of that family. Mr. Littleton, who recently held office as chief Secretary for Ireland, and who represents in Parliament the Southern Division of Staffordshire, was born 18th March 1791, and married, 21st Dec. 1812, Hiacinthe Mary, daughter of Richard, Marquess Wellesley, by whom he has issue,

Edward Richard—Hiacinthe—Anne—Emily—Caroline Anne.

The second daughter, Emily, whose portrait illustrates this month’s number, was married, as aforesaid, on the 16th August 1832, to Charles, Viscount Newark, eldest son of Charles Herbert Pierrepont, Earl Manvers.
SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.—No. III.
TAKEN AT THE ATHENÆUM CLUB HOUSE.

As the locate in which our sketches of this month will be taken, may be supposed to possess some interest in the eyes of those of our readers who have not yet found admittance to its favoured precincts, we shall doubtless be doing an acceptable service to many in giving an outline of its chief features: for the places where the remarkable individuals "do congregate," whom we are now and in future to introduce to the reader's personal acquaintance, must not be regarded in any other light than as classical spots. Indeed the above-named among those spots has intrinsic claims to the title, even in its strictest sense; for Rome herself, in the height of her grandeur and beauty, might have been proud to point the attention even of a Greek sojourner within her walls, to such a building as the Athenæum Club-house in Waterloo Place—at least so far as relates to all its external, and to some of its internal features. Not that any such building as the Athenæum could have existed either at Rome or Athens during the "palmy state" of those marvellous capitals; because it combines features and ornaments that could not have been united together in the architecture of the periods in question. The religious and the secular were never permitted to associate their characteristics in the same edifice; the feeling for the one being too intense and universal, and the taste in the other being too simple and severe: whereas we of modern times have wholly repudiated the one, and magnificently violated the other. There are buildings to be found in each of the European capitals of any note, that unite in their own individual forms, every characteristic of every form known and recognised among the inventors and perfectors of the most noble and beautiful of all the mechanical arts.

The Athenæum does not violate the severity of the antique taste to this extent; nor indeed does it violate that severity at all, so as to be felt as an abandonment of the true principles of taste itself; for the placing of the statue of the Goddess on the summit of the pediment over the eastern portico, and the sculpture of the Panathenaic festival beneath the entablature of the building all round, are not felt as a desecration of those strictly religious associations originally connected with such objects and ceremonies. But there is one feature of the Athenæum which is felt as such a desecration—at least by the few who still attach any associated sentiment to such matters, and regard the relics that have come to us from the times in question, as something more than forms merely, and to be looked at solely with reference to their merit and beauty as such. We now refer to the placing of a cast of the Venus Victrix in the vestibule of this (quasi) resort of wisdom, learning, and literary distinction alone.

But this is, perhaps, "to consider too curiously." At any rate, it is not to describe, which is all that we profess to do in these sketches, whether they appertain to persons or things.

The Athenæum Club-house, then, is a rectangular building, three sides only of which are visible to observation. The western side forms a beautiful Doric façade, with a projecting portico, surmounted by a pediment, on the exterior apex of which is placed a statue of Minerva. The simplicity of the Doric order is, of course, preserved in all the minor details of the building; and the chief feature of the work, as a whole, is a series of copies from that unrivalled production of Greek art, the Panathenaic procession, which formerly occupied the upper portion of the wall within and beneath the portico that surrounded the Parthenon at Athens. This wonderful piece of sculpture, unquestionably designed by Phidias himself, and many parts of which were doubtless touched at least by his own hand—extended, in its original state, round the whole outer wall of the Parthenon, at the top, nearest to the ceiling of the portico. Of the original fragments which remain to us, several are at the British Museum—some of them in a state as perfect as when they left the artist's hand. Several others are in the gallery of the Louvre at Paris, and elsewhere; and of these latter, casts are added to the collection in the British Museum. But the series, as it now exists round the upper portion of the external walls of the Athenæum Club-house, has, we believe, been rendered more complete than it is elsewhere to be found, by restoring the wanting parts, from Stewart's drawings of the frieze, as it existed in his time.

There is unquestionably nothing in existence of its kind at once so beautiful in itself, and so extensively and intimately connected with grand, noble, and beautiful associations,
as this series of sculptures; and therefore it is that we have referred to it more in detail than we should otherwise have felt called upon to do.

On passing beneath the portico of the Athenaeum, which is reached by a short flight of steps, you enter a spacious vestibule, the ceiling of which is supported by a double range of columns. This vestibule is, by many degrees, the most elegant and imposing portion of the interior of this building. Its chief individual feature of attraction is a spacious stone staircase, which faces you as you enter; ascends in a line (between bronzed and gilded balustrades) to about half its height; and then branches off right and left, conducting you at once to the corridor leading to the upper rooms. The only one of these that we need refer to in detail, is the grand drawing-room, or whatever else that noble apartment may be called, within whose gorgeous walls we shall find some of the objects of our search. It is of great length, extending along the whole front of the building; its proportions are good, excepting, perhaps, that its height is not quite sufficient to carry off its length. Its architectural ornaments are in correct taste, in point of design, but too heavy and massive in detail and execution, and its furniture is more gorgeous and glaring than the ostensible purposes and objects of the establishment demand or justify.

This latter is the crying error of the Athenaeum, as it is of nearly all the other similar establishments which have arisen out of its happy example. Their apartments, and various other appointments, put forth a lavish display of wealth, and include a combination of superfluous luxuries, which, however they may correspond with the means and habits of many of the persons to whom they appeal, have had a mischievous effect upon the whole, by engendering artificial wants and necessities in a grade of life to which they had not before descended. At present, the son of a well-to-do city shopkeeper fancies he cannot read the Times newspaper in comfort, unless he has about him all the objects of personal luxury, which his grandfather associated exclusively with the establishment of a nobleman.

But to our office,—“the office opposite to St. Peter’s” we expect it will be deemed, by all on whom it is destined to be exercised, except those happy few whom our consciences will allow us to hold up as angels,—between which latter and the opposite extreme there is no intermediate state, or, at best, only such a one as its inmates feel to be purgatory.

Let us, however, first guard against any misinterpretation of the design of these immortal effigies of our fragile pencil (for immortal they are destined to be—for at least a month), as evinced in the mere execution. As will have been already felt by those discriminating spectators who have done us the honour to inspect them with the eyes of real connoisseurship, their nature is Elys, rather than either historical or dramatic, and we shall freely avail ourselves of the poetic licence proper to that noblest department of our art. In a word, our pencil, like that of our illustrious contemporary and coadjutor, H. B., is not to be “cabined, cribbed, confined” by the saucy rules of time and place; but, in the exercise of its magical power of calling up at will the images and effigies of living men*, feels itself wholly free to place them in whatsoever situation, and under whatsoever circumstances, it seems fitting, in the exercise of its high will and pleasure, always and only provided those circumstances and situations be fitting and proper to the individuals respectively connected with them. For example,—should we think it meet to place upon our canvas the effigy of Mr. Cobbett—and we may do so—for, in respect of mere worldly grade,

"Naught is for us too high, nor aught too low,"

provided the party holding it be sufficiently distinguished from his or her contemporaries in the same grade, to have become a “public character”;) if, we say, it should please us, for example, to place on record the outward man of Mr. Cobbett, assuredly we shall not introduce him into a Wednesday evening’s conversazione at Lady Salisbury’s, in Arlington-street; but rather at his own back shop in Bolt-court, or his pig-sty at “Normandy Farm.” Or, should we dare to delineate the “anti-population” features of Miss Martineau, we shall certainly not associate them with the inviting Ottomans of Lady J—y’s boudoir, but rather with the wooden forms of the Mechanics’ Institution.

In like manner (and this is what we desire to impress upon the spectator of our Gallery of National Portraits)—it is not to be supposed, of any particular individual whom we may from time to time hand down to posterity, that he or she does in point of fact, in any

* Aye, and women too—for “to that complexion it will come—at last,”—so our fair friends must look about them.
SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

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especially manner, affect the precise locality in which we may exhibit either, but merely that the locality in question is the most likely and fitting of any other in which the curious stranger may have a chance of coming in contact with the objects of his search.

Thus, the Athenæum Club, and its splendid appurtenances, have been chosen as one of the scenes to furnish forth the background, in front of which are now to figure those favoured few who belong to the haute littérature of the day in which we live. But let it not be imagined that, in uprooting, for instance, from his retirement in the beautiful and (now) classic shades of his beloved Gilston, the accomplished author of "Tremaine" and "De Vere," in asking him to leave the delightful stillness of his dear Elizabethan study, broken only by the distant voices of his favourite rocks, or the near ones of his fair wife and gentle daughter, in compelling him, by our "so potent art," to quit, even for a single day, the lovely solitudes of his own noble domain, and repair to sit for his picture among the (by comparison) vulgar splendors and vain turmoil of the newspaper palaces of Waterloo Place and its parlious; in doing thus, let it not, we say, be supposed that we would point out the scene in question, as one where the person with whom we choose to associate it, is wont or willing to be found. All we would intimate is, that there at least we have a sort of public right to render him amenable to the power of our pencil, because there we may do so fairly, and without infringing on the sacred privacy of his more accustomed "whereabout:--" and so of all the other individuals whom we are now (for the first time it may be) about to introduce to public notice.

Thus much premised, we proceed at once to our prescribed task. Nor can we commence that task in a more fitting manner than with the accomplished and elegant-minded person whom we have pointed at above, Mr. R. P.— W.—d.

If there is any one individual whose personal qualifications answer to his reputation as a writer, or rather to the personal impression which his writings convey, more precisely,

* Since the above was written—but too late to admit of the whole paper being delayed, or we should have done so—the gentle spirit above referred to has passed hence to a more congenial sphere. She was the only surviving one of three daughters; and we can imagine the bitter grief of that parent at the melancholy bereavement. But we may not allude to it further, unless to exclaim—"How equalised is the lot of humanity! The 'fears of the brave, and follies of the wise,' are not more numerous and worthy of note to the eye of a human philosopher, than are the sorrows of the happy, and the misfortunes of the blest!!"
the harmonious conformity of all the parts and particulars of which they are made up.

Perhaps there is nothing in connexion with our intellectual nature more immediately gratifying in itself, and more directly and surely leading to after-gratification, than the contemplation of a character in which the qualities and attributes we have just referred to are so happily allied as they are in that of the author of Tremaine, and the happy results of which are so legibly written on their visible exponents. If there is a fear more pervading than all others that oppress the human mind, it is that of growing old; and that it is, to all intents and purposes, except its own existence, “a lost fear,” the delightful example in question may demonstrate. If you are to believe Mr. W—d himself, he is more than sixty years of age. If you are to trust to the indications set forth by nature in his face, his person, his voice, his air, his carriage, and the ever-springing green that overspreads the pleasant pastures of his mind and heart, you must conclude that the world and its ways are as new to him as to a boy of sixteen bred up on a mountain side. Where then shall we strike the happy mean? He cannot be so old as he says. And yet he is among the last men to make himself out older than his certificate of birth. The secret is, not that

“Years have brought the philosophic mind,”

but that they have brought something infinitely better—the mind where philosophy, humanity, and the refined and epicurean spirit of enjoyment are so beautifully and inextricably blended, that they form a perpetual spring of new and happy thoughts, which

“Put a spirit of youth in every thing,”

and which spirit ever reflects itself back in corresponding exponents upon all who look with a wise and instructed eye on that mirror of the heart, “the human face divine.”

Wordsworth, in his beautiful stanzas entitled “A Poet’s Epitaph,” says (addressing the supposed passer by)—

“Art thou a Statesman, in the van
Of public business trained and bred?
First learn to love one living man,
Then mayst thou think upon the dead.”

How universally true this is, witness the iron or oaken faces of the mob of “statesmen” who nightly occupy the treasury and opposition benches of our national assemblies! And to prove the rule by the exception, witness the face of the remarkable person to whom we are now taking the liberty of adverting. He has been not only

“In the van
Of public business trained and bred,”

but he has passed a long and laborious life there. And yet behold him as we have pictured him above;—in simplicity of thought and freshness of feeling he is a child; in tenderness of heart and gentleness of sympathy with the pleasures and the pains of his fellow-beings, his nature retains the almost feminine softness and impressibility of early youth; in vigour of thought and ardour of spirit, he is like one just entering on his career of ambitious manhood; in deep and quick sagacity and matured knowledge, he would seem to have touched the goal itself; and finally, in his deep conviction of the incapacity of all temporary and sublunary things to satisfy the cravings of the human heart and mind, or prevent them from at last returning to prey or to banquet (as the case may be) upon their own self-engendered feelings and imaginations, and in his firm determination to act upon that conviction, and retire from the world to the “populous solitude” of his own thoughts and affections, he reaches and illustrates that last stage of intellectual advancement, which teaches us that

“Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus—”
and that when the world and its works have ceased to be sufficient to us, we then, and not till then, may, if we please, become sufficient to ourselves. Such is R. Pl—r W—d; the favourite protégé of Pitt; the friend and companion of Canning; the right hand of every department to which he has belonged in connexion with the government of his country; the pet of the female world of high society, from the most antiquated of its dowagers to the most blooming of its newly-budding beauties; and (best of all, in our estimation) the writer of “Tremaine” and “De Vere,”—the two most delightful, and at the same time most instructive works of our day, in that most delightful and instructive of all classes of works,—those illustrative of manners and society, as these latter affect and are affected by the human mind and heart.

Should the more sedate of our female friends desire to be made acquainted with a few more particulars respecting the person of their favourite writer (for such we must believe he is, the Bulwers, Mulgraves, and Gores of the circulating library notwithstanding), we may inform them that his head and features are small as compared with the rather commanding height and carriage of his form; that his eyes have the piercing expression of some of the gentler species of
the hawk, and are overshadowed by brows that have a remarkable likeness to the very remarkable ones of Walter Scott; that his nose is slightly retroussé, which, in connexion with an expression of sly humour about the mouth, gives a slightly sarcastic character to the general expression of the countenance; that the forehead and upper part of the head are wholly bald; and that the whole face is overspread with a bloom like that of youth, and a shining smoothness, that correspond, almost to a degree of strangeness, with the intellectual youth that we have ascribed to the gifted and accomplished owner.

But hold!—Are you not doing precisely that which you deprecated at the opening of your portrait gallery of this month,—dedicating a whole canvas, instead of a corner of it, to one portrait? The rebuke is a just one—but what could we do? Sir Thomas himself, with all his wondrous facility, used sometimes to linger over the features of a favourite sitter, while half the beauties of the town were waiting impatiently to be endowed with immortal youth from his magic touch. And thus it has been with our poor pencil, in tracing the above faint outline of one of the favourite objects of our intellectual contemplation. We have not many such, so the examiner of our portfolio need not fear being often detained too long from that variety which is the soul of that mere entertainment we are alone capable and ambitious of affording. Accordingly, our muse shall now

"Stay her hand, and change her measure."

"Look where he comes!" Th——e H——k, the muse of the social, the literary and the political world!—ay, even the political; for he can make politics itself pleasant; infuse fun into an article on our foreign relations; by mere force of laughter make the people fall in love with the pension list, as a specimen of the heaven-born charity that is "twice blessed" in the giver as well as the receiver; and fairly run us into the persuasion, that to turn our pockets "the seamy side without," is not merely the exclusive privilege, but the bounden duty, of that particular section of the English aristocracy which has just been called (by heaven itself) to resume its beneficent rule over us!†

Ye gods of revolution and ruin, what would by this time have become of us all had Th——e H——k advocated the Reform Bill instead of opposing it! Why, by this time, our gracious king might have been kicking his heels in the antechamber of Charles X at Gratz; our princes of the blood might have been exercising the honourable duties of English ushers at some German grammar-school; our illustrious peerage would, in all probability, have been picking up a precarious livelihood by the labour of their hands in foreign parts; and, in short, the destinies of our country might have been overruled by a soldier from the ranks instead of being ruled over by half a score of field-marshals in one. We might have had Cobbett for a dictator instead of Wellington!!

Thanks, in fact, to the immortal powers of punning, we are preserved from this—for the present at least: to what end, remains to be seen. In the meantime we pause, and again exclaim—Look where he comes—the great apostle of the art—the prize punster of the day—the only true and authentic possessor of the secret of that happy species of animal magnetism which cures all ills, by throwing the patient into convulsions (of laughter).

"Look where he comes!
Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the earth,
Can med'cine thee to that sweet sleep, which thou ow'dst yesterday."

if once thou trustest thyself into the company of that merry Macbeth, who is the slayer of sleep through the sides of its great creator, ennui. The proverb intimates, that the way to grow fat is to laugh. If so, what a glorious Christmas show of Christian cattle must the personal intimates of Mr. Th——e H——k be capable of furnishing forth, himself the feeder and fattener of them all, on the rich oil-cake of his ever-fertile fancy! Himself the fattest of the flock—fed thereunto (like the carvers at the cook-shops) on the mere steam and odour of the meats that he serves out!

Look!—He proceeds with stately step to the table where the daily papers are invitingly scattered about, seeming as if they said, "Come, read me!" And you think he is going to accept the invitation. Mistaken individual! He read a newspaper? Why he is himself "an abstract and brief chronicle" of all the news existent, at any given moment of the year or day. He is himself a peripatetic newspaper, exempt from the tax, and free from the advertising columns. It is the newspapers who "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" him—not he the news

* We have either seen or heard this remark made before, though where, and by whom, we do not call to mind.
† And since deposed, doubtless by the same overruling power!
papers. To know him intimately, and to be cognisant of his morning and evening "whereabout," is to be qualified to edit all the Tory newspapers of the day—daily and hebdomadal: but the Tory alone—for be it expressly noted, that he scorns to know anything but what it suits him and his political friends to know, and contends, that to know anything else "argues yourself unknown." In him and his party exist all political knowledge, wisdom, and truth, and what exists not in them, is non-existent!

You thought he was about to peruse the newspapers. Mark the difference. He has reached the table where they lie, and lo! as he opens his pun-compelling mouth, bursts of jolly laughter break from the circle of, till now, silent readers, and (like the two lovers in the Inferno) "that day they read no more." And yet among them are to be found, not merely the merry disciples and cronies of this modern Democritus, but certain "grave and reverend seignors," who hold laughter as not merely "a vain thing," but at least a crime, "if not a blunder." Yet even these latter veil their senatorial severity before this superior spirit, and "laugh the more because they laugh in vain."

But is there nothing better than the seeds of laughter in the talk and pen of this Mr. Merryman of the fashionable, literary, and political drama? Is he a Democritus in wisdom as well as in drollery? Not that we know of. He may be—but it appeareth not. Laughter is in him, not merely the presiding deity of the temple, but like some of those we read of in Eastern lore, or like Aaron's rod—it swallows up all the rest. In this he is, like certain species of pet vices, "pleasant, but wrong."

Moreover, our Democritus of to-day has no notion of living in a tub. Give him Turkey carpets, tempting viands, tasteful decorations, and all the other "appliances and means" of modern luxury about him, and he will make you believe that poverty and privation are pleasant things, and that the "lower orders" of the English people are little less than gods upon the earth. But does he believe it? His reply is, that you have no right to ask the question. His business as a political writer is, not to make the world better than it is, but to make it believe itself quite good enough—as in fact it is, for all the purposes of him and his friends.

"But would you hoax a man or a people into the impression, that they are in a 'most bluest condition,' instead of helping to make their condition such?"

"To be sure I would," is the candid reply; "'tis my vocation, Hal!"

And there ends our questioning—for Th.—e H.—k is an oracle that never lacks an answer adapted to the worship he inculcates.

Now mark the beautiful correspondence between the person of this pet of the Tory aristocracy, and his intellectual character. It is anything but a "literary correspondence." If you want to know what an author does not look like," look at Th.—e H.—k. Hearty, oleaginous, and lubricated as his own jokes, his person and features are as utterly free from the lines of deep thought, the furrows ploughed by the band of philosophy, as—his own writings. He is consider-ably above the medium height, and about four times the medium size and weight, but active withal as his spirit, and with an air of good-natured assurance and self-complacency that well accords with the tone of his political sentiments and opinions. Altogether there is a look of our present royal family about him, a similitude which he is by no means disposed to repudiate, except when the observer of it remarks that if there is one of that illustrious house whom he resembles more than another it is his Royal Highness of Sussex—an honour at which he is scandalised, seeing that the illustrious personage in question is a confirmed radical; and a "royal radical" affects him as the tameness of the wild beasts in the desert island did Juan Fernandez—it seems to him unnatural and shocking.

Finally, it may be imagined that a consciousness of the general resemblance above-noticed, and a virtuous pride in it, induces Mr. H.—k to adapt his costume with a view to aid the desired effect; for his portly person is invariably attired after the fashion adopted by our late ruler—a "true blue" frock coat buttoned up to the throat, and hiding all the rest of the attire but a black silk stock at the upper extremity, and a vestige of black Wellingtons at the lower. Thus equipped, "our fat friend" is wont to sail along the stream of Piccadilly or Pall Mall, with the gravity of a senator in his gait, and the good-humour and gaieté de cœur of a citizen of the world in all the rest of his bearing.

Here pause we for a sitting; for the two preceding portraits, though they have occupied no more of our canvas than the space that was due to them, have overstepped that which the artist who has the honour of set-
tecting them forth can claim as his allotted monthly limits. If the result of our next sitting cannot be expected to furnish effigies of a nature more worthy to fix the spectator's attention, we can promise that they shall at least include a larger variety of the "originals" from whom we draw. Not that we have the remotest idea of hanging them twenty on a string, as in the garland which we had the gratification of gathering from the garden of fashion in our first number. As little shall we do them the injustice to crowd them together on the walls of our royal academy of art, as the gentlemen hangers of the other royal academy are pleased to do in the case of the innumerable repetitions of "portrait of a gentleman," which are so apt to make "April fools" of them every year.

The community among whom our labours now lie are not to be treated after this fashion. Unlike those who have preceded them in our notice, they are (several of them, at all events) destined to go down (in name at least) to posterity. How invaluable then must our sketches of them by and by become to that posterity! and what a blank disappointment would such portraits justly create there if they were but lightly lithographed, like those we ventured to sketch from the world of fashion!

No. With the individuals whose traits we have now depicted, and are henceforth to depict, we trust that we ourselves shall be deemed not unworthy to descend to that immortality which, in one shape or other, has ever been the aim and hope of

Proteus Plume.

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SONG.

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I.

Hast thou e'er mark'd when deepening twilight spread
Her dusky mantle over earth and sky;
The solitary star of evening shed
Her pure full beam—dear to the Poet's eye?—
Then hast thou seen an emblem of the power,
Thy memory in my sadness holds o'er me;
My soul is like the heaven at twilight hour,
And that sweet star of hope, a type of thee!

II.

Hast thou e'er roam'd upon a desert plain,
Where not one sunny spot of verdure smil'd;
Till wearied with thy wanderings long and vain,
Lo! at thy feet a single flow'rret wild
Thou hast espied, and gazing on its bloom,
Hast bless'd that lonely jewel of the lea?—
That desert is life's path, I walk in gloom,
And that bright gem, Belov'd! resembles thee!

III.

Hast thou e'er seen two birds imprison'd long,
And heard when one was loosen'd glad and gay;
The other pour a melancholy song,
Even in the morn of summer's loveliest day?—
Such is our lot—together caged on earth,
And when death's hand hath set me early free;
Tho' all around thy way be light and mirth,
Ah! thou alone, Belov'd! wilt mourn for me!—
THE BATH DRAMATIC FETE; OR BATH AS IT WAS,
AND BATH AS IT IS.

Out! how dull are the newspaper eulogiums
of by-gone halls and fashionable entertainments!—to those who were absent how rapid
and uninteresting!—to those who were present
utterly failing to recall one gleam of the
brightness and the beauty on which they so
lately gazed! The reader must expect from
us no detail of the rooms thrown open, the
sweets of the supper, the charms of the music!
—no description of the dresses, and no list of
the company present! Far from it—we visited
Bath recently as a stranger, though we knew it
well forty or fifty years ago, when those who
travelled lightly over its chalky boards
were unknown and unthought of; and it is to
compare Bath as it was, with Bath as we now
find it, that we take up our pen.

This literary fashion of speaking in the
plural, sadly puzzles an old gentleman un
used to composition, like myself. I was just
going seriously to state, that we are an old
bachelor, and I have already written down
what appears to me a palpable absurdity—
namely, we take up our pen!—hands in the
plural, and pen in the singular; and not
clearly understanding how one pen can legiti-
mandy obey more than four fingers and one
thumb, I beg to be permitted to leave the
plural to more critical writers, and to take
up my pen, in propriá persona.

Well then, I am an old bachelor: yes, the
day is arrived when I can no longer deceive
even myself,—youth has slipped from me like
a bright dream of the morning, and I look in
the glass at a bald pate, and a wrinkled face.
Such was not my appearance when I first
knew Bath: I was then young, gay, and
decidedly good-looking, (I may say so now, for
I am but doing justice to the dead). At the
age of nineteen I quitted Oxford, and paid
a visit to a maiden lady dwelling in the
Orange Grove.

"The Orange Grove!" exclaims some ari
stocratic dweller in the Royal Crescent, who
only knows Bath as it is. "The Orange
Grove! I was not aware that visitable peo-
lle ever resided there!" But in the days
when I first knew Bath, the Orange Grove,
the Parades, Westgate-street, and many other
streets now almost unknown, were the fashion-
able abodes for visitors of distinction.

How well do I remember my first Bath
ball! The master of the ceremonies who
presided at it, has long been in his grave;
the beauties who triumphed at it are faded
like myself; the very rooms in which the
ball was held, have been burnt to the ground;
and a literary and scientific institution now
stands where, in those days, stood the far-
famed temple of Bath gaiety. There shone
forth the beautiful Miss W——n, who, ad-
mired by all, and sought by so many of the
wealthiest and most distinguished, died at
the age of seventy-five, still beautiful and
still gay. At all events, the beauty of her
figure never deserted her; and let plain old
people, fat and thin, talk as they will of the
making-up resorted to by this realisation of
our ideas of Ninon de l’Enclos,—how is it,
may I ask, that they, with rouge on their
cheeks, false curls on their brows, and ivory
in their jaws, how is it that they, making up
in every possible way, still look so old and
haggish—so unlike the kind-hearted, the
laughing, the majestic Miss W——n? Peace
be with her ashes!—she did more real good
in a quiet way among the poor of her own
parish, than do half the methodistical pre-
tenders, who would shake their heads and
turn up their eyes in horror, at the gay life
which she led.

But I am forgetting my first Bath ball,
where I danced my first minuet with this
very Miss W——n, then in the bloom of gir-
thood, but graceful and majestic as a youthful
Queen.

My aunt and I were at the rooms soon after
eight o’clock, and found them nearly full.
The upper benches were reserved for Peerses,
and there were in those days many present.
Asal! in Bath as it is, a Peeress is so great a
ara asia, that she can rule society with her
little finger.

My dress may possibly be interesting to the
reader, and though having worn it at the re-
cent dramatic fête, many have already been
familiarised with it, (for it so happened that
my first Bath ball dress, having been care-
fully laid by, has also proved my last).—still
I will endeavour to give those who had not
the good fortune to behold it, some faint idea
of its unfaded beauty.

My hair, of which I then wore a profusion,
was powdered and pomatumed, and elabo-
rate frizzed, so as effectually to conceal its
natural auburn colour, and its disposition to
THE BATH DRAMATIC FETE.

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eur; it was tied in a large tail behind, such as
curl; it was tied in a large tail behind, such as
may be seen in prints of the costume of the day;
not the little mean attenuated pigtails which
old men now-a-days wear upon the stage.

My coat was of rose-coloured silk, with
pea green and white bunches of flowers; the
waistcoat of pearl-coloured satin, richly
embroidered with silver; the breeches,—(yes,
breeches—none of your long loose trousers,
but breeches fitting well to the knee, and dis-
playing to advantage the beauty of my leg;)
they were of pink satin, with diamond but-
tons and buckles; large buckles, equally
costly, fastened my extremely pointed shoes;
my ruffles and frills were of lace; my loose
stock of the finest cambric, and my hat a tres-
cocked one!

It was the custom in those days for young
ladies to "come out" with a ceremony which
attracted notice to their personal and acquired
pretensions, and which also, in a particular
manner, dated the period of their debut.
Now, young people glide into society when-
ever it suits the convenience of a mamma;
they come out without éclat, whenever a va-
cency in the family occurs by the marriage
or death of an elder sister; and if anything
happens to render retirement again desirable,
they go in again in an equally silent and
unobserved manner, take to their music stools,
and their French exercises, as if they had
never been to balls in their lives, and then
again come out when the politics of the family
require their appearance, and nobody is a bit
the wiser. But when I first knew Bath, the
coming out of a young lady was an event.
"Does your daughter come out this season?" was a question decided answere in the
affirmative or the negative by the lady mother,
and the preparations for the long-talked-of
debut somewhat resembled the preparations
for a modern marriage. Above all, her first
appearance was always to be made at the
Master of the Ceremonies' Ball, in those
days the most crowded of the season; and
before the assembled multitude she was to
dance her first minuet with the arbiter ele-
gantiarium himself.

Mr. Tyson then held the sceptre once
wielded by the hand of Nash; and though
certainly the regal station had lost some of
its splendour and importance, still the M.C.
of Bath was most indisputably a great man.
He condescended to notice me with peculiar
favour, and introduced me to the best part-
ers. What a merry time had I in the old
city of Bladud! It seems but as yesterday;
and yet most of those who shared my joys
are now mouldering in the old abbey church.

The theatre (which in former times had
been established actually in the cellarium of
the assembly rooms, below what was then the
ball room,) was, at the time of which I speak,
in a by-street, or rather lane, situated between
the North and South Parades; that has, in its
turn, been discarded, and is now a Catholic
chapel; and modern Bath possesses a theatre
far more commodious, but infinitely less ent-
taining, than the compact playhouse which I
used to frequent. There I saw Miss Kemble, an
actress who appeared under the disadvantage
of a reported previous failure in the metrop-
olis. But oh! what an actress! Those who
saw her afterwards in the zenith of her ma-
jestic beauty and popularity, have no idea of
the charm of a different kind which she pos-
sessed at the time I first beheld her. Not
half so powerful, so majestic, so overwhelm-
ing; there was a youthful and beautiful charm
about her which I shall never forget, but
which of course I looked for in vain, when I
afterwards saw her the idol of the public.
At this little theatre how often has she made
me weep; and I then, like all young men,
felt ashamed of evincing natural feelings,
and tried to gulp down my agitation! But it was
not Melpomene alone that endeared this old
theatre to me! Thalia has won from me more
hearty laughs on that spot, than I am ever
again likely to give to the efforts of an actor.
There was old Bilsett, and Elliston, then very
young, and so popular, that he used to play so
many nights a week in London, and the rest
at Bath. And how well he deserved his pop-
ularity! Who is there now in his peculiar line,
I will not say to compare with him, for that
is out of the question, but even to name as
his possible successor? Then there was
Edwin, and his at that time most lovely and
talented wife; and Lovegrove; and Miss
Wallis, and—and—oh it will never do to put
my foot in the theatre, for I shall never extri-
cate myself again!

My first season at Bath was delightful,
and nothing but a somewhat protracted resi-
dence abroad, prevented my revisiting the
city for some years.

When I next saw it there was a great
change: the imperial Tyson was no more,
and King was seated on the royal throne.
King was indeed a king by nature as well as
by name; he was far descended in the vale
of years, but exhibited to the world none of
the usual results of such a journey. He had
been, and indeed still was, a remarkably hand-
some man; and though upwards of sixty, he
guilded through a minuet with all the airs and
graces of a youth.
King thoroughly understood the nature of his office; his manner was haughty and distant—bland and gentle when he spoke to women; but his bow to you in the street was that of a condescending superior, not the bow of a man who wishes to remind you that his benefit ball is next month, and that he expects you to put down your name for a guinea ticket. Modern Masters of Ceremonies mistake the thing altogether: they are too accessible, too yielding, too evidently getting their bread by the sweat of their brows. Nobody thought of disputing King's authority: at eleven o'clock he held up his watch, and if a Duchess were in the act of leading off down the middle and up again, his signal was to be obeyed—the ball was over.

The laws of the Assembly Rooms were as unchangeable as those of the Medes and Persians. A particular style of dress was imperatively ordered to be worn; and were those rules now acted upon, not one man, and scarcely a woman either, would gain admission. Trousers! black cravats! boots! were of course inadmissible—strange that they should ever be otherwise; and on one occasion a lady of very high rank was compelled by either Tyson or King, I forget which, to take off an apron in which she had entered the room, though that apron was composed of the most beautiful and costly lace! Aprons were forbidden by the laws, and the man in authority very properly would not listen to any argument in favour of an exception to the general rule.

Many years after, when Romeo Coates (the never-to-be-forgotten and veritable Cock-a-doodle) was careering it in Bath, in his oyster-shell phaeton, and his hair turned up with a diamond comb,—he made his appearance at the rooms in a pair of very tight leather pantaloons, fastened at the ankle with diamond buckles and buttons. In vain he protested that this article of dress had been chosen out of fifty skins, and had cost a deal of money; the Master of the Ceremonies of the day (Captain Wyke I believe) declared that be the cost what it might, still they were neither more nor less than leather breeches, and though he felt of course inexpressibly concerned on the occasion, still he desired Mr. Coates to depart and change them. The hero of the night did so, and returned in an unexceptionable pair of sables.

Can it be believed that all this applies to the manners existing forty—nay, even thirty years ago! Go now to a Bath ball in the boots you have worn all day—the trousers—the black neckcloth—the round hat, inconveniently stuck under your arm, and who will turn you out? People, I think, are scarcely aware of the utter revolution in manners and dress which has taken place in so short a period before their eyes.

But to return to Bath. Private parties were then not thought of. I do not mean to say that there were no sociable meetings among friends at private houses; but they were none of them on so large a scale as to interfere in any way with the public amusements. There were four well-attended public balls in the week! Two at the upper assembly-rooms, built since my first visit; and two at the lower. Besides which, there was one night devoted to a public concert conducted by Rauzzini; and the theatre met with a due share of patronage! Now it is with difficulty that one public ball can be kept up: it is always expiring, and continually fanned into a flickering existence by a meeting of gentlemen, who make an "appeal" to the ladies, entreatining them to devote one night in the week to the assembly-rooms. But it is in vain:—the manners have changed, and the bane of modern society, the system of exclusiveness, will now always make the woman who fancies herself somebody, prefer the private meetings, where all who are not exactly in her set are sure of exclusion.

Bath is no longer a watering-place, where families can spend the winter months, sure of meeting with a fund of amusement at the public rooms. A family going to Bath with such a notion, and without introductions to the "elite" of the town, will pass a most trite and deplorable winter. There are no public amusements—actually none, for there is no public place sufficiently patronised to become amusing! What is so dreadful as a thi small public ball? The Bath balls being on so large a scale used to be amusing because they were not select; they did not profess to be so: you were sure that no improper or actually objectionable person was admitted, and therefore you could safely enjoy the rather miscellaneous assemblage. And this was the feeling of the noblest in the land! But now, Mrs. Thistling in Sydney-place, or Lady Titherling in the Crescent, will say to you, "Really, my dear, at those public places one meets such a set! it really makes one quite sick!" Alas! alas! this affectation of refinement, this pretension, this exclusiveness, in persons who, after all, are not one step above "the middle rank of life!" This it is that is nauseous, and enough to sicken a man of common sense who can remember England as it was.

This winter I paid another (my last) visit
to Bath. As a place for the temporary abode of a stranger, I found it, for the reasons I have mentioned, without the attractions of a watering-place. A stranger had nowhere to go to. There were, as I before said, no public amusements. "Oh, but," says some she-musti, in a turban, at an assembly in the Circus, "if you have good introductions (and of course a gentleman can always procure them), then you are welcome everywhere." "Stop, my worthy musti," I reply; "do you suppose that a stranger, like myself, visiting Bath as a mere watering-place for a limited period, has a notion of mixing himself up with the cabals of the residents, and boring himself to death with your vapid private parties? Not a bit of it: if Bath have any attractions for strangers they must consist in the public amusements. Your own little coterie is all very well in its way, but that is to be found in any large populous country town, and in cathedral towns more especially. But depend on it your private balls, even when you give them at the rooms, (which, by the bye, you cannot sufficiently fill,) are flat, stale, and unprofitable, compared with the gay things I remember, when I used to dance my minuets forty years ago."

There is a great deal of hospitality at Bath, a great deal of charity, much good sense, and more good humour. I was only against the fine people, or rather those who fancy themselves such, who have been ruining, are now ruining, and will in time assuredly utterly ruin, by their vanity and folly, one of the very pleasantest places of public resort in the world.

Some people will be angry with me, and will abuse the stiff-looking old frump who appeared in his antediluvian habiliments at the late Dramatic Fête. Many will remember me, but I am quite sure very few could have recognised me; for I set my eyes upon few that I had ever seen before. No matter. Could what I say induce the élite of Bath once more to resort to the places of public amusement (I will not say to patronise, for that very word is their bane), I should then prove to the good old city the very best friend that it has in the world.

TWADDLE.

LETTERS FROM A LATE ATTACHÉ.—No. IX.

My last concluded with some account of my reception at Winkelbrunnen, our progress to the Holzberg, its botanical and geological supplies, and the beauty of the Saxon Flora. I now proceed with the sequel.

Having reached the summit of the Berg, I was equally pleased and surprised to find a marquee pitched on a beautifully green isolated spot, the centre of a vast panorama, and planted on the verge of a deep rocky ravine, along the bottom of which a foaming torrent, which kept up in its course a full chorus of mountain echoes, rushed precipitately towards the Maine. The marquee was ingeniously ornamented with green boughs and wild flowers, twisted into national emblems and tasteful devices, that spoke at once the festive purpose, and furnished a beautiful specimen of the simple but affecting manner in which the inhabitants of this part of Saxony celebrate their domestic fêtes. As we entered the leafy enclosure, a beautiful air was struck up, and, accompanied with appropriate words, gave a peculiar charm to the scene; the more so, as the minstrels themselves invisible, and seemed in voice and essence more aerial than earthly. About a dozen or more of the young girls, dressed in a neat holiday costume, came successively from behind the row of umbrageous lindens under which we now stood, and presented each a handful of flowers to the blushing Karoline; who, in return, addressed a few exhilarating words to each of the fair contributors as they severally approached and again disappeared in the forest.

This was followed by a procession of the peasantry; the matrons first, each of whom offered congratulations to the same fair object of the day's festivity. Perceiving by these tokens that this was her birth-day, I joined the others in my hearty aspirations that a similar expression of attachment might be long called for on the part of all present, and felt peculiarly gratified in having so timed my visit as to make it one of congratulation as well as of curiosity and personal enjoyment.

The joy of the party increased as the day advanced; and, the national waltz giving
uninterrupted employment to the musicians, and the musicians to the waltz, the green carpet of the Holzberg, lighted by the blue sky, presented as animated a ball-room, and as graceful waiters, as you could expect in the precincts of a court. The fact is that the numerous courts with which this country abounds are, severally, centres of refinement, from which the humblest individual within their influence derives “the principles of politeness;” and the ambition to excel, or at least to know and practise, the elegant amusements in which, owing to the filial relation they are usually regarded in by their prince, they are so often called to participate in his presence. The elder of the peasants, as we stood under the eaves of the tent, came one after another to congratulate and converse with their pastor; and although in language perfectly unaffected, the ceremony of all standing uncovered,—or at least of uncovering at every word that mutually passed between the parties,—was characteristic of the people, and in every respect presented the external forms of court etiquette. Not a peasant passed another without this special signal of recognition, and for myself, being a stranger, I absolutely felt fatigued in covering and uncovering, as often as my rural friends continued their salutations. I have heard of a Turk, who, in the height of indignation against an individual who had offended him, and by way of summing up, in one brief sentence of malediction, the aemé of future punishment, exclaimed—“May thy soul have no more rest in Paradise than the hat of a German prince!” And certainly, judging from what I now witnessed in this way, the Mussulman’s curse seems a very horrible imprecation!

A more delightful fête champêtre I never witnessed.—Music and dancing continued their round among those grown up—the children frolicked on the fragrant moss, or pursued one another like agile fawns through the forest; while laughter and screams of exultation, as some lurking play-fellow was unexpectedly caught or hunted through the trees, kept their lungs and feet in constant exercise. The fathers of the fête sat sprinkled on the mossy rocks, enjoying the luxury of their native tobacco, which, when burnt in the open air, is remarkable for its agreeable odour. The matrons, who are never seen without some implement of industry in their hands, plied their knitting wires in concert, and decided on all the marriages that were to take place for the ensuing year— the case of a certain gallant hof-meister and of a certain lady, smuggled into a certain château under certain very mysterious circumstances—but of which hereafter. Delighted with my adventure, and while the rural banquet was preparing in the tent, I sauntered a short distance into the forest, following and sympathising with the children in their sport at the same time, adding several specimens to my morning’s stock. I had just spied a beautiful anemone, and was stretching over a rock to snatch the prize, when a sudden and piercing shriek arrested my hand. On looking up I observed a simultaneous rush of the guests towards one point, followed by deep silence, whilst the women, who had crowded together, leant over the precipice, as if looking at some object which held a fearful fascination over their feelings. In a few seconds I stood among the petrified gazers, seeing and participating in their agony and suspense. The cause was soon told. A beautiful child—a boy of five years old—playing with his comrades and pursuing butterflies along the flowery turf, followed, in the thoughtlessness of infancy, the painted decoy, till, treading upon a loose rock, which lay toppling upon the precipice, it suddenly quitted its position, and, descending into the deep ravine, carried the innocent little reveller along with it! Many saw it, as it descended, and all flew to the spot; but the rock and child had both disappeared, and nothing was now to be seen but the loosened fragments and uprooted shrubs which continued to follow its track.

A catastrophe so sudden, and when least expected, struck a cold chill into every heart, and so paralysed every tongue and hand, that, for some minutes, a perfect stupor seemed to possess the whole group. The mother alone broke the silence, in a voice and words that wrung every heart. Shrieking the name of her lost child, she made a fearful effort to plunge into the chasm; and it required the full strength of those around to prevent the execution of her frantic purpose. A strong convulsion fit succeeded; and, calling in wild delirium upon her boy, she was borne from the fatal precipice and carried into the marquee. Surrounded by his people, the worthy pastor gave such directions as he thought imperative, and in an instant every hand and heart were engaged in their fulfilment.

“Could we only recover the body,” he sighed, “even that would be a consolation; for then the mother might still weep over the dust of her child, and her sorrow find some relief by knowing the place where
it reposed. Hark, my children!" he continued; "a path, through God's assistance, may yet be found! The gorge is deep, but see, the trees that cling to the crevices will assist us. I remember, when a schoolboy, that a raven's nest tempted me into the chasm. I have now a stronger and more sacred motive—I will try it again!"

"God forbid," exclaimed a bystander, interrupting him, and stretching out his arms to prevent the attempt; "God forbid that an act of suicide should follow the catastrophe of this morning! Every step in the direction you propose were a step towards destruction. Enough that one life has been sacrificed;—can we recall that by risking another? No; the first duty now is to console the living, and leave the perilous part to younger men."

So saying the speaker half dragged the reluctant pastor towards the marquee, where, unable to disguise the sorrow that preyed upon his own heart, he endeavoured to pour the balm of consolation into that of the unhappy mother, whose frantic and delirious expressions bore fearful testimony to the agony of the visitation.

This sudden change from happiness to bereavement—from the salies of mirth to the wailings of sorrow—was appalling. The children were eagerly collected and called from their noisy pastime; and every mother, folding her own more closely to her breast, blessed Heaven for its safety, whilst she wept over her whom a few minutes had rendered childless. The children themselves, smitten with a sudden and mysterious dread, and weeping because their mothers wept, crept timidly round the maternal neck, like the trembling young of the chamois, that fly to the shelter of the parent's side as the shadow of the Alpine vulture passes between them and the sun.

In the meantime the peasants, old and young, were scattered among the rocks, each trying to gain the bottom of the ravine by means of the interlacing roots and shrubs that formed a sort of net-work along the precipice. Their perilous labour, however, was fruitless; for the chasm into which the rocks were hurled with their living charge was inaccessible; and if otherwise, the boiling waves, that chafed and roared through its hollow caverns, left not the faintest hope that the object of their search could be recovered. Having myself had some experience among the wildest scenery of the Alps, and being familiar with the resources to which, in desperate circumstances, travellers may resort, I also attempted to descend into the ravine. Tying two silk scarfs together, and fastening the end firmly to an oak bough that projected from the precipice, I gradually lowered myself to a small platform of rock, from which I could discern the depth and direction of the gorge and the track of the fallen rock. Here I took a bolder step, and, by the same auxiliary, landed safely on the third stage of the descent; where, leaning against the boll of a tree which had been carried down by some former storm, I saw, from the scene that now presented itself, the utter hopelessness of my enterprise, and the annihilation of the faint hope which, I knew not why, had till now deluded me with a vague idea that the child might have been caught by the mass of drift-timber which the torrent had accumulated at this angle of its course, and piled like a wide arch over the boiling bed. I was miserably disappointed, however, and felt my heart sink under the conviction, that all search and personal risk were useless. The rock, to all appearance, had plunged directly into the gulf, as a breach in the drift-wood, with which it was bordered, too evidently certified. I crept slowly and cautiously towards the brink, and could see through a minute vista of the rock, which here split the torrent into two branches, a small isolated spot, where it seemed possible a human foot might land, and where the accumulation of wreck shewed, at least, that there was a resting place. Determined to explore this oasis, I continued my precarious footing along the verge of the precipice for a few yards, till the rocks, rising sheer from the water's edge, stopped my progress and prospect at once. This formidable and unlooked-for obstacle I could only combat by committing myself to the torrent in the hope of being thrown ashore with other foreign matter, and probably in the same mutilated condition—an alternative on which, as I could not resolve, I turned round with some difficulty to retrace my steps. The projecting rocks which, like the spring of an arch, overhung the stream, shut me out from all communication by word or sign with those above me; but, had it been otherwise, the roar of the torrent would have effectually drowned even the voice of a Stentor. Finding it impracticable to retrace my steps further, and pausing to reflect for an instant on the best means of escape, a faint and confused sound of human voices struck on my
ear, and augured, as I feared, some fresh catastrophe. Thus stimulated, I renewed my efforts, but the shrubs to which I adhered for support, betrayed me like false friends, so that I was several times unbalanced, and on the very point of being hurled backward into the gulf. About half way up, however, and while leaning for support against an oak that threw out its stubborn arm from a crevice in the rock, to my astonishment I beheld, through the darkness that spread below me, and on the very jutting margin from which I had been debarred, a female figure that moved and beckoned to those above—pointing at the same time to a ledge of rocks which encircled the small cove to which I have alluded. The voice was perfectly inaudible, but the signs were intelligible and imploring, and I felt I could not be mistaken as to the cause. I hardly know, and need not say by what means I effected my purpose, or what risks I encountered. I only know, that in a few minutes I stood on the very ground which had so lately appeared inaccessible; and, inspired by feelings which had smothered the sense of personal danger, I had escaped with the immunity of those sleep-walkers who have been known to scale precipices, which in their waking moments they would have shuddered to contemplate.

Here a scene burst upon me which it was with the greatest difficulty I could be convinced was not the imagery of a terrible dream. But there are scenes even in this life more striking than are dreamed of in the fabrics of romance, and this was one.

The spot upon which I struggled to maintain my slippery footing was a ledge of rock worn shallow by the torrents of many centuries, covered with fragments, yet dividing, by its own enduring solidity, the foaming stream into two branches, which, as if furious at the disunion, tossed their spray along its flanks—undermining its solid mass—till again, at a few yards distant, effecting a congress, the blended waters shot downward with the speed of lightning, and, leaping in foam over a precipice, were lost to the eye, but still filled the ear with their roar. I felt as if the rock on which I stood had been dishlodged, and was hurrying me towards the same point. For an instant the illusion was complete, I may say appalling—for as I gazed with a sort of fascination on the torrent, it seemed as if the very rocks were all in motion, propelling me towards the verge of the fall. All this was the perception of a moment, but it soon gave way to a stronger impulse and smothered all sense of personal danger.—for my whole soul was instantly riveted to one point—my whole energies absorbed by one sole object. At first I distrusted my eyes, and turned them away repeatedly, that I might ascertain whether I was not really the dupe of my own excited imagination. But no, it remained unalterable, and the conviction was complete. Clinging to a projecting fragment of rock, that emerged but a few inches from the boiling surface of the stream, I beheld the lost child, living or dead I knew not; but there it lay, thrown, seemingly, by the violence of the torrent upon the bank, but so little above the stream, that every succeeding wave threatened to complete the catastrophe, by sweeping the little victim into the vortex. What made me suppose that the child was not dead, was the firm hold which apparently his little hands retained of the roots springing from crevices of the shelvy rock upon which he lay; but as exhaustion must have speedily followed, and compelled him to release his hold, it was evident in that case that he must be plunged irrevocably into the boiling surge. Not an instant was to be lost; but, separated by the rapid torrent, and utterly destitute of means to effect a passage across, I turned from the little victim in despair; I could not bear to look upon him, and behold him perishing, as it were, with my own consent. I felt as if nothing short of a special interposition of Providence could effect his rescue; and lifting up my eyes instinctively, as if I really expected such a manifestation, I saw to my surprise a messenger of mercy hastening by a precipitous path towards the border of the torrent, in whom I recognised the heroine of the day, the beautiful Karoline. Following her was an aged hunter or garde-chasse, whom, by beckoning to him, she constantly encouraged to advance. Her step seemed so light and fearless, and, as I thought, incautious, that I turned away under the most vivid apprehensions for her safety; a sentiment which appeared fully shared by him who followed her, for his gesticulations were expressive of great fear. There is certainly a special Providence that watches over those who watch for the safety of others, else Karoline could never have reached the point where she now stood, but which, in spite of the risk encountered, was far from attaining her object. The paths she had followed suddenly terminated on the brink of a
parapet of rocks, from which there were no means of descent, but at the base of which lay the body of the child.

Here again the hopes of each were blighted, and each stood for some seconds absorbed in the most painful reflections. Karoline, however, urged and implored the hunter to advance, and pointing to a tall slender pine that grew from the rock, directed him to cut it, with the small wood axe he carried in his belt, on the side opposite to the precipice. In a few minutes the tree swung gradually over the ledge, and being cut only half through, and still firmly attached by a portion of its fibres and other fastenings of the root, formed an instant ladder of communication with the base of the rock. Along this, while the other kept it steady at the top, Karoline, stripping the buskins from her small chamois-like feet, and adjusting her dress, descended with an agility which at once inspired terror for her safety, and admiration of her courage and humanity. It was a moment of deep suspense!

The branches of the tree served as a tier of steps, along which she descended fearlessly to the rock, caught the child in her arms, covered it with kisses, and then raised her eyes in gratitude and adoration to heaven. I felt as if it would have been no act of idolatry to have fallen down and worshipped her at the moment. Not aware that this almost unparalleled act of female devotion was witnessed by any eyes save my own, and those of the old Jager or garde-chasse who accompanied her, the instant she raised the resuscitated child in her arms, a burst of exultation rose above the roar of the torrent, and bore ample testimony to the feelings with which this heroic act was beheld by the anxious and despairing group, who, till that moment, had shrunk from contemplating an attempt which a breath even of applause might have defeated, and one false step have added a new victim to the day’s catastrophe. I endeavoured to join in the acclamation, but my support was faint—the danger was still imminent, and the fearful task but half accomplished. I dared not congratulate till the danger was overcome—and to me, a gloomy presentiment checked utterance, and rivetted my attention on the beautiful girl who had descended like a ministering angel, and plucked, if I may so express it, a soul from the dead! To have assisted in the slightest degree would have afforded me pleasure inexpressible; but I was doomed to be a mere passive witness, my feet chained to the rock, my eyes fascinated, my feelings absorbed, and my fears doubled in beholding the ransomer and the ransomed exposed to the new and fearful chances which now threatened their ascent. The preconcerted means for this were instantly apparent: at a signal, another and more slender pine was lowered, and secured at the root in the same way as the other. To it the child was fastened by means of a scarf, and other articles furnished from its own apparel, and that of its preserver.

The adjustment of this dangerous and forlorn, yet only expedient left, for circumstances would admit of no delay, occupied a few minutes. The signal again passed, and the tree drawn slowly, but steadily up the face of the precipice, carried with it its precious freight, for which so much anguish had been felt and such peril encountered. A momentary breathless anxiety followed. The hand which Karoline had raised as the child passed from its hold, remained stretched out, motionless and extended to heaven. My heart throbbed with a thick suffocating motion; and twice my vision failed me as the vacillating ascent of the tree threatened to strike off and precipitate its charge into the torrent. What then must have been her feelings! Twice, too, the exhausting force required to hoist the tree, slender as it was, came to a stand—the efforts of the Jager evidently faulted. A faint shriek escaped from Karoline; it acted with magical effect. The Jager’s strength and hopes were revived; the tree was rapidly wound up, the child unbound, and the Jager certifying his safety by a shout of triumph, took him in his arms and showed him from the precipice. Karoline clasped her hands in an ecstacy of delight; but the excitement which this had produced in her mind had a powerful re-action, her feelings were overcome and exhausted, and almost lifeless she leant against the rock for support.

Now, however, timely resources were on the way. Already the verge of the precipice was covered with people, all contending for the distinction of being the first to risk his life for the rescue of hers. Ropes, now at hand, were adjusted with a rude cross-bar, the suggestion of the moment, and on this a man was lowered to the rock where she still stood, but seemingly unconscious of the means employed for her deliverance. He placed her in the thus constructed seat, and, being well secured, she was hoisted without difficulty, and received with open arms. The first voice that greeted her was that of the child whom her prompt...
exertions and presence of mind had saved. What a reward for a mind like hers! She had earned a civic crown, the only crown that conceals no thorns. — I now breathed with freedom, but could hardly divest myself of the belief, that the scene which I had witnessed was an extravagant dream. I next hastened from my station, in which I had been but a useless spectator, and with a few slight contusions and some hazard effected my escape. When I gained the summit, the whole party were assembled round the youthful mother, who wept and prayed by turns over the child which had been so miraculously restored to her. All were eager to see and caress it, and to lavish their epithets of admiration on the fair instrument of its deliverance; but she alone was absent, and overcome with exhaustion lay ill in the tent. I need not add, that although our sorrow was turned to rejoicing, some anxiety still remained. The festivities were postponed, but replaced with lively gratitude, and, as the day was already far spent, the oxen were again harnessed to the lumbering wain; our company collected, and the united party set out on their return to Winkelbrunnen. But she, who was so full of life, beauty, and animation as we came, was now pale, silent, and desponding, and became a source of fresh anxiety. When nearly arrived at the centre of the forest, and halting for an individual of the party, we were suddenly accosted by a hussar in the prince’s livery, who presented a letter to the pastor, wheeled round, and disappeared in the wood. Having read the letter, he stood for a moment as if stupefied by its contents, and remained speechless and immovable. Observing the sudden change, all crowded round him, and in mute but earnest entreaty implored to be made participants in the emotion which overwhelmed him. Karoline, also, struck with a presentiment of the cause, whom this new excitement seemed to recall to self-possession, convulsively snatched the letter unconsciously extended towards her, and read it. Each attempted to prevent the perusal, for each with melancholy surmises as to its tidings, dreaded the result upon her excited spirit, and exhausted strength. In a few seconds, however, the deed was done: her cheek kindled, her hand trembled, and clasping her forehead with both hands, the letter dropt from her hold — but none attempted to lift the mysterious epistle. The next instant she threw herself into her father’s arms, uttered a faint suppressed shriek, which found a response in the heart of every one present. We looked at one another, then at the father, then at her—while each mentally put the question to each, How shall we express our sympathy? Do not the extremes of joy and sorrow speak often the same language? This will be answered in my next.

MANNERS OF THE BELGIANS.

BY L. DE BAUCLAS.

A KERMESS NEAR BRUSSELS.

Who, that has a relish for the works of the old Flemish painters, especially Teniers, has never heard of a Flemish Kermess? — Yet how few in England know what it really is. Lady Morgan has been lately writing-up every thing Belgian, and her tints are laid on rich and glowing. Under her firm touch, we see moving and breathing before us the blue Sport-clad heroes of Belgian emancipation: patriots, noble, learned, plebian, and unlettered, all admirably grouped and intermingled, and certainly immortalised to the full extent of her ladyship’s power of conferring immortality. And then again, Lady Morgan has made a prodigious effort to raise from oblivion, and waft into renown upon the rich stream of her own wayward fancy, one of the forgotten painters of that venerable Flemish school, so beautiful in the mechanism, so deficient in the poetry of art,—a man whose name is known only to the few (at least in this country), and whose surpassing genius, not readily discoverable in the works he left behind him, is treasure-trove of her ladyship’s own finding. But, among so many matters of interest in Belgium, the fair author of “The Princess” has taken no notice of the Kermess, that truly national and characteristic festivity, further than to insinuate that it is a Dutch fair, which it certainly is not. To
MANNERS OF THE BELGIAN.

Explain what a Kermess is, and give a sketch of one at which I was present, is what I purpose doing in this my second paper on Belgian manners, in the hope that it may prove interesting to the readers of the "Court Magazine."

A Kermess is a public festival, or rejoicing, or recreation, held in any city, town, or village. It is not a fair, because its only articles of traffic are those required for the consumption and refreshment of such as come to witness and partake of the amusements of the day. In large and populous cities, the principal streets and squares form the scene of action; but in villages, there is the additional inducement of fresh country air, green fields, and shady foliage.

At an early hour of the morning, numerous stalls, erected the day before, are loaded with "the means and appliances" pertaining to the agreeable pastimes of eating and drinking. The contents of these stalls are intended for the use of the assistants in the merry-making about to take place, and constitute the objects of a brisk and lucrative trade; though, in the village Kermess, they are not "consumed on the premises;" but used and often abused either by picturesque groups recumbent upon the green sward, under the voluptuous shade of wide-spreading trees, or by richer purchasers in neighbouring houses, converted for the time being into receptacles, dignified with the titles of café and estaminet. The vendors of these tempting comestibles have scarcely time to spread their commodities upon the boards prepared for them, ere men, women, and children, bedecked and bedecked for the occasion, their cheeks glowing with the flush of health, heightened by the fresh morning air, crowd, slowly at first and soon after very rapidly, towards the centre of attraction. The usual amusements then begin: skittle-playing, archery, wrestling, running, leaping, pitching the bar, dancing, smoking, and beer-drinking,—the whole sprinkled with a due proportion of hard words and fighting, just sufficient to impart a proper merriness to the scene.

On these occasions, rank and station are confounded; all orders of the Belgian community mingle together promiscuously, as if under the same social standard, which extends its exact level over those who come to enjoy the festivities. These constitute a species of saturnalia, kept within the bounds of propriety, which in Belgium is understood to mean, "not breaking out into gross impropriety." Each nation has its own notions of propriety, and the Belgians have theirs.

Though the Kermess is more especially a recreation for the lower orders, it is nevertheless frequented by what the English term the more respectable, because the more wealthy classes. As I have just stated, every shade of social distinction is thrown upon this great picture in one broad and bold mass; but all are so intimately blended that none can be perceived distinct from another. As you approach the scene of attraction, you perceive that the marks of caste are not yet effaced from the groups speeding thither like yourself; but as each purer or gentler streamlet flows into the general reservoir, it becomes mixed up with the rest, its identity rapidly disappearing until it ceases to form a separate and perceptible portion of this vast ocean of human beings.

The Belgians are a kind and light-hearted race, as fond of freedom as they are of beer and tobacco. Under the Spanish tyranny they were always struggling, because they were trampled upon. They were unruly under the sway of William the Dutchman, because he dipped too deeply into their pockets; and if you touch a Belgian's purse you touch his life. Under Leopold they are good and loyal citizens, because the tree of liberty, which overshadows his throne, has spread its perfume through the land.

It has often been asserted, that under no domination could the Belgians acquire nationality, because they possessed none of its elements. This is a mistake:—the Belgians have always possessed strong elements of nationality, which, however, could have no proper growth under a foreign yoke; and if, during a couple of centuries or more that Belgium was a mere appendage to whatever power was strong enough to seize it, its inhabitants displayed less of distinct nationality than their own horses, they have brought their elements of nationality into full development in as many years, now that they are acknowledged a distinct people, and are provided with a government of their own choice. The Belgians can be fairly judged only as the children of their revolution, and I repeat that they are a kind and light-hearted race. There is no ill-will, no malice among them. Give them but rational freedom, and they are easily governed. They are hasty and impetuous it is true, but this is soon over, and they will fight and be friends almost in a breath.

"But what has all this talk about nation-
ality, freedom and government to do with a Kerness?" may naturally be asked. Gentle reader, I must reply by anticipation that it is nothing more than my own peculiar mode of arriving at the following fact—that although a squabble is the usual winding up of a Kerness, it produces no subsequent ire nor ill-will, the combatants retiring as good friends as if nothing of the kind had happened. This is a stamp of nationality found nowhere else. In England the prize-fighter, like the gladiator and the athlete of old, fights for fame and money, but without any ground of enmity towards his opponent: his is a mere trial of skill, wholly independent of temper. The Irishman, at a fair, fights his friend for love. But the Belgian fights from positive anger and a sense of injury, and yet he forgives and forgets ere the conflict is well over. Thus, in Belgium, a little pugilism spoils no friendship: neither do a few strokes of a cane or an opprobrious epithet render it a matter of duty to cut a man's throat in single combat. The silly point of honour so much abused in France, never made any deep impression upon the Belgians, among whom a black eye often cements a lasting friendship.

I have always loved to frequent the village Kerness in Flanders. Those held in cities and towns are becoming too refined, and a certain varnish of conventional propriety throws a disguise over the genuine nationality, which, on these occasions, the village scenery sets forth in its rough and unadorned garb. The following sketch relates to a Kerness, held last summer, at a village situated only a few miles from Brussels.

After taking an early dinner with a friend, we left Brussels in time to reach this village at five o'clock in the afternoon. My friend, a native of the Belgian capital, is one of those acute readers of the human mind, who would prove highly dangerous to society were not this faculty tempered by an inexhaustible fund of good-nature and indulgence. A single glance is sufficient to give him an insight into the character of any individual before him; he can fathom the deeds and discourses of each, and lift up the mask which conceals the real features. Even in the drawing-room, amid forms of society wholly artificial, he can detect all that the parties are anxious to conceal: no pretension, no rivalry, no intrigue escapes his penetration. Such a man, were he evil-minded or fond of slandering his neighbour, would be sufficient to set a whole city in a blaze.

On our arrival at the Kerness, after a glance at the general effect of this assemblage of several thousand individuals, we began to examine the picture in detail. There was, as usual, an ocean of beer in process of being swallowed, clouds of tobacco smoke that might vie with the smoke arising from the broadside of a seventy-four, and the young people fond of dancing were footing it away with positive fury, as if labouring under the dancing sickness, prevalent in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. In the course of the afternoon, the prizes of archery were contended for and won. These usually consisted of a watch, a silver goblet, or a silver spoon and fork. As the day-light began to disappear, the parties on the grass withdrew to the estaminets, there to enjoy the evening carouse.

My friend and I followed this excellent example, selecting as our house of entertainment that indicated to us as receiving the best company.

I soon found myself seated near a man, who, from the expression of cunning and mock humility that played over his features, might well have passed for a descendant of the good Monsieur Tartuffe.

"And who," said I to my friend, "can be this neighbour of mine, that speaks so demurely, keeps flattening his straight and pendant locks, conceals half of his shoe-strings, is carrying on some secret manœuvres which I cannot well make out, and works about his eyes in such a manner that it is impossible to read their meaning?"

"That individual," replied my friend, "is one of the churchwardens of my own parish. He fasts, goes to mass, and is always talking of benevolence and humanity. He usually spends his evenings at the house of a young and handsome woman, whose rent and dressmaker's bill he pays, and for whom he provides an excellent table—all, no doubt, from pure benevolence and humanity. Men of this stamp are rife at Brussels. They cast upon everything they do a pretence of religion. With them, to be is nothing; the important is, to appear; and a sin concealed, is just the same as if it had never been committed."

Next to the churchwarden, I observed a young man of heavy and besotted look, with his hat upon his head, smoking his pipe, whispering tender things into the ear of a young lady, and puffing, at the same time,
his tobacco smoke into her face—a specimen of Belgian good breeding not unusual. The lady listened in silence, and seemed fully expecting the moment when she should be forced to blush, cast down her eyes, and put an end to the gallant efforts to entertain her made by her amiable companion. I could here read pretty plainly, and required no explanation from my friend.

I had already observed that almost every young female arriving either from Brussels, or from any of the neighbouring villages, was attended by a young man, who did not quit her one instant, but danced with her, brought her refreshments, and paid her those attentions which bespeak a "hooking of sympathies."

"This custom," observed my friend, "although it may startle you, with your foreign notions of propriety, is general throughout the country. On Sundays and Mondays, the young unmarried men among the working classes go and fetch the girls they are courting, from the houses of their parents. The young people walk out together, visit the estaminet, and the girl is taken home often at a very late hour of the night, without the parents being under the least uneasiness."

"But," I observed, "this must lead to much immorality."

"No doubt, it does," he replied, "but it is the custom of the country."

My attention was every now and then caught by the horrible scraping of two fiddlers in the room, with the discordant screeching of whose instruments a shuffling of feet seemed to keep time. At length I was forced to cast my eyes upon the dancers, and was particularly struck with the cold and serious look which each of them wore, so different from those described above. It pervaded both sexes, who seemed an illustration of Madame de Stael's "bearing their pleasure with patience."

"One would imagine," said I to my friend, "that these people had been condemned to dance, and were undergoing their sentence."

"Each amuses himself after his own fashion," was the reply; "it is the custom of the country."

"I cannot but observe," I said, "that all these people dance very badly, and that the women with very few exceptions are quite ugly. Is this also the custom of the country?"

"No," answered my friend; "Brussels and its neighbourhood cannot, I admit, boast of much female beauty; but go to Louvain, Bruges, Ghent, and a few other Flemish cities, and you will find something better."

I was at first surprised at the splendour with which some of the Brussels' grisettes were dressed, whom I saw at this Kermess; but my surprise ceased on observing that they were among the very few exceptions I have just mentioned: that is to say, they were all pretty. As I reflected that their labour could scarcely produce sufficient for their existence, they reminded me of certain public functionaries among their own countrymen, who, with a salary of six or seven thousand florins a year, contrive to lay by fifteen thousand annually.

It was now getting late, and I was waiting impatiently for the usual finale of a Kermess, namely, a row, which I should have been sorry not to have witnessed. I was about to ask my friend whether that custom of the country, which D. Teniers has represented with such truth and comic power, had fallen into disuse, when a quarrel arose between two young men about a girl whom both had asked to dance. One of the disputants replied to the abusive language of the other by a violent blow on the face, which was returned by a no less violent kick, and the battle began. The fiddlers being pressed upon by the combatants, the board on which one of them stood gave way, and he fell into the empty butt that served as an orchestra; this, being overthrown by the shock, rolled among the dancers, upsetting in its progress a table, at which a dozen drinkers were enjoying their beer,—and pots, and glasses, and beer, and tobacco, and dancers, and drinkers, were in an instant rolling Pell-mell upon the floor. The anger of those who were what is termed "a little in the wind," was now roused, and the fight became general. The men laid about them indiscriminately, the women screamed, and the host attempted to separate the belligerent parties, but his efforts tended only to increase the general confusion. The hostess, meantime, armed herself with a broomstick, which she applied right and left with hearty good will, prostrating both friends and foes.

So far, so good. My friend and I had taken refuge in a corner, whence unscathed we might enjoy the richness of the passing scene; but an unlucky beer pot, meant for somebody else, and propelled by no nerveless arm, having struck me violently upon the right shoulder, we came to the conclusion that we had carried our observations far enough for the present. We therefore hastened to quit
the field of battle, and effected our retreat with safety. Night, as the poet expresses it, "had now shed her mantle" over the scene; lights were twinkling here and there, through the trees, from the houses of entertainment, some of which rang with the din of strife, others with shouts of laughter; and we observed guests of either sex pairing off and stealing from the scene, either in the direction of the city, or in that of the adjacent villages. For ourselves, we resumed the road to Brussels, much pleased with our afternoon's amusement. As we advanced, we observed many young couples, bound to the same city, seated leisurely by the roadside, doubtless to rest a little, at the same time that they savoured in the indolence of repose, and, during the interesting stillness of night, the double-distilled essence of sentimentality combined with the fumes of beer and tobacco.

THE DUC DE R——T.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HELIOTROPE."

Son of a sire, whose natal star
Rose, the red torch of ruthless war:
Scion, that hast survived the stroke
That hurled to earth thy parent oak—
Thou, of the mighty temple strewn
The last proud column, standest alone!
Beloved—yet feared—and few or none
Who served the Sire to serve the Son!

Thy birth was heralded in blood—
Thy country then—like a strong flood
Bursting its confines—broke the chain
Of bondage—pouring to the plain
Legions that swept in vengeful mirth
Kings from their thrones, and vassals from their earth.

How sped the tidings!—west—east—south
The watchward flew—till every mouth
Had caught the word—"An heir is born,
Let fête and revel crown the morn!
Conquest for France!—for France's rivals scorn!"

Like spark, left by volcanic fires,
When, quenched, their fervid course expires;
The life that yet survives in thee,
Gleams like the star of victory—
Shining with solitary ray,
Where once proud trophies lined the way.

Son of the mighty! 'neath thy brow,
Thoughts brood that lips must not avow;
And in their sepulchre—thy breast—
Glow but the more, the more repressed.
As mountains waste with secret fires,
So thou with hopes, fears, and desires,
That make thy life-flame like the pyre's!

Encumbered with thy kindred ties—
Yet barred from life's best sympathies—
And with—tho' tongues speak not—thine ear
Still ringing with thy sire's career!—
Here with masked face and stifled heart—
Exiled from camp—thou art'st thy part,
A courtier!—doomed to compromise
Thy birth-right's glorious destinies,
And live—the lode-star of all eyes,
Yet feared for that which left thee heir
Of trophies—ending in despair!
They thought that time and monkish school,
And Austrian phlegm, thy fire would cool;
And bind th’ aspiring soul in chains
That painted for those marshalled plains
Where—tho’ the master-mind was lost,
Which made that land the dread and boast
Of friends or foes—thy name had been a host!

Thy country’s eyes were turned on thee—
How vainly turned!—they longed to see
Thy banner with the brave—thy name
The rallying watchword of their fame,
Whose martial spell again should raise
Their eagle flag in Europe’s gaze!

* * * * * * *

Vain hope, and jealousy, and fear!
On each th’ annihilating bier
Hath closed! and round the imperial hall
For trophies, cast the funeral pall.
And now, his strength is in the dust,
In sheath the warrior’s sword may rust—
For who of living men shall draw
The sword that kept the world in awe?
Who conjure from an exile’s grave
The man who made the world his slave!

Vienna.

REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDESTINATED ROGUE.

No. X.

A day or two after the committal of Burrows, as our hero was walking towards his lodgings, he was stopped by a constable, who briefly stated that he had a warrant to apprehend him, on a charge of being a sort of sleeping accomplice in the robbery which, in fact, he had been the means of frustrating. It appeared, from the statement of this unceremonious functionary, that the wily gipsy had sworn to Dillon and Cooper being parties in the burglary, and he was to be admitted as king’s evidence against them on their trial. This was anything but welcome news to the Hobgoblin, who, just as he had forsaken the profession of robbing, was borne off to prison upon a charge which, though utterly unfounded, appeared in the present aspect of affairs, very likely to cost him his life. He was conducted to Bow-street, and after a very summary examination, the magistrate expressed himself perfectly satisfied of the prisoner’s guilt. Dillon could give no satisfactory account of his general mode of living. He was unable to deny that he had been dwelling with Burrows in the utmost harmony for some time past. The watchmen who had entered the house with him, when the gipsy was taken, bore testimony to the mutual recognition between the burglar and the prisoner. So clear did the evidence against him appear, that not a person present had the slightest doubt of his guilt. He was fully committed to Newgate for trial. A pair of handcuffs were now roughly slipped upon his wrists. He was marched off to the great metropolitan prison between two greyhounds of the law, more familiarly known by the paraphrastic appellative of police constables. Although the hobgoblin knew there was nothing so monstrous that Burrows would not swear to, if it would get him out of a scrape, he nevertheless was taken by surprise on the present occasion; and the more he reflected on the gipsy’s plausible aptitude at a lie, the more equivocal did his own situation become. Though—

The father of Robin a forester was,
And he shot in a lusty long-bow
Two north-country miles and an inch at a shot,
As the Pindar of Wakefield does know,

this was nothing to the long-bow shooting, in another sense, of Burrows, who could beat at a long shot the best bowman that ever made his wit the instrument and his tongue the bow-string.

Dillon’s reflections were none of the most
gentle or consoling when he found himself alone in a felon's cell, within the walls of Newgate. The circumstance was the more galling as he was incarcerated upon a false charge, having performed an act of gallantry which merited a far different return. At first he was considerably excited as he reflected upon the probable issue of this untoward predicament into which he had so unwarily fallen. He paced his cell in a tumult of agitation. Amid its silence and its solitariness he might have truly said, in the words of our immortal bard,

And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstrung viol or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony,
Within my mouth they have enjoil'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips,
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.

He placed himself at the grated aperture which opened into a small court, flanked with lofty walls, and terminating in a range of cells, like that of which he was a solitary inmate. He withdrew his eyes from the sombre prospect;

Then from the window he did come,
And laid him on his bed;
A thousand heaps of care did run
Within his troubled head.

This excited state of feeling soon gave way to the natural equanimity of his temperam, and the notion of his especial election did not desert him at this moment when he needed such a flattering ally. He sedately cast a retrospective glance through the clear vista of the past; and it could not but occur to him with some force that his life had hitherto been made up of a combination of strange adventures and of sundry remarkable escapes. Even his earliest infancy had been signalised by the evident notations of a providential agency especially operating in his protection from danger, and the vivid recollections which now crowded upon his mind of his numerous escapes from peril, added a tower of strength to his conviction that he was not born to be hanged, and that he should therefore positively be nothing the worse for the present threatening contingency. His spirits soon assumed their natural flow, and he looked forward to the time of trial with some impatience. Although he had no apprehension of being suspended by the neck at Tyburn, so firm was his belief in his predestination to a more honourable destiny, he nevertheless soon grew impatient under confinement, as, according to his estimate of human happiness, liberty was its primum mobile. He was visited daily by Edward Dillon, who became deeply concerned at the perilous dilemma into which his brother had fallen, knowing, as he did, how perfectly innocent the latter was of the crime for which he was about to be tried.

During these visits, James Dillon more than once solemnly protested that he would abandon his former habits of life, and live more reputable than he had hitherto done, provided he escaped the clutches of that unhonoured deputy of the sheriff, the city hangman, of which he himself did not entertain the slightest doubt. Under this assurance, Edward looked forward to the trial with more complacency than he had at first done, being apparently of the same opinion with James that the predestined rogue would escape the halter. Instead of distracting his mind with gloomy apprehensions, which persons are apt to do, who have no alternative but to undergo a trial for life, with his usual conviction of security, he began to lay down plans for the future. It was clear that his reputation had extended too widely to give him a chance of appearing in society with any advantage, when the notion was so generally prevalent that he was neither more nor less than an accomplished knave; he therefore made up his mind that it would be best to retire from the hum and bustle of the town, and pursue some active employment where he should be perfectly unknown; thus, in the course of time, his felonious practices might be forgotten, and he again hold up his head as an honest man. The profession of a smuggler he still thought would well suit the active and enterprising bias of his mind, and, though an illegal pursuit, it was nevertheless one encouraged by all those persons who desired to obtain spirits without paying a duty, and that was, in truth, a very considerable and even a very respectable portion of the British community. Besides, he knew very well that smuggling, though condemned by the laws, was encouraged by those who framed and affected to be the guardians of the laws; and surely what was connived at, if not publicly tolerated, in the magnates of the land, could be neither a low nor a vulgar avocation. And yet it is certain that low and vulgar people, when detected in this illegal traffic, are severely visited by those provisional acts of the legislature which are said to be framed for the benefit of society at large, though we never hear of punishment

* Richard the Second.
falling upon those titled delinquents who make smuggling a fashion, and cover their backs with contraband commodities, to the scandal of our laws and the ruin of the native tradesman.

The rage for foreign trumpery has rendered smuggling a fashionable vice, and the offenders in this peculiar art of civil delinquency among those who are called great, as the sons of lords are called honourable, by courtesy, are as numerous as there are names in Mr. Burke’s two fat duodecimos of the British Peerage. Dillon therefore, under such a sanction, was determined to bring foreign articles into the market without paying into the exchequer a farthing for the privilege. He felt a sort of perversive resentment against what he called the stiff-necked portion of the community, who were hostile to holding social communion with a thief, and determined, therefore, to be revenged upon a legislature which had brought knavery into such contempt, by drinking his wine and spirits without paying tribute for the indulgence. He had fully made up his mind to smoke his pipe duty free; and in order to signalise his triumph at the wisdom of his own resolve, struck up a stave of the old ballad—

Here’s a roll of the States’ tobacco,
If any good fellow will take it,
No Virginia had e’er such a smack-o,
And I’ll tell you how they did make it.

He carefully kept his design from Edward, who was his daily visitor, at a certain hour, when they had usually a full hour’s conference without interruption.

Edward Dillon, knowing his brother’s innocence, was even more impatient at his confinement than the prisoner himself, and, in spite of the natural humanity of his heart, could not help wishing, not less than a dozen times a day, that Burrows were swinging on a gallows, at least as high as that erected by the wicked Haman, for having involved an innocent man, and one bearing the respectable name of Dillon, in a dilemma from which there were only two extreme ways of escaping—by acquittal or by hanging. Our hero did not for a moment turn his thoughts to a project for effecting his escape, feeling satisfied that, as he was confined under a false charge, it never could be the destiny of an elected member of a church triumphant to suffer the full penalty of the law in a world militant for the misdoings of a positive reprobate. He therefore calmly awaited his trial, not doubting that this test of his faith would be rewarded by a signal triumph.

He had been in confinement three weeks when he was summoned before a jury of his country, to be tried for an offence that placed his life in jeopardy. He entered the dock dressed in a plain suit of black. The court was crowded to excess. Burrows was to be admitted as evidence against him, and the prevailing opinion was that he would most certainly be hanged—a consummation diametrically opposed to his own conclusions. His appearance, for he was very young, and, as I have before stated, remarkably handsome, greatly prepossessed the spectators in his favour. Many a female eye was suffused with tears at the thought of such an interesting person being hanged like a dog, and having his body conveyed in a dirty shawl to an hospital, there to be cut up for the benefit of the medical profession. No one who saw him could have well endured the idea of such a fine piece of nature’s work being stripped to the bones by the scalpel of the surgeon, and of seeing these, in all their naked ghastliness, stuck up in a glass case for the interests of science.

The daughter of the gentleman whom our hero had rescued from the violence of Burrows was in court, and felt the deepest interest in the fate of her rescuer. She was full of hope that his trial “would better publish his commendation,” and yet her fears were by no means without their weight when she considered the perilous position in which he stood; his life hanging on the testimony of a scoundrel who owed him the deepest grudge, and would probably care nothing about being forsworn if he could only accomplish his revenge. She felt a painful anxiety about him, feeling intensely the depth of her obligation towards him, which was no doubt strengthened by the striking proportions of his form and the open ingenuousness of his countenance, where no trait was perceptible, even to the keen scrutiny of a professed physiognomist, of those propensities which had been the means of confirming the general suspicion against him upon the present occasion.

The prisoner was little aware how deep a sympathy he had excited in the heart of this interesting creature, whose life he had probably twice saved, and who had not witnessed without emotion the gallantry of a man, at once so handsome and so much above the aspect of a low flicher of gold. She had never, from the first, been able to persuade herself that he could be guilty of so
vulgar a breach of the laws. She knew nothing about him, indeed, but his whole tone and bearing, during her first short interview with him, had satisfied this romantic girl that he must be of gentle blood, and utterly unworthy of so base a suspicion as had been attached to him by her father in his anger at the loss of his paltry guineas.

Among the spectators which crowded the court, Dillon's eye soon detected the well known form of Phebe Burrows, looking anxiously upon him. Their eyes met, when, with an expression of sinister triumph, he turned from her gaze, as if his heart felt, though his lips did not utter, the sentiment of a beautiful old song * by George Wither.

I'm no slave to such as you be,
Neither shall that snowy breast,
Rowling eye, or lip of ruby,
Ever rob me of my rest:
Goy, goe display
Thy beauty's ray
To some more sound-enamour'd swaine:
Those common wiles
Of sighs and smiles
Are all bestow'd on me in vaine.

Poor Phebe perceived the feeling, and shrunk from his unkind glance among the crowd. Still she did not quit the court, determined to hear the issue of a trial in which her heart took too deep an interest to be diverted from her resolved and womanly purpose, by a harsh retaliation for a past and unpunished wrong, from him who little knew what a sweet spirit he was endeavouring to blight, even at the very moment when it was beaming upon him the essence of a sympathy too pure and sacred to be proclaimed beyond the sanctuary of her own bosom.

The trial commenced. The counsel for the prosecution stated that the prisoner at the bar appeared before the court, upon a charge of burglary; to substantiate which the fact of his being a party concerned would be proved by direct and positive evidence. In order to show that the prisoner had no character to lean upon, in any defence he might offer, the counsel referred to his former life, many circumstances of which, not at all tending to his honour, were matters of public notoriety. These the advocate dwelt upon with a force of detail and emphatic persuasion of manner, that by no means tended to raise our hero in the estimation of those upon whom a verdict of condemnation or acquittal depended. The fact too of his having been of late intimately associated with the very man who had been detected in the fact, and admitted as evidence against his accomplices, according to the wise provision of our laws, was a strong presumptive proof that he would not shrink from committing the crime with which he was charged; and when a man's general character warrants such an inference, there can be no hesitation in pronouncing him guilty upon direct and positive testimony, even though that testimony proceed from a participator in the offence.

This address appeared to make considerable impression upon the court. Several witnesses established the fact of the prisoner's habits of life, and the inference to which this examination led was, that his rescue of the younglady, and consequent capture of Burrows, were a mere feint on his part for some sinister end, not certainly obvious to general scrutiny. The younglady whom he had rescued from the gipsy's violence, and whom we shall now introduce to the reader in her own proper name, Miss Franklin, was put into the witness box, but her evidence tended by no means to strengthen the unfavourable conjectures which had been already raised in the minds of most persons present. She dwelt with energy upon the spirited manner in which Dillon had proscribed the gipsy, and delivered her from what she described to be a state of great peril, giving an emphasis to every particular, and detailing with ready eloquence, the encounter of her preserver with George Cooper in the passage, when he laid the young burglar at his length upon the floor, and finally secured her retreat. The counsel for the crown, by a skilful cross examination, endeavoured to draw from her some fact or observation that might at least strengthen the suspicion of, if it did not go so far as to prove our hero's connection in the burglary, with his quondam companion of the chalk-pit. Her testimony so completely disappointed these expectations, as to produce a murmur of satisfaction in the court from Dillon's friends and those who felt interested about him, at this reaction in his favour, produced by one of the prosecuting party's own witnesses.

Our hero meanwhile stood in the dock with the air of a man conscious that he ought to be acquitted. His bearing was respectful but manly, nor did he once quail even when it became evident that a feeling amounting to deep indignation prevailed against him. The testimony produced as to his former mode of life, did not cause his eye to blench, nor the white expansive surface of his brow to contract, as he felt himself justified in having pursued the course he had chosen, since the choice lay open to him by a moral necessity, and no means

* The Stedfast Shepherd.
were left of obviating the bias of a pre-determined will, which had a destined proclivity to knavery; but having conscientiously made up his determination to relinquish it for the future, he considered that this, in an electoral member of the church triumphant, was at least a sufficient expiation for all past malversations, as it was a gratuitous abandonment of a very profitable system of conduct, for which he could not be called to account in the next world, though he might undergo judicial strangulation in this.

When Miss Franklin left the witness box, Burrows stepped into it with a sullen hardihood of expression, that produced a very unfavourable feeling towards him in the breast of every one present; and in proportion as he awakened disgust, sympathy was excited towards the prisoner. The gipsy's whole appearance was ominous of ill, associating every thing that was fearful in the minds of the spectators. At the sight of his sinister and deformed countenance, a timid person would have shrunk as if upon it had been written the fearful characters of doom. It was enough to rouse the most superstitious apprehensions, for he seemed the very prototype of an evil spirit garbed in the form and lineaments of mortality, the more securely to do the mischief which isat once its avocation and its glory. Many an eye was turned from him with loathing, and many an ear listened to him as if his voice were the harbinger of death. It seemed to conjure up the poet's vision with vivid potency,

Harke! the ravenne flappes his wynga
In the brered dell belowe;
Harke! the detcie-owie loude dothe synge
To the nyghte-mares as theye goe*.

With a grim audacity he swore that Dillon was not only a party in the burglary, for which he now stood upon his trial, but that he had dictated and planned the whole proceeding, and had betrayed him and Cooper only because they refused to consent that he should have half instead of a third of the booty. Burrows entered into a long account of his first acquaintance with Dillon, representing that the latter had seduced him into habits of pilfering, and finally drawn him into the commission of a capital felony, for which, but for his becoming evidence against the arch offender, he would have forfeited his life to the rigour of the laws.

Nothing could stagger this testimony; it was direct and positive; and however improbable it might seem that a man, declining

from the prime of life, and upon whose very countenance was stamped, in ineffaceable characters, the legible registry of guilt, should have been beguiled into crime by a comparative youth, still, as there was nothing to overturn his evidence, which was extremely circumstantial, there appeared no chance for the prisoner but conviction. At this period of the trial poor Phoebe, who had remained in court in spite of Dillon's repulsive demeanor towards her, was so overcome by the long struggle of her feelings that she fainted, and was borne insensible into the air. Our hero saw at a glance what had occurred, and his stubborn pride was for an instant subdued. A tear stole into his eye, and flowed slowly down his cheek; but fearing lest it should be taken as a symptom of conscious fear, he hastily dashed it off with the back of his hand, and resumed his wonted composure. When Burrows had retired, Edward Dillon placed himself in the dock beside his brother, dressed in a suit of clothes exactly similar. The judge seemed perplexed; he knew not what to make of this extraordinary juxtaposition of two persons resembling each other so nearly that he might have truly said with the Duke in the Comedy of Errors—

Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which;

for in fact they were so precisely alike, that it would have puzzled a conjuror to tell the difference.

Miss Franklin did not happen to be present when this strange confusion was created in the court, by the marvellous likeness of the two brothers, for being too painfully excited by the progress of the trial, she had retired. At the request of the prisoner's counsel, Burrows was recalled, and asked if he could swear to the identity of the prisoner, when, casting his eye towards the dock, and seeing the two Dillons, bearing so complete a resemblance that it was impossible to discriminate them apart, he appeared to be for a moment confounded, but almost instantly recovering his fierce effrontery, he pointed unhesitatingly to Edward Dillon, who was now standing upon the spot which his brother had before occupied, and in a harsh angry tone declared him to be the guilty person. As he had already sworn that James Dillon was the person confederated with him in the burglary, at Mr. Franklin's, his evidence at once fell to the ground, and without hesitation the judge directed the jury to acquit the prisoner, which they did without leaving the box.

Burrows could scarcely restrain his rage, though reprimanded by the judge, but muttered curses upon the brothers, and blas-
A Predestinated Rogue.

...pheonics against the Deity, who, as he furiously said, had made them so much alike, only to thwart him in his vengeance.

George Cooper was now put upon his trial, and being convicted upon the clearest evidence, was hanged within the week after sentence had been passed upon him, and his body given over to the surgeons for dissection.

Ye gallants all, take heed how you
Come to untimely ends;
Justice has bid the world adieu,
And dead men have no friends.

Nothing could exceed the disappointment of the gipsy at the issue of Dillon’s trial, for he had fully anticipated seeing something very similar to the consummation of the “Bristowe Tragedie” —

Then kneelynge downe, bee layd yhs hede
Most seemlie onne the blocke;
Whyche from his bodie sayre at once
The able heedes manne stroke.
And ote the bloute begane to stowe,
And rounde the saffoldde twyne;
And tears enow to washe’t awaie.
Dydd stowe from each manne’s eyne.

His malice was disappointed, however, and the wretched man was again let loose upon society, to plot other mischiefs and run further chances of a halter.

Our hero having escaped the drop, resolved to quit London without delay, and put in execution the plan which had for some time been uppermost in his thoughts. He took leave of his brother, without communicating to him his intention, and proceeded towards the western coast. After taking a survey of different places, he secured the lease of a small cottage about six miles from Dartmouth, on the southern coast of Devonshire. It was a remarkably secluded spot, there being only a few mean huts in the vicinity, and these chiefly belonged to a set of desperate men, ready to engage in any hazardous enterprise, with the prospect of a liberal reward. Having settled himself in this solitary abode, he sold out his money from the funds, which now, stocks having just before considerably risen, amounted to nearly a thousand pounds.

With two-thirds of this sum he purchased a small lugger, of sixty tons burthen, in which he determined to carry on a contraband trade; and, though he had never been at sea, yet such was his aptitude in acquiring any thing demanding manual skill, and such his ready perception of consequences, that he did not doubt of being able soon to direct his purchase to the best possible account.

Before his cottage, the distance of which from the shore was about a quarter of a mile, the coast slightly curved, forming a small bay, at the horn of which, on either side, there was a tuft of low ragged rocks jutting out into the water, which rendered the anchorage near them so dangerous, that no vessels ever cast anchor there, especially as the harbour of Dartmouth, one of the most secure on the coast of Great Britain, was not more than six miles off. Behind these rocks, on the higher horn of the crescent, the cliff rose to a fearful height, bending considerably beyond the perpendicular, and under the impending brink, a few feet above the shore, was a fissure in the earth that opened into a spacious cavern. A large mass of rock projected its craggy bulk before it, between which and the cavern there was not much more space for the passage of a man’s body. Dillon had discovered this in examining the locality, which he did with a most persevering scrutiny, in order to discover what advantages or disadvantages might present themselves either to mar or favour his projected enterprise. This cavern extended far within the bosom of the cliff, and a passage at least fifty feet long and not more than four broad and five high, terminated in a square vault of considerable dimensions,

Hollow and vast within, which nature wrought,
As if by her scholar Art she had been taught.

This had evidently been the secret retreat of smugglers at some former period, but was now abandoned, and Dillon determined to appropriate it again to the purposes for which it was no doubt originally excavated. It lay so concealed from general observation, as not to be perceptible, except when passing the narrow passage formed by the rock immediately in front of it; and the place was so seldom trodden by human foot, that its security seemed to defy the common chances of discovery. The entrance, moreover, was so narrow, that by filling with earth the fissure which formed it, when anything of value was concealed in the cavern, the probability of detection would be greatly diminished.

After this discovery, Dillon got his lugger ready for sea, and manned her with eighteen resolute fellows from the neighbourhood, who were ready for any undertaking likely to bring them a suitable reward. He determined that his first expedition should be to the Island of Guernsey, where he could take in a cargo of foreign spirits, and other contraband articles, the sale of which he knew would realise an immense profit, if the landing of the cargo could be secured. For
this he trusted to his own superior penetration, which never failed him, even in the most perilous emergencies.

When all things were prepared, his plans were nearly frustrated by an unexpected event. He was returning from the town of Dartmouth, where he had been to make some purchases for his projected expedition, when he heard a step behind him, which seemed familiar to his ear, though, as the evening had already begun to set in, he could not, upon turning round, distinguish the form or features of the person following him. The stranger soon overtook him, however, and he immediately discovered him to be his late enemy the gipsy.

"Hah!" said Burrows, with a hoarse shout of triumph, "I have tracked thee, and thou shalt yet find that I'll haunt thee, till thy life shall be such a torment, that thou shalt be glad to cast it away like a foul rag. I'll never forgive thee, and will have my revenge, tho' I die for it."

Dillon walked on without heeding the impotent threats of his disappointed enemy, when the latter, excited to a paroxysm of rage at our hero's indifference, stamped and raved with the fury of a maniac. He literally roared like a wild beast.

So when, the pride and terror of the wood,
A lion, prick'd with rage and want of food,
Espies out, from afar, some well fed beast,
And bristles up, preparing for the feast;
If that by swiftness 'scape his gaping jaws,
His bloody eyes he hurts round—his sharp paws
Tear up the ground—then runs he wild about
Lashing his angry tail and roaring out:
Beasts creep into their dens and tremble there,
Trees, thou' no wind be stirring, shake with fear;
Silence and horror fill the place around,
Echo itself dares scarce repeat the sound.*

With a little allowance for the colouring of poetry, this description, at least in the spirit if not in the letter, might be applied to the ferocious expression of rage with which Burrows followed our hero, as the latter deliberately walked towards his home. Dillon knew his man, and when the ebullition had subsided, addressing him mildly but firmly, soon altered the tone of this most consummate bully. Knowing that he would do any thing for money, the Hobgoblin wisely decided that his best policy would be rather to secure his alliance than provoke his enmity. He therefore cautiously sounded him upon his willingness to become a smuggler. At the very hint the gipsy's eye rolled with a murky glare, expressive of a satisfaction as dark as it was revolting. Dillon knew well that his

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* Song in The Lover's Progress, by Beaumont and Fletcher.
MAY DAY.

THE PRISONER TO THE BIRDS.

BY THE CLERGYMAN IN DEBT.

I.

Birds of the air—that warble wild and free
On budding boughs, in blossom'd beauty gay,
Pour forth some sweet enchanting strain for me,
The spirit's welcome to sun-bringing May!
No more with you the war of Song I wage,
My heart is silent, and my lute unstrung!
Bright is the tree that blossoms by my cage,
Sing you—to May—who sit its boughs among!

II.

Sing you—I go within my cell to dream,
In waking visions, memory's brightest homes!
Of May-days past—when by my native stream,
I wandered from the city's towers and domes!
The very willows stayed their tears to smile;
They never wept as I shall weep to-day!
May seemed to shut out sorrow from our isle!
Sing Birds—ye are her children—sing to May!

III.

Give thanks in song for your unruffled nest!
(Hopes have left mine that not even love could save)
Give thanks for me, a prison's grieving guest—
Thanks for the flowers that deck my mother's grave!
Thanks for the sunbeams—bright, but not more warm
Than those dear looks which once she bent on me!
That still smile on my heart, amid its storm,
Like fairies dancing on a troubled sea—

IV.

Give thanks for me, kind Bird, and I will bless
The witching melody of your wild voice.
Yes, welcome May, in summer's virgin dress,
The laughing bride who bids the earth rejoice!
Tell her I once was at her coming glad,
Till poverty drove freedom from my door,
But now my lute is broken—my heart sad—
I cannot sing the Queen of Gladness more!
Go, plume your wings and bear my message, Bird,
Beyond the echoes of these gloomy walls,
Where, save thy grateful song, no sound is heard,
To cheer the spirit that misfortune thrills.
Go to the hills, the fields, the winding streams,
Go share the golden glory of the day
In freedom—that but comes to me in dreams,
Pour forth with wild delight—A song to May!

The circumstances connected with the fate of the poor young assistant-surgeon, were more than ordinarily affecting, and excited a very general feeling of pity and regret among those to whom they were known. A short time before he joined the army, he had married an amiable young woman, to whom he was fondly attached. This young couple were however united but to part—for scarcely had love “lighted his constant lamp and waved his purple wings” ere the stern call of duty summoned the husband away, and reversing the language of Richard, the “merry maskings” were exchanged for “martial measures,” the endearments of love for the hardships of the campaign. If I am not mistaken, he joined the Arracan force with the understanding that he would be allowed to return to his station in Bengal, as soon as his services could possibly be dispensed with—a circumstance dependent on the arrival of more medical men to join the division. Owing to the extreme unhealthiness of the countries in which the armies employed against Ava were engaged, as also to the large transport-flotilla and nondoctrine force which the war called into existence, the demand for surgeons was much greater than the regular service could supply. To meet the exigency, the government were glad to avail themselves of all the unemployed medical talent at hand, however questionable its quality. It was therefore strongly suspected, that the examinations of the Calcutta Medical Board were not quite so strict as those of the London College of Surgeons, and that the attainments of a Larrey or a Pringle were not deemed absolutely essential to qualify a candidate for the honourable distinction of Ticea, doctor, which signifies, in Indian cant language, a job-doctor, or one whose engagement is likely to terminate with a particular service. Among those whom this emergency caused temporarily to don the British uniform, was a worthy American friend of mine, a man of Protean fortunes, whom I had left comfortably ensconced in small genteel apartments in Ranamoody Gully, or some such recherché quarter of our eastern metropolis, calmly calculating with true Yankee spirit the next move in the game of life. Heavens, what a metamorphosis did I behold when next we met! “Can such things be,” methought, “and overcome us like a summer cloud without our special wonder.” The white sombrero solah topee*, was supplanted by a raking cocked hat, and a stiff military stock usurped the place of the degagé seaman’s tie. A long stuff coat with a brilliant epaulet gave dignity to his lengthy form, and a swinging Andrea Ferrara rattled on his thigh. My surprise was, I confess, unbounded; for, not sufficiently considering the omnifarious qualifications of our trans-atlantic brethren, I had failed to reckon any skill in Galenicals as being among the number of his.

“I congratulate you, my friend, on your newly assumed dignity,” said I; “you do infinite credit to the old country cloth.”

“Thankie, thankee,” he carelessly replied, “’twill do well enough pour passer le temps—that is to say, for the present, and till something better turns up. Will you dine at our mess this evening?”

Gentle reader, pardon this digression. My humble powers of narrative, like a wayward horse, is prone to deviate from a straightforward course, and I shall, I fear, frequently have to entreat you to bear with these erratic movements. But to resume the thread of my narrative.

The poor young assistant-surgeon seemed

* Large broad brimmed hats used in India, and made of a species of light pith.
to have a presentiment of the fate that awaited him if he remained in that pestilential country. Great was his anxiety to quit it, and rejoin his fond and expecting partner in Bengal. Actual hostilities, and with them the exciting part of the service, were at an end, ever since the capture of the town of Arracan, and the retreat, over the mountains, of the Burman army commanded by the Attaawon Moongjah. As the monsoon had set in, a long, dreary, inactive period had to elapse before active operations against the enemy could possibly be resumed. Under these circumstances, coupled with the other facts I have mentioned, who, endowed with commiserative feelings, will incline to judge harshly of the young doctor’s conduct on this occasion? “If such there be,” may a year’s banishment among the Mandingoes, to Sierra Leone, or Fernando Po, be their portion, and this too, ere that roseate period, the honey moon, shall have completed its witching round! He made several applications to the brigadier-general in command of the army, all couched in the language of earnest entreaty, begging to be permitted to return, in accordance with the original understanding upon which he had left Bengal. He at last, I believe, obtained the leave he sought, and was on the point of taking his departure, when the rapid increase of the sickness and mortality among the troops in Arracan and at the post of Mahattie, and the reduced efficiency, from the same causes, of the medical department, obliged General Morrison, though reluctantly, to detain him. This step, originating in a sense of the duty which that officer conceived to be owing to the troops at large, then rapidly pouring into the hospitals, was a cruel disappointment to the unfortunate husband. It was like dashing the untasted cup from the parched lip of the desert traveller, or mocking with delusive hopes the culprit doomed to die. He now began to feel that sickness of heart which generally (but particularly under such circumstances) springs from “hope deferred,” and his bodily health sensibly declined. Being in this state, he obtained, I was told, a medical certificate, on which he intended to ground another application, but this the superintending surgeon of the army, Dr. ——, refused positively to countersign. This old gentleman, who helped afterwards in his own person to swell the Arracan obituary, was a kind-hearted but somewhat eccentric Highlander, who united to high honour and tried courage a dogged and inflexible obstinacy of purpose, which, as in the present instance, was not always regulated by the nicest discrimination. The King of Terrors had no terrors for him; and like old Balmerino, to whom I sometimes fancied he bore a strong resemblance, he was game to the last. He had an inveterate dislike to any thing not exactly squaring with his notions of manliness and duty; and having come to the conclusion that the young doctor’s health was not so bad as he represented it, he declared jocularly, that the complaint was nothing more than a confirmed case of uxoralgia, and that therefore he would not let him go. The disease, by the way, to which he gave this hybrid denomination—though unnoticed, I believe, by nosologists, is exceedingly prevalent in an army which has been for some time in the field, and is therefore well worthy the attention of the faculty.

It is a species of melancholia, the prominent symptoms of which are, a continual restlessness, accompanied occasionally by tears and profound sighs. Surrounding objects lose all their interest, and the appetite fails. At times the unhappy sufferer seems lost in deep and sorrowful musings, at others he gazes in silent rapture on some portrait, ring, or other trinket. Anon he will be observed reading the self-same epistle, which he has been seen to peruse twenty times before. The free use of pen, ink, and paper, has been found to afford temporary relief, but a perfect recovery is never effected till the army or at least the patient, gets back into quarters. Young married men of sanguine temperaments are chiefly subject to its attacks. Those more accustomed to connubial happiness, experience it in a much less degree, whilst some of this class are almost wholly exempt from its influence. It prevailed to an alarming extent in the army to which I was attached during the Pindarrie war, but seemed to diminish in intensity as we approached cantonments at the close of the service. The grand panacea, however, in the shape of a general permission for the patients to precede the army to its quarters, produced the happiest results; a brisk and simultaneous movement en avant was the immediate consequence, and all darted off towards the attractive cause of the disorder, with nearly as much velocity as the nails from Sinbad’s ship, when they yielded to the fatal attraction of the magnetic mountain.

To return once more to the young doctor. Some time after the period before alluded to, he was attacked by the prevailing
fever, and died in the manner I have described, when making a last attempt to escape from the scene of his misfortunes. An officer, a friend of mine, who was one of the committee appointed in conformity with military usage to investigate the affairs, and protect the estate of the deceased, told me that on perusing the will found among the young doctor's papers, he was affected almost to tears, "albeit unused to the melting mood," by the simple but touching allusions which it contained to his own probable fate, and to those distant objects of his affections from whom he was soon to be for ever cut off. To his parents he bequeathed his best possession, his almost only treasure—his dear Mary—entreatying them to cherish and protect her for the sake of their much loved son.—The little great part he once called his, and so inseparably associated with the recollections of his happy boyish days, he begged might be assigned to her in the state in which he had left it, and considered as her own; and so it went on. The little apartment, however, was never destined to have the young widow for its occupant. Grief probably shortened her existence, for I heard that she died on her passage home. "Tis pitiful, wondrous pitiful," and even puzzling to our finite views, to see the career of the young and innocent thus suddenly brought to a close, and the birth of their joy made as it were the grave of their happiness.

For my part, when I contemplate the sorrows of life and the various ills that flesh is heir to, I sometimes think we are made the sport of some malignant "spirits of the air," who fox-hunt and fly-fish us for their particular amusement, as we do the unhappy denizens of the woods and groves; delighting no doubt at all our doubtings to elude the pursuit of misfortune, and laughing with "wild glee" at the writhings and struggles of our wounded spirits.

I now returned to my quarters in the Lady McNaghten, and remained on board of this vessel for several days. My disorder, during that period, rather increased than diminished, at which I was not much surprised. The anchorage of the Hospital Ship, which had been chosen, I suppose, on account of its proximity to the capital, or perhaps from the monsoons preventing ships from riding lower down, though in the middle of a considerable river, and not altogether, though distantly, removed from the influence of the sea-breezes,—(from which the town of Arracan was quite shut out)—was very far from being a healthy position, as the deaths in the shipping clearly proved. One bank exhibited a considerable tract of open and partially cultivated country, but the other was an interminable sea of forest and jungle, and a very hot-bed, no doubt, of malaria; the effects of which a hundred yards of water were not likely to neutralise. I cannot say that I consider my stay in this floating lazaret house as constituting, either really or metaphorically, one of the sunny passages of my life. I had companions, it is true; but they were too much engaged in compounding potions and mixing Seidlitz powders, besides being enfeebled by disease, to constitute a very lively and agreeable society. After breakfast, which was by no means an Apicius meal, I posted myself on the poop, if it did not rain, and there, enveloped in the folds of an ample boat-cloak, read a book, and discharged as many blue devils as I could expel in the smoke of a pilot cheroot. Smoking I patronised for two very orthodox reasons: first, because I liked it; and, secondly, because it was the prevailing opinion that, pending the operation, it killed all the miasma within a radius of six inches of the smoker's nose. It is true this might have been called in question, but, like many other creeds, it was so very convenient and agreeable that few thought it worth while to dispute it. Such, indeed, were the virtues ascribed to segars and brandy and water, in this humid and unhealthy climate, that they were universally recommended as the best preservatives against disease. I must in justice declare that all my acquaintances adhered most laudably to the prescribed regimen. One friend of mine, bent on surviving, if tobacco could save him, came down armed with a six dozen chest* full of segars; but whether they were of the wrong description, or that he did not smoke enough, it is certain he soon took his departure from this world of trouble, bequeathing to me the residue of his stock, which amounted to just seven boxes and a half. These on examination I found to be Chintzah segars, fabricated by Mynbeer Van-Zandyk, a Dutchman, whose euphonious name this war bid fair to immortalise.

Dinner, like breakfast, exhibited nothing very tempting in the gastronomic art. Quantity indeed seemed more studied than quality, which was unfortunate, as our states required just the reverse. Luxuries at this time were unattainable, and there was consequently no

* A beer-chest, calculated to contain that number of bottles—beer in India being generally packed in six and twelve dozen chests.
help for it. The captains’ tables were principally supplied, and that irregularly, by the Arracanese of the neighbouring villages, who brought fowls, fish and a few vegetables for sale alongside the vessels, paddling in their canoes from one to the other. Eight rupees per diem, or five, I forget which, was the sum allowed the captains of the hospital ships for each sick officer. For this, which was a liberal allowance, these patients expected, and with reason, to have an excellent table found them. Complaints however, were continually made of the very indifferent fare provided; and General Morrison caused the commander of one of the vessels to be written to on the subject more than once, calling upon him to reply to the grave accusations made against him. In answer to one of these communications, the captain enclosed the following bill of fare, intended I presume as a triumphant refutation of the scandal, though many probably would be inclined to think “tojours poule,” as little better than “tojours perdrix.”

Extract from a letter of the mate in charge:

“Enclosed is a list of the general run in which way the table has been supplied, which I trust will meet the brigadier-general’s approbation.

“Fowl soup; roast fowls; boiled fowls; stewed fowls; miniced fowls; curry (fowl) and rice; pumpkin tart, cheese, sago pudding; wine, brandy, fruit, &c.”

In another part of the letter is the following statement, which the above carte might be supposed to have rendered superfluous.

“Fowls is the chief diet, which have always been in abundance, excepting when I was up at Arracan last—something occurred regarding the table, which I was extremely sorry for, &c.”

When I felt myself equal to the exertion, I sometimes accompanied the captain on exploring and foraging excursions up the small creeks which fell into the main river. On these occasions we went in his cutter, which was sheltered by an awning, and rowed by half a dozen lascars. Some of these lateral streams were so excessively narrow that we were raked “fore and aft” by the trees and bushes which grew on either bank, and the oars often worked through a muddy instead of a watery medium. Captain H———, was wont on these occasions to exhibit as we went along, his skill in pistol shooting, popping away incessantly at birds and twigs. The latter he often cut with great dexterity, but somehow or other the first always got away unscathed; though I have more than once seen a sly old crow, a bird whose conservative polities are well known, paralysed for a moment by fear when the ball has whizzed past his ear, or cut the support from beneath him. But I must here break off, having filled the allotted space.

BELVOIR CASTLE,

THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

Belvoir Castle is considered the most splendid seat in the county of Leicester, and has been in the possession of the Manners’ family for many generations. From the fact of parts of the immense grounds with which it is surrounded extending into Lincolnshire, many disputes have arisen as to the particular county most entitled to claim so beautiful and magnificent a structure. Camden observes, “In the west part of Kesteven, on the edge of this county, (Lincolnshire) and Leicestershire, there stands Belvoir Castle, so called (whatever was its ancient name) from the fine prospect on a steep hill, which seems the work of art.” Burton distinctly and resolutely insists upon the castle being situated in Lincolnshire, in which opinion the “Magna Britanni” seems to concur. Mr. Nichols, however, espouses with equal ardour, the contrary opinion, and asserts, “that the castle is at present, in every respect, considered as being within this county, with all the lands of the extraparochial part of Belvoir thereto belonging, including the site of the Priory; consisting in the whole of about 600 acres of wood, meadow, and pasture ground; upon which are now no buildings but the castle, with its offices, and the inn.” He is, however, compelled to admit, “that it would be a difficult matter, notwithstanding, to trace out with accuracy the precise boundary of the two counties in this neighbourhood.” Leeland observes, that “Bever Caster of a surety
Belvoir Castle was founded by Robert de Toden, called afterwards Robert de Belvedere, a noble Norman, and standard-bearer to William the Conqueror. It was at first probably, a part of the adjoining township of Wolsthorpe, which is particularly noticed in the Doomsday as containing two manors, and having in one of these a church and a parson, till becoming, in consequence of the owner choosing it as his especial residence, the head of the lordship, the whole was distinguished by the title of “Manerium de Belvoir, cum membris de Wollesthorpe.”

The great design in raising Belvoir Castle was to oppose a barrier to the frequent attacks of the Saxons.

Thomas Manners, Lord Roos, was the first Earl of Rutland, being created in 1520. To this nobleman we are indebted for the first restoration and rebuilding of Belvoir Castle, which had continued in ruins from the time of the civil wars, between the white and red roses of York and Lancaster, when it was attacked and destroyed by William, Lord Hastings. Henry, the second earl, also devoted much of his time and attention to the castle, and greatly extended the building during his life. It remained a noble and princely residence till the unhappy war between the king and parliament, during which time it was successively occupied by both parties, and by each attacked and defended.

After the restoration in 1688, the castle was again repaired and restored. Under the direction of the late James Wyatt, the works were carried on with renewed energy, at the enormous expense of two hundred thousand pounds, and a considerable advance was made towards their completion, when, in the year 1816, a most calamitous and disastrous fire destroyed a great portion of this beautiful pile, and in its ruinous progress totally consumed the celebrated picture gallery, in which were deposited the family pictures, and the whole of Sir Joshua Reynolds’s collection. These shared the unfortunate fate of these of less worth, and amongst them his much admired painting of the Nativity.

The chief stronghold of the castle is an outwork defence, called Staunton Tower, the command of which is held by the family of that name, in the manor of Staunton, by tenure of castle-guard, by which they were anciently required to appear with soldiers for the defence of the strong post in case of danger; or, if necessary, to be called upon by the lord of the castle. It has been the custom, when any of the royal family have honoured Belvoir Castle with their presence, for the chief of the Staunton family to appear, and present the key of the stronghold to such distinguished person. And accordingly, on the visit of the Prince Regent to the Duke of Rutland, in 1814, the golden key of Staunton Castle, of exquisite workmanship, was delivered to the illustrious guest, in the drawing-room, soon after his arrival, on a cushion of crimson velvet, by the Reverend Doctor Staunton, by virtue of the tenure above described.

The situation and aspect of Belvoir Castle partly resemble Windsor.

Belvoir, art’s master-piece, and nature’s pride,  
High in the regions of ethereal air,  
Above the troubled atmosphere,  
Above the magazines of hail and snow,  
Above the place that meteors breeds,  
Above the seat where lie the seeds,  
Wherein raging storms and tempests grow,  
That do infest the troubled world below *.

The building surrounds a quadrangular court, and by the recent alterations will assume a majestic, castellated appearance. The ancient gardens suspended, as it were, in terraces, afford a striking and singular appearance. They are in a style well suited to the extent and magnificence of the castle; and consist principally of majestic rows of the taller kinds of trees on the declivity of the hills, with spacious walks beneath them. Below, are the deeply-shaded plantations of yew and fir, and these bounded by more promiscuous clumps and younger wood, which connect the gardens with the neighbouring grounds: shrubs and flowers, which would be inconsistent with the grandeur of the scenery, are scattered only here and there in a few places, as though by the hand of nature.

* Ode upon Belvoir Castle, written about 1674.
The walls of Belvoir Castle are hung with a most valuable, rare and numerous collection of pictures, equal perhaps to any in the kingdom. On the decease of the late duke they were entrusted to the care of the Reverend William Peters, rector of Knipton in the neighbourhood, a gentleman who has himself evinced considerable talent as an artist, and whose judgment therefore may be considered competent, and his knowledge sufficient, to enable him to write with some degree of confidence upon the merits and beauty of this collection. "Belvoir Castle," he says, "contains one of the best collections of paintings in this kingdom, whether considered in the variety of schools which are brought together in one view, or in the judicious choice of the works of each master. Of the Italian school, Niccolo Poussin, in his celebrated works of the Seven Sacraments, stands most conspicuous; Guido, Carlo Dolci, and Salvator Rosa, have each a performance, which may vie with any other work extant of these celebrated masters; and if Claude Lorrain be admitted as an Italian,—and in truth as a painter, no other country than Italy can with equal right claim him as her own; for though born in Lorraine, his school was on the banks of the Tiber; the ruins of ancient Rome were his buildings; his shepherds were the inhabitants of Tivoli; and the clear and warm air of the Campagna breathes in every tint and floats upon the canvas—let us then, without hesitation, class him with the natives of his beloved country, and he will bring a powerful aid to their assistance; for of his pencil there are no less than five. Rubens, the prince of Flemish painters, appears nowhere with more brilliancy than in Belvoir Castle; it is enriched with six of his hand; of Murillo, the boast of Spain, there are three large compositions; and Teniers, that child of nature, furnishes the castle with eight of his best finished and most pleasing performances. Reynolds, the first, and as yet chief, of the English school, holds a distinguished rank among his brethren of the pencil; and by the classic arrangement of his figures, the grouping of his angels, the beauty of his colouring, and the distributing of his light and shade, in his picture of the Nativity, took the palm of victory from one of the best pictures Rubens ever painted.

"John, the third Duke of Rutland, and Charles, the late lamented owner of these works, were both of them patrons of the arts in the fullest extent of the word; for they were not contented only to look at and admire the dawning of genius in the youthful mind, but sought out excellence wherever it could be found, cherished it in its bud, protected it in its progress, and supported it with their fortunes, when ripened into the state of perfection, which it could only attain by the liberal and steady patronage of the good and great. John, the third duke, delighted much in the management of the pencil, and employed many of his leisure hours in that most pleasing amusement; and to the fostering hand of the late duke, the arts are indebted for their flourishing state in this country. By an early and warm attachment to men, whose works have formed that style of painting which has created an English school, he did equal honour to himself, to his country, and to the age in which he lived. All the modern pictures of which there are a considerable number, were of his collection."

It is also related of the latter nobleman that he was an excellent gentleman painter, and glad if he could pick up a good small picture at an auction even. If he succeeded, he would carry it home himself, saying, "no man deserves a good picture that will not carry it home with him."

Many of the ancestors of the Duke of Rutland are distinguished in the annals of the country. William de Albini was a celebrated warrior, and distinguished himself at the battle of Tineo, in Normandy, where Henry I. encountered Robert Curthose, his brother. Matthew of Paris describes the valor of William de Albini in terms of high admiration. King Stephen, and Henry II, granted the castle of Belvoir to Ranulph de Gernons, Earl of Chester; but it was again obtained by De Albini, who died there about 1155. William de Albini, the third of that name, was one of those twenty-five Barons who swore to the observation of Magna Carta, and Charta de Foresta, sealed by King John at Runne- meade. An heiress of the house of Albini married Robert de Ros, and thus carried the estates into a new family.

Edward, the third Earl of Rutland, succeeded in 1568, and is pronounced by Camden to have been "a profound lawyer, and a man accomplished with all polite learning." The sixth Earl, a great traveller, was appointed to several important offices of State. His two sons were murdered, as it is said, by "wicked acts and sorcery;" and, as illustrative of the folly and superstition of the times, it may not be considered irrelvant to relate the particulars. Joan Flower, and her two daughters, who were servants at Belvoir Castle, having been dismissed the family, in
revenge made use of all the enchantments, spells and charms that were supposed at that time to answer their malicious purposes. Henry, the Earl's eldest son, died soon after their dismissal; but no suspicion of witchcraft arose till five years after, when the three women who are said to have entered into a formal contract with that personage whose name there is no absolute necessity for mentioning here, but whose livery is said to be black, were accused "of murdering Henry Lord Ros by witchcraft, and torturing the Lord Francis his brother, and the Lady Catherine his sister." After various examinations before Francis Lord Willoughby, of Eresby, and other magistrates, they were committed to Lincoln gaol. Joan died at Worcester, on her way thither, by wishing the bread and butter she ate might choke her if guilty. The two daughters were tried before Sir Henry Hibbert, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Sir Edward Bromley, one of the Barons of the Exchequer, confessed their guilt, and were executed at Lincoln, March 11th, 1618.

John Manners, Marquis of Granby, was son of John, Duke of Rutland, and grandson of John the first Duke, and was born in January, 1721. He was bred to the army, and in the rebellion of 1745 raised a regiment of foot at his own expense, for the defence of the country against the rebels. In 1755, he was advanced to the rank of Major-General, and in 1758 was appointed Lieutenant-General and Colonel of the Blues. With this rank he went into Germany with the British forces, which were sent to serve under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and in 1759 was promoted to the general command of the British troops, an appointment which gave much satisfaction, and for which he was eminently qualified. With a competent share of military skill he possessed that personal valour and ardour in the service which inspired his soldiers with confidence, and that humane and generous attention to their comfort and welfare, joined with affability and open-hearted cheerfulness, which strongly attached them to their general. In 1760, he justified the high opinion formed of him by Prince Ferdinand, after the battle of Minden, by his gallant conduct at Warburgh, where the British cavalry were especially signalised. In the beginning of the ensuing campaign he commanded under the hereditary prince, in his attack on the frontier towns of Hesse; and at the battle of Kirk-Denkorn bore the first and most violent onset of the enemy, and by the firmness of his troops contributed greatly to the victory. He maintained also the same character at Gräfestein and Homburgh, 1762. He was constituted Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's land forces in Great Britain; which he resigned a little before his death. He had two sons by his marriage, the late Duke of Rutland and the gallant Robert Manners, who, in the memorable engagement off Dominica, received such wounds that he survived only four days afterwards. A monument in honour of his memory was ordered at the national expense, in conjunction with his brave companions, Captain Blair and Captain Bayne. It was executed by Nollekens, and shortly afterwards erected in St. Paul's Cathedral.

As patrons of the arts, and as free and noble champions of good old English hospitality, the Rutland family is comparable with any. The magnificence and splendour of their entertainments is the astonishment of foreigners, and the graceful ease with which the princely display is relieved and moderated throws a charm of comfort and repose over the whole, which it would be as difficult sufficiently to admire as to excel. Belvoir Castle has been the scene of many a noble festivity; and it was with little sense of his condescension that the Prince of Wales mingled with the gaieties that were prepared for him at the noble seat of the Duke of Rutland.
THE COURT.

His Majesty came to St. James’s Palace from Windsor on the 25th of March, and the 1st of April, for the purpose of holding Levees, neither of which were very numerous attended.

On Thursday the 2nd of April, the Queen held a Drawing Room at St. James’s, when the following Ladies had the honour of being presented to her Majesty:—


On Saturday, the 4th, the Queen honoured the Italian Opera with her presence; and on Thursday, the 7th, her Majesty visited Mr. Burford’s Panorama of Jerusalem. His Majesty held a levee at St. James’s, on the 8th.

The Court went into mourning on the 12th, for his late Royal Highness, the Prince Augustus of Portugal. The mourning changed on the 19th, and ceased on the 26th.

The Queen again witnessed the Italian Opera on the evening of the 11th. On the 14th, her Majesty visited the Diorama in the Regent’s Park; and afterwards went to the Zoological Gardens.

The levee intended to be held on the 15th, was postponed to the 29th.

On the afternoon of the 16th, their Majesties left St. James’s for Windsor Castle.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Scenes and Stories, by a Clergyman in Debt, written during his confinement in the Debtors’ Prison. 3 vols.

In more primitive ages of human society, the creditor seized his debtor and reduced him to slavery, until by his labour he had paid his debt. In the present age of refinement and civilisation, the power which the law gives to the creditor of imprisoning his debtor, turns to the profit of neither: the small remnant which even misfortune has respected, and which would often enable the honest debtor to recover his footing in the world, is greedily clutched by those engines of the barbarous law of arrest, sheriff’s officers, and petty attorneys. Is it not strange that the very law, the avowed object of which is to compel the payment of a debt, should, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, render such payment impossible, by subjecting the unfortunate debtor to a process of extortion that strips him to the skin, for the benefit, not of the man to whom he owes, but of those functionaries of the law who keep its machinery in motion. No wonder these people are in consternation at Sir John Campbell’s bill for the abolition of arrest for debt.

The evils and abuses of this monstrous
system, are most ably exposed in the volumes before us, which will not doubt obtain a very extensive circulation. The "Clergyman in Debt," has seen and felt the atrocities he describes, and most powerfully does he plead for the repeal of a law, which remains like a foul blot upon our constitution. His work, however, abounds rather in illustration than in argument; and this, whilst it convinces by facts, which is always superior to rhetoric, produces to the reader interest and entertainment of the most stirring kind. Many of the "Clergyman's" stories, true though they be, are more like romance than things actually existing; and were they really creations of the fancy, they might be considered as bearing, beyond their verisimilitude, the colouring of a poetic origin. The fact is, that the horrors of a debtors' prison are not sufficiently known to those who have to legislate upon the matter, or whom influence has placed beyond its walls; and the scenes and stories which appear to us so very like romance, but the truth of which is made evident to us, create no doubt but a very ordinary sensation in those whom the crime of poverty—for in England poverty is a crime—has placed in a situation to frequently witness such scenes.

In the course of these volumes many well-known names are introduced, the most interesting of which, in our judgment, is that of the celebrated Captain Johnson. We had marked the escape of this singular man from the Fleet Prison, as an extract, but so many of our contemporaries have used it, that we have substituted for it the following affecting story.

"Owing to those delays which the turnkeys sometimes make in opening the door for the admission of visitors, a number of persons frequently group together on the outside; and there is, when the gate is unlocked, a momentary obstacle in the passage through. Thus it happened, that simultaneously as Montford and the Doctor walked up to the door, it opened, and a bevy of some dozen persons were seen waiting in the lobby eager for ingress to their friends. Amongst them were two ladies of unequal age—one might have numbered fifty years, the other possibly not more than nineteen; one wearing the traces of the past, the other rich in the possession of present beauty.

"Montford was startled, not amid the virtuous circle of his sister's friends, nor even after, among the wild haunts of his own dissipation, had such a being fallen upon his path. Along with the rest of the little crowd, this young creature and her protector were foremost to move towards the door, but their ingress was again impeded by another obstacle, and one which naturally enough caused them somewhat suddenly to recede.

"A coroner's inquest had been held to inquire into the death of the unhappy young clergyman who had the previous morning put an end to a period of his existence, and the jury having given their verdict, the body had been placed in a shell, and was now being conveyed up the steps into the lobby. Arrived there, the men who bore it passed through the somewhat startled and inquisitive group, which it had been the means of delaying, and getting into the outer passage, deposited their burthen, to take a moment's rest.

"At this juncture, the two ladies who had, with a feeling near akin to horror, hurried through the door into the prison, as if something had escaped their memory, suddenly stepped back, and inquired of the turnkey for the room of the Rev. Mr. T——

"'He has no room now ma'am,' said the man to the elder female, 'but may I ask what is your business with him?'

"'We have brought his discharge,' said the young lady, earnestly, 'and are anxious to find him directly.'

"'My God, how dreadful,' whispered a prisoner, who had heard the conversation, to his companion.

"'Brought his discharge have you. Well, it's a sad business—but it's of no use now.'

"'No use?' asked the fair girl, trembling, 'no use! what can you mean?'

"'Why, miss, I'm sorry to tell you—it's a shocking thing—but the fact is, he is out already. He died only yesterday, and they are now taking him away in that coffin.'

"'Died! Is he dead then?' shrieked the elder female, 'oh, my poor Agatha!'

"'The delicate girl still preserved her strength through the scene of fearful excitement: and when they raised and bore away the coffin, she watched it through the outer door, and then turning to the gaoler, asked him, 'how he died?'

"'The man was silent.

"'Will you not tell me how he died?' said Agatha, imploringly, 'was he very ill? Did he suffer much?'

"'Oh, no, miss, he wasn't ill—only a little desponding like.'

"'What then, he died suddenly?' she asked with a fainter voice, as if nature were already preparing to conquer the energies that had hitherto borne her up.

"'Why, y-e-e-s,' said the man hesitatingly.

"'Tell me how then,' cried Agatha, with one more impatient effort to be firm.

"Why, Miss, I did not wish to tell, because I thought it might distress you, but the truth is, he put an end to—'

"'Hush!' cried the elder lady, who had just learned the truth from another's whisper.
The words was still upon her lips, but Agatha had fallen lifeless upon the floor.

"After a swoon of some minutes she recovered, and was taken from the prison, pale and thoughtful—a beautiful but broken-hearted girl.

It appeared that he (the young clergyman) had a short time back been engaged to Agatha. Their faith was plighted strong in mutual love, and full of hope and fair prospects he had left her in search of a living which had been promised him in town.

All that time, Agatha was staying with her aunt, her only relation—the one dear tie that bound her to the world. The fortune of this more than parent to the beautiful orphan, was such as to enable her to give her adopted child a competency for life; and as her lover had a good living in prospect, and fair interest in his profession, (although without a stiver of private income,) this maiden dreamer saw no barrier to a marriage which would not separate her from the child on whose future happiness in so great a measure depended her own.

As we have told, a small debt threw the young man into the Fleet, where his unhappy confinement obliged him to resign the living upon which hung all his hopes of preferment in the church. The loss of the 'means whereby men live' added to a tacituous feeling that the mere circumstance of his imprisonment had degraded him,—not below the love of Agatha, but below her deserts, (and in some degree assisted by a morbid sensibility and nervous pride,) prompted him to write her a letter, stating his circumstances, and in which, after pointing out how dishonourable it would be in him, how imprudent in her, to marry, when he could bring her no other dowry than his love, he renounced upon a principle of justice and religion, all future claim, save that of an affectionate friendship, upon the heart of his betrothed. True the sacrifice might be the breaking of his own, but then what right had he—he who in prison could not even sow the seeds of learning or industry, much less expect to reap their harvest—to thrill her promise, and waste away her young life, in the simple hope of an engagement, which after all might not be fulfilled.

This letter was despatched, and its effect upon Agatha went to awaken impulses as decisive as they were pure. Speedily, almost electrically, she communicated to her aunt that fine generosity to which a woman so nobly sacrifices all principle of self, and both, without any other care than that which originated in the fate of the young clergyman, at once came to the metropolis, sought out his detaining creditor, paid the debt, and were triumphantly bearing the 'discharge' which was to emancipate him from prison, when the floodgates of affliction were opened upon them at once in that fatal *rencontre* which, in the preceding pages, we have attempted inadequately to describe.

Melanie, and other Poems. By N. P. Willis. Edited by Barry Cornwall.

The appearance of this elegant and most attractive little volume, from the pen of a man who has already acquired considerable poetic renown in his native America, seems to have created a sensation among our critics. Various opinions have been passed upon its merits; all agree in bestowing upon it a praise which it richly deserves, qualified however by a censure more or less modified, but amounting to this: that Mr. Willis, with the language and harmonious members of poetry, wants the glow of the art; that he "lips in numbers," or "talks in verse" instead of "building the lofty rhyme"; that he doffs the robes of sacrifice to sing in lay garments. Now, with due deference to better judges than ourselves, we cannot concur in this censure. One of the great beauties of poetry is appropriateness, and in this Mr. Willis, in our judgment, eminently excels. The themes he has chosen are simple and unpretending; and simply and unpretendingly has he wrought them out, but he has clothed them at the same time with the beauties of true poetry, with a rich glow of fancy, and with what many deny him to possess, considerable feeling and much tenderness.

As there is much equality throughout these poems, we may in any part of the volume find equally good specimens of the author's manner; but we were very powerfully affected by the poem which gives the volume its name, and have therefore not looked beyond it for the following beautiful extracts:

The last of the De Brevern race,
My sister claimed no kin'sman's care;
And looking from each other's face,
The eye stole upward unaware—
For there was nought whereon to lean
Each other's heart and heaven between—
Yet that was world enough for me,
And for a brief but blessed while,
If she could see her brother smile;
But life with her was at the flow,
And every wave went sparkling higher,
While mine was ebbing fast and low,
From the same shore of vain desire,
That we were wearing aye insensibly apart.

We came to Italy. I felt
A yearning for its sunny sky;
My very spirit seemed to melt
As swept its first warm breezes by.
From lip and cheek a chilling mist,
From life and soul a frozen rime
By every breath seem'd softly kiss'd—
God's blessing on its radiant clime.
We came with spring to Tivoli.
My sister loved its laughing air
And merry waters, though, for me,
My heart was in another key;
And sometimes I could scarcely bear
The mirth of their eternal play,
And like a child that longs for home
When weary of its holiday.
I sighed for melancholy Rome.

It was a morn of such a day
As might have dawned on Eden first,
Early in the Italian May.
Vine leaf and flower had newly burst,
And on the boughs of the air
The breath of buds came faint and rare;
And far in the transparent sky
The small, earth-keeping birds were seen
Soaring deliriously high;
And through the clefts of newer green
Yon waters dash'd their living pearls,
And with a gaze, a smile, and bow
Troop'd on the merry village girls;
And from the Contadino's brow
The low slouch'd hat was backward thrown
With air that scarcely seem'd his own;
And Melanie with his lips apart,
And clasped hands upon my arm,
Flung open her impassion'd heart,
And bless'd life's mere and breathing charm,
And sang old songs, and gathered flowers,
And passionately bless'd once more life's
thrilling hours.

De Brevern's sister falls in love with a
painter, to whom she is betrothed. The tale thus continues:

Our life was changed. Another love
In its low woof began to twine;
But ah! the golden thread was wore
Between my sister's heart and mine!
She who had liv'd for me before—
She who had smiled for me alone—
Would live and smile for me no more!
The echo to my heart was gone!
It seemed to me the very skies
Shone through those averted eyes;
The air had breathed of balm—the flower
Of radiant beauty seemed to be—
But as she lov'd them, hour by hour,
And murmur'd of that love to me!

I thank sweet Mary mother now,
Who gave me strength those pangs to hide,
And touch'd mine eyes and lit my brow
With sunshine that my heart belied.
I never spoke of wealth or race
To one who asked so much from me—
I look'd but in my sister's face,
And murmur'd if she would happier be;
And hour by hour, and day by day,
I lov'd the gentle painter more,

And in the same soft measure wore
My selfish jealousy away.

A calm and lovely paradise
Is Italy for minds at ease,
The sadness of its sunny skies
Weighs not upon the lives of these.
The ruin'd aisle, the crumbling fane,
The broken column vast and prone,
It may be joy—it may be pain—
Amid such wrecks to walk alone!
The saddest man will suffer be,
The gentlest lover gentler there,
As if what'er the spirit's key
It strengthened in that solemn air.

The painter proved to be the illegitimate
child of a high-born dame who had taken the
veil. The name of his father had not been
disclosed. Come we now to the catastrophe.

And now the marriage vows to hear,
The nun unveiled her brow—
When sudden, to my startled ear,
There crept a whisper, hoarse like fear,
"De Brevern! is it thou?"
The priest let fall the golden ring.
The bridegroom stood aghast,
While, like some weird and frantic thing,
The nun was muttering fast;
And as, in dread, I nearer drew,
She thrust her arms the lattice through,
And held me to her straining view—

But suddenly began
To steal upon her brain a light
That stagger'd soul, and sense, and sight,
And with a mouth all ashy white,
She shriek'd, "It is his son!"
The bridegroom is thy blood—thy brother!
Rodolph de Brevern wrong'd his mother! And as that doom of love was heard,
My sister sunk—and died—without a sign or
word!

I shed no tear for her. She died
With her last sunshine in her eyes;
Earth held for her no joy beside.
The hope just shatter'd—and she lies
In a green nook of yonder dell;
And near her in a newer bed,
Her lover—brother—sleeps as well!
Peace to the broken-hearted dead!

Practical Compendium of the Diseases
of the Skin. By Jonathan Green,
M.D.

Such a work as the present has long been
wanted. More empirical remedies are in use,
and more mistakes made in the treatment of
cutaneous diseases, than in that of any other
class of disorders. The clearness with which
Dr. Green has classed the diseases of the skin,
and the therapeutical details into which he has so
largely entered for the management of these
diseases in all their varieties, render the present volume a most valuable addition to medical literature. It ought to obtain a place in the library of every professional man.

Thaumaturgia, or Elucidations of the Marvellous. By an Oxonian.

This is an extremely curious book, conveying an immensity of information in a very attractive form. The Oxonian has displayed great industry and research, and upon the whole his elucidations are satisfactory. He exposes in the clearest and most signal manner those superstitions, which, from the most barbarous to the most enlightened ages of the world, have always degraded the human mind. We earnestly recommend the Oxonian our fair readers.

India, its State and Prospects. By Edward Thornton, Esq.

This volume appears at an auspicious moment, and contains much valuable information concerning India and its future prospects. Neither our limits, nor the nature of the Court Magazine, allow us to enter into the matters discussed by Mr. Thornton; we must therefore be content merely to call the attention of our readers to his work.

The English in India, and other Sketches. By a Traveller. 2 Vols.

These volumes are really of great interest, because they give a very spirited and correct representation of English life in India. The portraits are well wrought out, and are no doubt admirable likenesses. To such as are anxious to while away a dull hour we can safely recommend this entertaining book.


We have read this tale with much interest, and consider it one of the very few good novels which the present year has produced. Mr. James is already favourably known to readers of this species of literature, and the work before us is not unworthy of his reputation.

Memoirs of the Life, Character and Writings of Sir Matthew Hale. By S. B. Williams, LL.D. F.S.A.

These memoirs have been compiled with considerable care, and are the fruit of much research. Dr. Williams has had the good sense to avoid the heaviness with which the lives of eminent lawyers are generally written by members of their own profession, and has not disdain'd to throw such anecdotes into his narrative as impart to it an interest for all descriptions of readers.

History of the Present Condition of the Barbary States. By the Rev. Michael Russel. LL.D.

This volume, forming part of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, professes to be the completion of a plan, originally formed by the publishers of that work, for illustrating the History, Antiquities, and present condition of Africa.

The work has been very successfully executed by Dr. Russel, who has clothed the results of considerable industry and research in a pleasing style and attractive form. The dryness of history, as usually written, destroys in a considerable degree its charm for those who read it not as a mere study. To convey its information to all classes, it must relax a little from its stateliness and severity. Dr. Russel seems to have felt this, and without at all lowering the dignity of the historic muse has suited his work to the taste of the general reader.


This edition of Hayley's Cowper appears at a period when public expectation has been highly wrought upon by a promised edition of Cowper's works, edited by Southey. We abstain from entering into the question of the apparent rivalry of these two editions, and merely state, that Mr. Grimshawe puts forth his as the only complete collection of Cowper's writings; and states, that it alone contains the Poet's private correspondence, a part of which had been suppressed, and many other portions brought to light, for the first time, by his kinsman the late Dr. Johnston, by whom the materials for the present edition seem to have been collected. So far as these volumes go, Mr. Grimshawe appears to have performed his editorial labours with considerable talent, and a just perception of Cowper's mind, which, as he states, has not yet been properly understood. Much credit is likewise due to the publishers for the manner in which the work is got up.

A Catechism of Natural Philosophy. In a popular form. By George Lees, A. M.

A Catechism of Political Economy. In a popular form. By Thomas Murray, LL.D.

It is gratifying to behold the attempts now making for the diffusion of knowledge through all classes of the community. Men of repu-
The Sketch Book of the South.

This sketch book contains a variety of interesting papers in the shape of sketches or tales, and seems to embody the observations of an acute and well-informed traveller. We cannot, however, believe that all the papers are written by the same hand, as the style of one or two of them is very inferior to that of the others. Be that as it may, these tales afford considerable amusement, and convey no small degree of information.

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MUSIC.

"I'm saddest when you sing," and "The Stranger Knight." Songs written, composed, and arranged by an Amateur.

"Though on Earth we are parted for ever." Notturno for one or two Voices, written, composed, and arranged by an Amateur.

"Friend after Friend departs." Lines by J. Montgomery, the Music composed and arranged by an Amateur.

"Mi guiri che m'amo," composed and arranged by an Amateur.

Always indulgent to amateurs, we are not disposed to censure these productions so severely as we should have done had not the term "amateur" tended to appease our just indignation. We have often complained of the trash called songs with which our music shops abound; some of which bear the names of professional men of high repute. That these by an amateur should be no better, does not surprise us. But what does this amateur mean by composed and arranged? Is the latter word used to inform the public that he required no professional assistance for his harmonies and accompaniments? It is a pity that he did not recur to such assistance; for then, most probably, we should not have found it necessary to inform him that a piece of music cannot begin with the chord of the sixth and fourth—that the dominant seventh, whether in the upper part, or by inversion in the bass, is always resolved upon the mediant—that a progression from a third to a fifth by a skip, in direct motion, produces a hidden fifth, consequently a consecution of fifths. The best thing the amateur can do, before he again composes, is to study a work lately published by his own publisher—namely, "Albrechtsberger's Methods of Harmony and Composition."


Mr. Haynes Bayly is certainly the best song writer we have; there is a smoothness and undulation in his verses which render them peculiarly adapted for music. The present song has much sweetness; it is nicely set to an old Scotch air, with a very simple though effective accompaniment.

"I chose thee not, my Fanny, for thy Face," the words by Harriet Downing, the music by John Barnett.

The words of this song are not of a high character; but the music, like every thing of Barnets', is sweet, appropriate and pretty. It is however, a simple ballad, and has no pretension beyond.
The Dedication of the Temple, designed and engraved by John Martin.

This is one of the grandest and most marvellous among the Bible illustrations of this great artist. There is, in every thing he conceives, a magnitude and power of imagination which throws the bit-by-bit conceptions of most other artists into insignificance; and yet vast as is the range of his mind, it embraces every detail. Truly his are wonderful specimens of pictorial poetry.

Christ walking on the Sea. Painted by John Martin, and engraved by Alfred Martin.

This is an engraving from a beautiful drawing of Martin’s, by his son, Alfred Martin, a young artist of high promise, who has already produced two or three engravings in his father’s style. In this work there is a degree of energy, and a power of effect which belongs to the genius of the father, and has been caught by the son. The calm moonlight scene, the appearance of the Saviour upon the water, in white and shining robes, the darker apparel of the sinking apostle—the whole blending so as to form one of the most lively pictures which the imagination can conceive—such is the print before us.

Spanish Mendicants. Painted by J. F. Lewis, and engraved by G. Lewis.

This is a very good specimen of mezzotint engraving. The figure and countenance of the principal mendicant, and indeed those of the whole group around him, are admirable for character and expression. So is the head of the monk. There is a little coarseness in the detail, and especially a woodiness in the curtain on the left-hand side of the picture. But the beauties of the work considerably outweigh its defects.

Heath’s Gallery of British Engravings.

Here we behold the old hacked annual plates, many of them nearly worn out, got up under another name and title, and launched into the world to bamboozle the public as a new work. Really, Mr. Heath must suppose us very gullible. But we are not to be taken in by an old and withered coquette, decked out in the garb of a virgin. The sunken eye, the painted cheek, the false curls, the artificial teeth, are all but too apparent.

Burning of the Houses of Parliament.

We have been much gratified with a dioramic representation of this disastrous event, now exhibiting at 288, Regent-street. It is an oil picture upon canvas, covering a surface of three hundred square feet. The effects are beautifully managed, and the manner in which the light is thrown upon the firemen, the engines, and the various objects around the buildings, give a startling reality to the scene.

Improved Piano-Forces.

We have just seen, at the manufacturing of Messrs. Collard, late Clementi and Co., some piano-forces of a new construction, which combine power and beauty of tone, with ease of touch and means of musical expression, to an extent we never before witnessed. For some time past, that is to say, ever since Mr. Stewart has superintended their manufacture, the instruments of Messrs. Collard have been rising into repute, and have ultimately vied with those of Stodart, Tomkison, and even Broadwood. Those we have just examined are superior to either. Mr. Stewart, whose great scientific and practical attainments in the manufacturing of piano-forces, are well known to the professional world, has gradually introduced the most extensive improvements, besides forming a set of workmen unrivalled in skill and delicacy of execution. The last improvement introduced is the patent to which we now call the attention of our readers, and which belongs exclusively to Mr. Stewart. It lies wholly in the action of the instrument, and is a miracle of ingenuity and mechanical science, from its extraordinary simplicity, and the additional resources which it commands. The power of crescendo and diminuendo, even without the pedal, is immense, and the action is so perfect that the slightest pressure upon the key produces a sound. We saw two grand piano-forces, one of seven octaves, the other of six and a half. Their power and fulness of tone exceeded any we had ever before heard. Several semi-grands were also shown to us: these were equal in power to ordinary grand piano-forces, but with a lengthened undulation of sound, almost continuous, and producing a kind of sostenuto or bow effect. This latter quality is probably owing to the peculiar form of these instruments, by which a much broader column of air than usual is given for the strings to vibrate in. Every lover of music ought to visit the establishment of Messrs. Collard, and examine these beautiful instruments, which will well repay a walk or drive to Tottenham Court Road.
LADY CHETWYND is the eldest daughter and co-heir* of the late John Sparrow, Esq., of Bishton, county of Stafford, by Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Ralph Moreton, Esq., of Wolstanton, in the same county. Her Ladyship is wife of Sir George Chetwynd, Bart., of Grendon Hall, county of Warwick.

The ancient and noble house of Chetwynd, derives its surname from the place of its abode, in the county of Salop. In 1252, Henry III. granted to Sir John de Chetwynd, Knt., (who was son of Adam de Chetwynd, by Agnes, daughter of John Lord Lovel, Baron of Dorkings, and Lord of Minster Lovel, in the county of Oxford), a charter of freewarren, through all his demesne lands in the counties of Stafford, Salop, and Warwick. In the early part of the ensuing reign, Sir John received a grant of the manor of Baxterly, in Warwickshire, from John, son of William Lovel, his kinsman, on rendering a pound of pepper yearly, at Easter, to him and his heirs; or, to Richard de Harcourt, Lord of Merewale. His grandson,

SIR PHILIP CHETWYND, served the office of Sheriff of the county of Stafford, in the 7th and 15th of Henry IV., and in 1441, was governor of Baion, in Normandy. Sir Philip espoused Elene, daughter and heiress of Thomas de la Roche, and was succeeded by his grandson,

WILLIAM CHETWYND, of Ingestre, Esq., gentleman usher to Henry VII. This William having excited the envy of Sir Humphrey Stafford, of Pipe, in Staffordshire, was allured from his house by means of a forged letter, and waylaid, and murdered on Tixall-heath by twenty men, seven of whom were of Sir Humphrey's own family, Sir Humphrey at the time passing by under pretence of hunting deer. From this William Chetwynd descended.

JOHN CHETWYND, Esq., of Ingestre, who was Sheriff of Staffordshire in the reign of Elizabeth, and filled several other offices of public trust. This gentleman was succeeded by his eldest son,

SIR WALTER CHETWYND, of Ingestre, member for Staffordshire during most of the parliaments of King James. By his second wife, Catharine Hastings, eldest daughter of George, fourth Earl of Huntingdon, he left two sons, and was succeeded by the elder,

WALTER CHETWYND, Esq., whose son, and successor, Walter Chetwynd, Esq., M.P., for Tamworth, a gentleman distinguished for his profound learning, and munificent patronage of the arts, died without issue, in 1692, when the estates at Ingestre devolved upon his cousin, the eldest son of John Chetwynd, Esq., M.P.,

WALTER CHETWYND, Esq., who having resided as ambassador at the Court of Turin, and subsequently filled the office of master of the stag-hounds, was elevated to the peerage of Ireland, in June, 1717, as Baron Rathdown, in the county of Dublin, and Viscount Chetwynd, of Bearhaven, in the county of Cork, with remainder to the heirs male of his father. His brother John, second Viscount, is ancestor of the present Viscount Chetwynd. Having thus shown the descent of the ennobled line, we will proceed to the direct ancestor of the present baronet.

* Lady Chetwynd's two sisters were,

Elizabeth, married to James, the only son of Sir Archibald Macdonald, Bart., late Lord Chief Baron of his Majesty's Exchequer, by Lady Louisa Leveson Gower, eldest daughter of Granville, first Marquis of Stafford, and d. s. p. Charlotte.
SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.—No. IV.
TAKEN AT THE ATHENAEUM CLUB HOUSE.


Referring to our last Number for the frame-work through which our portraits of this month are to be examined, we proceed at once to resume our pencil.

Observe the slim, well-turned, "gentlemanly" figure, the sharp, regular, and finely-cut features, and the quiet, well-bred air of that person (apparently about thirty-five years of age) who is sitting near the fire, with his back turned, as if contemptuously, on all the rest of the individuals present, and glancing over the Tory "leaders" of the Times newspaper, with, ever and anon, an almost evanescent expression in his face of mingled scorn and self-satisfaction. That is Mr. J. G. L.—kh—t, editor of the Quarterly Review, and the chief literary stay and hope of the high Tory aristocracy, who, however, while they fête and favour, fear and tremble before him; for, with all his aristocratic predilections, and even his "vested interests" in the work over which he so ably presides, he feels so pervading a sense of the claims of intellectual supremacy wherever they are to be found, that he narrowly cares to disguise his contempt even for a high Tory Lord who is not gifted with a very considerable share of that supremacy. His finely-shaped head, the lofty air with which it is every now and then thrown back, and the well-turned chin elevated above its natural level, indicate the crying error of this gentleman's literary, and it may be (as seen therein) his personal character: namely, an ever-present and self-pampered sense of intellectual superiority, both natural and acquired, which cannot if it would, and would not if it could, avoid exhibiting itself in the very questionable shape of a supercilious lip and a scornful eye; and this equally when contemplating the pretensions of those equal with or above him, or those below him. This is what a certain consummate judge of life and human nature would designate as worse than a literary and social crime—it is a blunder. Mr. L.—kh—t is not a man who need assume a superiority over any one; and, assuming it not, it would be cheerfully granted to him, over all but the very highest grade of his literary contemporaries. But, assuming it as he does, it is often disputed where it would otherwise be ceded. But what we would take the liberty of pointing out to him as the real mistake is, that he assumes it even more with his person and manner than with his pen. People will submit to be told in print what they would receive as a personal outrage if said to them face to face, even by the same individual; and this whether he tell it to them by his air and look, or by his tongue.

Do not from this imagine that Mr. L.—kh—t is in the habit of calling his friends fools to their faces. He is too well-bred a man;—but he is not always well-bred enough to avoid letting them know, or at least suspect, that he thinks them such. The conse-
quence is, that he is anything but popular among his coadjutors or rivals of the periodical press. Nor does he care to be so; for he entertains for them, as a body, about as little respect as he does for—any other body of persons.

_À réste_, his mind, manners, and person are those of a gentleman; and he evidently appreciates the rarity of the distinction he enjoys in this particular among his literary contemporaries. But we must add that his gentility is more that of art and society than of nature and sentiment. He has all the coolness, the quiet, and the spirit of indifference that distinguish the gentleman from the smiling and bowing courtier on the one hand, and the smirking and bustling eit on the other; but he has little or none of that sympathy with his kind, in the absence of which the true gentility of the mind cannot exist. The proverb says that "God made the country, but man made the town." Now we humbly opine that, to make the true gentleman, nature and society must unite their influence and combine their efforts, or the work will be at variance equally with the intentions of both. Nature herself cannot make a gentleman; it was strange indeed, then, if society could make one. Without the conjoint efforts of both neither can avail; but from the union has sometimes resulted (no disparagement to Pope’s application of the phrase, because the greater includes the less) that "noblest work of God," _a True Gentleman._

From the "grave" Mr. L.—kh—t turn we to the "gay" Mr. J.—s S—th, the immortal author of—a joke!—the divider, with his equally fortunate brother, of that ten thousand pound prize in the lottery of _quasi_ literature, the unprecedented popularity of "The Rejected Addresses." Like Mr. L.—kh—t, he is, in the ordinary sense of the phrase, a gentleman, in person, manners and mind; but as the former permits his gentility to yield the _pas_ to his overweening sense of intellectual superiority, so the latter will at any time sacrifice it to his joke. Mr. J.—s S—th’s motto is "Be witty—honestly and civilly if you can—but, be witty."

We have said that Mr. J.—s S—th is a gentleman. To call him, after that, a professed wag, would be to put down a contradiction in terms. But he verges nearer to the confines of that equivocal category than is consistent with a perfect exemption from the imputations appertaining to it. That he does not absolutely overstep the line of separation, is perhaps owing to that happy tinge of purely _personal_ vanity (as distinguished from intellectual), which is a main feature of his personal character. He aspires to the favour of the fair sex; and no mere joker ever enjoyed that favour; very few ever failed to incur its most unenviable opposite. The whole person, attire and bearing of Mr. J.—s S—th bespeak his desire to be distinguished for something peculiar and personal to himself, which a witicism is too evanescent a thing to achieve. A man may borrow his jokes from Joe Miller (we are not ill-natured enough to say that Mr. J.—s S—th does so), but his personal appearance, his style of dress, _son manièrè d’être_, are his own; and it is by these latter that we remember and recognise him; it is by them that he acquires "_a local habitation_" in the minds of his fellow beings. In Mr. J.—s S—th these are of so exclusively agreeable a nature that his acquaintance are always happy to recall them when they would often fain forget some of his most successful _facétie_. Indeed, it would be difficult to point out to the notice of a foreigner, even in this so fertile scene of similar examples, so agreeable and characteristic a specimen of the external attributes of an English gentleman as presents itself in the _toute ensemble_ of the person of Mr. J.—s S—th. He is considerably above the middle height, and portly in proportion; but so precisely and harmoniously is every individual portion of his person adapted to all the rest, that the cursory observer mistakes him for a middle-sized man. His "gallant grey," on whose well-fed frame he daily jolts away his gout, digests his jokes of to-day, and his dinner of yesterday, by one and the same process, has weighty reasons (sixteen stone at least) for knowing to the contrary.

Then his face, with the beaming vivacity of a school-boy’s, and something of the burly self-satisfaction of a _bon vivant_, unites the thought of a man of intellect, and the refinement of a man of taste,—its "fundamental feature" (as the late Lord Castlereagh might have called the broad bald forehead) expanding itself with a crowning completeness over the whole fabric beneath, like a polished marble dome over a subjacent building.

Imagine these attributes set off to the utmost advantage by the adventitious aid of the most perfect taste in dress, and the most consummate care in the adaptation and adjustment of it, and you have as complete and satisfying a picture of an _English Gentleman_ as Brookes’s, Boodle’s, or even White’s can exhibit.
As (like our betters, the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy) we are not above availing ourselves of any vantage-ground that our portraits may gain by contrast or juxta-position, we shall place beside the above striking example of an exclusively London man—of a person who in appearance, dress, manner, mind, sentiment, conversation, every thing, could only have been found in, and produced by a whole life of, London society—the portrait of one who, since he quitted the ungrateful service of Tory diplomacy, and became a Whig in esse and a country gentleman in posse, has presented a good example of the latter class of the English community,—a class now almost extinct, so far as relates to any distinctive features in the personal appearance and bearing of its members.

Observe that robust, well-poised, and rather commanding figure, of good carriage and bold and manly bearing, whose somewhat hard, harsh and coarse features are overshadowed by a broad-brimmed and rather low-crowned hat, which gives a still more lowering look to his closed (as opposed to "open") brow. That is Mr. H.—y G. W.—d, late Minister at Mexico, under the Tory Government, and only son of the distinguished author of "Tremaine" and "De Vere." His claim to a niche in our gallery of literary portraits consists in a meritorious work on the country in which, as we have just said, he for some years represented the British (Tory) Government. He wears, you see, a blue frock coat, perfectly well cut and well fitting, but without the least touch of dandyism. Yet there is a "noticeable" look about his general appearance (given to it in a great measure by the unusual breadth of the hat brim), which indicates that he is far from desirous of avoiding observation, though too well instructed in his own merits to think of condescending to court it. The imbrowed and countrified, not to say rustic, look of his face, indicates that he is devoted to the sports of the field. But, if we mistake not, he follows them with a view to higher game than is to be found in any preserves but those of towns and cities—he uses them more as instruments of his ambition than of his pleasures.

With an eye to the suffrages of a country constituency, he swears by them; should it become his cue to seek the favour of a London one, he will forewarn them. He is, among the "freshmen" of the reformed Parliament, one of the best speakers in the House of Commons, and he promises to improve into a first-rate debater—for party pur-

poses, we mean—for he has all the elements necessary to success: intelligence, imagination, knowledge, industry, confidence, and a competent impression of his own powers and pretensions. But he must take care how he signs his name to another letter to the Times newspaper; especially now it has joined the party which he has abjured, and abjured that which he has joined. Had that astute party (not the latter, but the former) known what they now do of the talent and industry of their quondam employé (not to mention the handsome estate which his distinguished father has lately entailed upon him), they would not have neglected and affronted him into his present quasi radicalism.

Turn we now to one who is neither a mere scholar and critic, like the first of our subjects; nor a mere wit and man of the town, like the second; nor a mere politician, like the third;—but a rare and happy union of all these, with half a score of additional attributes, each sufficient to distinguish his possessor from the common herd of mortals, and all combining in this favoured one, to make up that brilliant and enviable ensemble, which nothing short of genius is capable of achieving. The person to whom the above general description applies, claims it in common with, at the utmost, half a dozen of his fellow-countrymen of the present day. But he may lay claim to other attributes which, being allied, as they are in him, to those loftier ones which lift his rivals to the height of reputation that they hold and deserve to hold, lift him even above those rivals, and make him stand alone, at least in the estimation of those who, to a well-instructed appreciation of his public claims, add a knowledge of his private and social qualities.

Is it needful to place a name under the picture we are now delineating?—or does not the mere dead-colouring, as already put in, point out the traits of Th—m—s C—p—including the most exquisite of our poets, the most eloquent of our critics, the most accomplished of our scholars, the most enlightened and earnest of our philanthropists? Yet to all these distinctions, and a consciousness of deserving them all, he unites the simplicity of heart, enthusiasm of spirit, and youth of mind, which render him the delighting and delighted companion of the school-boy at home for the holidays, or the belle of a ball-room on the first night of her début;—equally at ease, happy, and happy-making, whether chatting with a bevy of dowagers over a tea-table in Harley-street, or keeping up the brilliant ball of wit and wisdom with a select company of beau—
SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

... cast off the "mortal coil" which holds him reluctantly to a state of being where "nothing is but what is not."

It must not be supposed, from the above, that we see or fancy any actual physical resemblance between the person and features of Mr. C.—pb—l and those of Mr. R—g—rs. If we did, our visual organs would be essentially unfitted for the task we have imposed upon them. All we mean to intimate is, that a similar conformation of mind and temperament, modified by similar trains of thought, feeling, and study, have imparted to these two accomplished men, not a similarity, but a correspondance, in the general expression of the symbols by which their intellectual characters respectively interpret themselves to our bodily senses. Nobody will see any "family likeness" between them; but every one duly qualified to catch "the mind's observance in the face," will perceive in each the evidences of equally high intellectual cultivation, expended upon a soil similarly composed in its chief attributes, and calculated to produce flowers and fruits of a similar generic character, however differing in species or individual instances. Finally, the main difference and dissimilarity they may observe will be, that in the one case (of the bard of Memory) the passions have yielded themselves willing servitors to that mild philosophy of the heart and senses which can alone subdue without subverting them; whereas in the bard of Hope they still burn with a bright intensity that would consume the altar on which they are kindled, were it a shrine less pure and holy than a poet's heart.

Begging indulgence for yielding to the temptation of straying so far from the mechanical limits of our task, we return to them by pointing to the head and face of Mr. R—g—rs, as an object of peculiar interest and curiosity to those who are students in such living lore. There is something preternatural in the cold, clear, marbly paleness that pervades, and as it were penetrates his features to a depth that seems to preclude all change, even that of death itself. Yet there is nothing in the least degree painful or repulsive in the sight, nothing that is suggestive of death or even of decay,—but, on the contrary, something that seems to speak beforehand of that immortality at which this poet has so earnestly aimed, and of which he is entitled to entertain so fair a hope. It is scarcely fanciful to say that the living bust of the author of "Human Life," "The Pleasures of Memory," &c., can scarcely be looked upon...
without calling to mind the bust of marble, sculptured by an immortal hand, which he so well deserves to have consecrated to him in the temple of true fame.

There is one other portrait that we desire to place before the spectator ere we lay aside, for a time, our present, as it may be deemed by some, too serious and elevated tone of delineation. That it is not so in reality, we confidently appeal to all those who entertain a due impression of the sacred nature of true genius, and of the feelings it is calculated to awaken in the hearts and minds of all who possess that intellectual attribute which stands next to it in value and in virtue, namely, the power to perceive, to love and to honour it. For our own poor parts, plastic and Protean as is the temper of spirit on which we pique ourselves, and pleased and accustomed as we are to be "all things by turns and nothing long," there is nevertheless one limit to our desire and capacity for that ever-shifting change which is the spirit of the universe. In the presence of poetical genius (and all genius is poetical, whatever may be the mere form in which it shows itself) we desire to be and to seem no better than humble, trusting and devoted watchers and listeners at the feet of those chosen prophets and priests of the temple, for the interpretations of the godhead whose will they at once serve and avouch. Nor can or would we avoid transferring to the interpreters something of that reverent admiration which is due to the oracle itself. We flatter ourselves that, in treating of the fashionable world, we can be as empty, as trivial, and as indifferent as the people in it; that in setting forth the features of the wits and would-be literati of the day, we can extemporise puns, platitudes, inimportusias and impromptus-à-loisir with the best or the worst of them; that when, in the progress of our undertaking, we come to describe peers, politicians, and statesmen, we can prove ourselves as hollow, as double-faced, and as shallow as even the Whig section of that egregious category; that when our pencil shall be called upon to delineate the luminaries of the law, it will show itself as capable of proving that black is white, and of making the worse appear the better reason, as any young gentleman of the bar, or any old lady of the bench. Nay, should we think fit, as a climax to our undertaking, and a crowning feature to the illustrious gallery of portraits which it purports to hand down to posterity, to immortalise the effigy of the ex-chancellor himself, it shall go hard but we will contrive to play as many "fantastic tricks before high heaven," as if we had been bitten, during one of his recent paroxsms, by that brilliant ex-functionary.

But, in the mean time, treating as we now are, of poets and men of genius, we cannot do so in any other strain than that serious, sincere, and lofty one which an earnest and loving contemplation of their attributes and gifts is capable of engendering in all spirits into which it finds entrance. And in such a tone of thought, we claim attention to our portrait of Ch.——a L——b, one of the most refined, subtle, and profound, yet one of the most delicate, gentle, and genial, yet one of the most sportive, fantastic, and tricksy spirits of the day in which he lives.*

Observe that exceedingly diminutive figure, "all in black"—the head and face only half visible from beneath an ill-fitting hat—that has just entered the splendid and luxurious apartment in which we are taking our sketches, and is looking about here and there, with an air of odd perplexity, half timidity, half boldness, as if

"Wondering how the devil it got there."

And well it may, for its owner is as little dependent on modern luxury for his comforts, as if he had just been disinterred by the genius of Mr. Bulwer from the buried oblivion of Pompeii. Doubtless, in passing down Waterloo-place, from his friend Moxon's, in Albemarle-street, with the intention of losing his way through the Park, the statue of the Goddess of Wisdom over the portico of our Temple, has attracted his eye; and his thoughts naturally jump to the conclusion, that the temple over which her effigy so nobly presides, can be devoted to no less dignified purposes than she was wont to patronise and promote in those times of which this "ignorant present" is apt to make so little use. And that such a temple should be other than open to all comers, our exquisite "modern antique" never for an instant doubts. In therefore he walks, unmolested by the liveried menials in the vestibule; for "there's

* As this sketch, like all its companions, was taken from the life, it is suffered to remain precisely as it was drawn, notwithstanding the recent loss our literature has sustained in the death of the original. Should some of its details be found to coincide almost literally with those of the more elaborate description of the same individual, which appeared in a former number of the Court Magazine, the writer can only say, that the present paper was written and in the hands of the Editor, before he could, by possibility, have seen the interesting article just referred to, entitled "Personal Recollections of Charles Lamb."
a divinity doth hedge" a man of genius
that makes his person in some sort sacred in
the eyes even of the wearer of a laced coat,
whether he be a lacquey or a lord. During
the gaping wonder of the waiters at his
advent, he has mounted the staircase;
 glanced with a look of momentary surprise
at the undraped statue of the Goddess of
Love and Beauty, which strikes him as a
novel, but by no means unnatural or exception-
able introduction into a Temple of Wis-
dom; and entering the first door that seems
likely to lead towards the penetralia of the
place, behold him among us! Nor let us
dare, even for a moment, to "wonder with a
foolish face" of contempt at the odd figure
he cuts, as compared with the more com-
monplace groups around him. But there
is small fear of this; for there is that about
Ch—a L—b which commands a degree of
consideration and respect which he as little
seeks as he sets store by if offered him.
It is odd how appearances sometimes belie
themselves. If all of us here present were
compelled to say what is the worldly calling
of the object of our attention, nine out of ten
would proclaim him a half-starved curate,
who (it may be) has wandered up to the me-
ropolis on a week's leave of absence, to
"make his fortune" and immortalize his
name, by a volume of MS. sermons! And the
rusty suit of black, the knee
breeches met by high gaiters of the same,
and the contemplative gravity of the face
and air, aid the delusion,—a delusion that
those who know him cannot even think of
without a smile, and which he himself would
hail with a shout of laughter, that might go
nigh to shock the over-delicate ears of some
portion of his auditory—laughter, however,
in which there would be no touch of derision.
But look! he has removed his hat, and
in doing so, all vestige of the vestry has
vanished; for the operation has revealed a
countenance, the features of which never yet
aptly pertained to the follower of any exclusive
profession, not even that sacred one which
has for its object to lift men from the com-
merce of earth to that of immortality. In
fact, if read aright, there is not a finer coun-
tenance extant than that of Ch—a L—b,
nor one which more exquisitely and elo-
quently shadows forth the soul and spirit
that give it life and speech. It is a face
that Titian himself would have failed to set
forth, at least in more than one of its aspects
at a time; so varied, and almost contradic-
tory, are the evidences and intimations it
includes. There are lines of the loveliest
thought and the purest wisdom, intersected
by others traced by the hand of Folly herself,
while sporting there in her cap and bells.
There is the deepest and the gentlest love for
mankind inextricably mingled with marks
of the most bitter and biting contempt for
men and their ways and works. There is
the far-darting glance of high intellect,
quelled and as it were held in and hood-
winked by an ever-present sense of the petty
and peddling limits of even its wildest and
widest range. There is the profound me-
lancholy of the poetic temperament, brooding
fondly over the imagination of what it feels
that it can never attain, mixed into a sort of
"chance-medley" with all sorts of quips,
quibbles, and quidlities of the brain. There
is the gravity of the sage contending with
the gaiety of the humourist; the pride and
solemnity of the philosophic observer of
human nature, melting into the innocent
playfulness of the child, and the mischievous
fun of the school-boy. In short, to sum up
the case as paradoxically as we have been
tempted by the peculiar nature of the theme
to commence and carry it on, Ch—a L—b's
face, like his other attributes, is a sort of
"contradiction in terms," with this spe-
cial qualification in every particular of the
case, that the contradiction is invariably in
favour of right, of truth, and of good,
wherever these are brought for a moment
into contention with their natural opposites.
We have some idea that we are growing
mystical on this matter. All we shall say
further on it therefore is, that if Ch—a L—b's
intellectual character, as written on
his countenance, is a riddle not quite so
obvious to interpretation that "all who run
may read it," yet, when you do find it out,
it is one of the most full-meaning, instructive,
and pleasant that ever was constructed even
by that all-accomplished mistress of the art
of riddle-me-ree, dame Nature herself.
Here close we, for a space, our exhibition
of literary portraits. When next we open
it, the spectators who favour us with their
attendance may look to find the character of
our delineations assume a less grave and
historical aspect; else were they no fitting
theme for the ever-shifting eye and hand of
Proteus Plume.
REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDESTINATED ROGUE.

No. XI.

The lugger being now ready, they weighed anchor and sailed from the cove with a fair wind and fairer expectations. The crew was composed of eighteen persons, including Dillon, Burrows, and the gipsy's youngest boy. There was, rather an unusual thing in a smuggler, a passenger on board, the son of a small farmer in the neighbourhood of our hero's new abode, who was proceeding to Guernsey to learn French. The father being anxious to make a gentleman of him, was determined to give him a polite education at the smallest possible cost. The boy, just in his thirteenth year, was a sharp, sprightly lad, of some promise, and no sooner had he stepped on board than he became a general favourite among this crew of merry law-breakers.

When his father quitted the vessel and left him alone with those half-savage-looking smugglers, the poor youth seemed uneasy, as he gazed upon their coarse sun-burnt features, and measured with his eye their amplitude of chest and vulgar masculinity of limb, which at once spoke for each of them without a tongue,

"I dare do all that may become a man,"

and something more. Their striped worsted jackets drawn over their bodies and fitted so tightly to the shape that every undulation of the muscles beneath was distinctly visible; their copious canvass trowsers, scarcely reaching below the knee, and gathered full round the hips, from which they hung in ample folds, but so stiff as to prevent them from fitting close to the figure, imparted a ponderosity to the nether man, and a singularity of contrast with the light vest of the upper, which added greatly to the naturally rough aspect of these hardy mariners. Their blunt attentions, however, to the boy, showed that in human bosoms of the rudest exterior the tenderest sympathies may abide, and that however habit may drag man's nature down from the high moral elevation to which religion and the laws of social obligation would raise it, where it is brought within the direct influence of their operation,—the bland feelings of humanity are nevertheless not wholly stifled, and the seeds of good are there, only lacking culture to excite and fructify them.

Shortly after the canvass of the lugger was spread, the breeze freshened, and by the time she had been three or four hours under sail, it blew so strong that the land-lubbers soon became victims to the common calamity of landsmen at sea. The young passenger seemed a general object of compassion with the crew. They had him on their laps by turns, and nursed him with a rude yet earnest tenderness, of which he could not but be sensible through the qualms of one of the most distressing of all maladies; and when he could no longer hold up his head, and complained of the close atmosphere of their narrow cabin, a sturdy fellow, the father of a boy and two girls, towards whom his bold heart always yearned in absence, took him in his arms, and wrapping him in a warm boat-cloak, laid him gently in the cutter upon deck, placing a bolster under his head, and a sail over it to keep him from the influence of the night air. Having done this, with a few words of unpremeditated but honest cheering, he left him to his repose.

Though the wind blew hard, the night was clear and beautiful. The moon cast a circle of clear soft light upon the leaping billows. Every wave caught her gentle rays, and seemed to sport with them, breaking them into a thousand scintillations, and scattering them around like fairy lights over the deep purple waters, which appeared to bound and sparkle as if they had a positive perception of enjoyment. There was really an eloquence in their motion so real, that like the morning stars at the primitive creation, they seemed to "sing together," raising in truth a mute but intelligible harmony in their Maker's praise.

I know of nothing so grand in nature as an agitated sea rising into broken billows, when they lift their white feathery crests in the moonlight, and laugh and glitter beneath the placid glory of its gentle beams. What eye can behold without feeling in the soul a fervent impulse of adoration.

The scene in the cabin of the lugger was very different from that upon deck. This apartment represented an isosceles triangle reversed, with the lower angle flattened. At the base it was six feet wide, twelve long and two at its narrowest extremity. Upon each side were four berths in double tiers, each berth large enough to hold two persons. All round it, and raised about a foot from the deck, was a narrow bench for the accommodation of the crew. In the centre stood a small square table, through which
the mizen-mast was fixed into the deck below, and against which hung a rusty tin candlestick containing a small end of rush-light. A dirty lamp of the same metal, from which the oil occasionally dripped, hung from the ceiling, and cast a dim glare upon the different objects within this populous chamber. It was already black with smoke, though but lately painted, and its present occupants by no means tended to enliven its natural gloominess.

The dull ochreous light from the lamp fell upon the countenances of the men, eight of whom occupied the benches of the cabin, while six were in the berths, and four upon deck attending to the duties of the vessel. Those who had been accustomed to the sea, and to whom the rolling and pitching of the lugger was a merry pastime, were smoking their short pipes, and wrapping every object near them in a mantle of stupefying smoke, which gave an additional hue of gloom to the picture. This luxury enjoyed, they knocked out the ashes from the bowls of their pipes, and looked upon the landsmen who had become their companions, with an eye which expressed anything but compassion.

Burrows, unused to the sea, felt the horrid sickness come upon him, and, after a short resistance, sank upon the deck. Not a word of cheering was heard, but the coarse jokes of the crew must have reached his ears with rather a tendency to aggravate than assuage his sufferings. His eye continually rolled with a dead glare, while the answering glance of his fellow seemed to convey an expression of painful wonder at what had befallen him. The tawny hue of his skin, from which every drop of blood was now drained, assumed that sallow oily tint peculiar to the rank vegetation which grows in stagnant waters. When his features were set in motion by the spasms of sickness, nothing could exceed the distortion of those naturally large and unblent lineaments, which harmonised so ill that they appeared to have been oddly made up from those of different ungainly faces. His courage began to ebb woefully as the fierce qualms came upon him, and he was not over valorous at any time. It never could have been said of him as it was of Pendragon—

"The Briton never forgives, but was for adverse drubbing. And never turn'd his back to aught, but to a post for scrubbing. His sword would serve for battle, or for dinner, if you please; When it had slain a Cheshire man, 'Twould toast a Cheshire cheese." No, no! Burrows was no Pendragon.

Dillon, whom the roughness of the weather had affected with the usual malady, paced the deck with a manly resolution to keep it off, but the tyrant was too strong for him, and he was every now and then forced to an acknowledgment of his subjugation. Nevertheless he rallied, and was sufficiently master of himself to observe sundry matters connected with the management of the vessel, which he had for the present resigned into other hands, but which at some future period he hoped to take upon himself. His skipper was a hard weather-beaten sailor, who had been originally a pilot, but having laid himself open to detection in the very traffic which he was on the eve of renewing, his business grew dull, and he was obliged to seek a more profitable vocation. He was a brave man, and having no one but himself, drank so much of the spirits, and smoked so much of the tobacco which he snuffled, that, as he said of himself, though he made a good deal of money, he was likely at last to die on a dunghill. He was, however, a shrewd intelligent man, extremely well acquainted with the channel and coast, and therefore Dillon could not have trusted his property to better hands. By day-light they were close off Guernsey, and shortly after cast anchor within the pier.

In those days smugglers were looked upon, in this island, rather with respect. They gave life and energy to a traffic by which many of the natives became wealthy; and though this was effected by encouraging acts of transgression against the laws of the mother country, it was matter of little consequence to them so long as they accumulated the "unrighteous mammon," without being exposed to the scrutiny of excisemen and gaugers. Near the beach were to be seen sundry storehouses, in which continental wines and spirits were to be bought at a price that rendered smuggling an irresistible temptation. There large vats reposed, like enormous fat hogs in a sty, containing, within their huge and capacious bulk, Geneva sufficient to float a wherry. When these vast receptacles were to be filled—a matter, in spite of their capacity, of very frequent occurrence—there was an ascent to the top of them, by means of a ladder.

After having sent the young passenger to his destination, Dillon entered one of these spirituous receptacles to which he had been recommended by a person oracular in such matters. He soon stipulated for the necessary quantity of the luxuries supplied at this establishment, and it was very
shortly stowed within the lugger. A quantity of tea, tobacco, and certain contraband articles of French manufacture, of which the ladies of this free country have always most liberally encouraged the disposal in spite of legal interdictions and unexpostulable acts of parliament, were there purchased, and in the course of a few days our hero was ready to return with a cargo that promised immense profit, provided he could secure it within the cavern on the coast, and dispose of it without the intervention of custom-house officers.

His was not the only vessel engaged in this left-handed traffic. There were sundry small craft smartly trimmed and rigged, and manned with a greater number of stout fellows, who smiled and chewed their tobacco with an air that seemed to "hold the authorities" at defiance, than was necessary for the mere management of such light vessels. Dillon therefore felt that sort of security which comes upon us when it is backed by the assurance that we are in good, or at all events in numerous company; for numerical strength has a strange power in giving encouragement to breakers of the law of every rank and description. In proportion as the minority of evil doers is small, they become timid and irresolute; swell the amount, and their daring increases in an exact ratio.

All being at length ready, the anchor was weighed, and the lugger put to sea in company with several small vessels, engaged in a similar enterprise. There was now much more anxiety among the crew than had been manifested in the hither voyage.

The return was successful, they met with no interruption, and the cargo was finally secured in the cave beneath the cliff. In a short time the whole of it was disposed of at a large profit, and Dillon was well satisfied with the successful issue of his venture. In order the more effectually to lull the suspicion of the government authorities in the neighbouring town, he fitted out his lugger as a privateer, determined to embrace the double chance of turning her to account. He put on board six twelve pound carronades, and two long six pounders, the latter of which pointed over the stern; and he increased the complement of his men to twenty-four. He soon gained the confidence of his crew, and in the course of a few months captured two or three small prizes, of little comparative value. The smuggling, however, turned out well, and he disposed of several cargoes with such advantage, that he was rapidly becoming a wealthy adventurer.

Meanwhile, Phoebe, no longer able to live happily at home, had quitted her parent's dwelling, and taken up her abode with a lone widow, to whom she paid a small sum weekly for the accommodation, attending upon the aged matron as if the latter had been her mother, and doing many little kind offices to the poor around her, occasionally relieving the more pressing necessities of some, from the scanty pittance obtained by the successful issue of her own industry. She had for some time past applied herself to the production of a kind of fancy basket-work, which she manufactured from thin willow strips, cut and smoothed with a penknife. Having naturally great taste, she soon superadded a manual dexterity, which enabled her to make small baskets of various forms with a quickness and beauty of execution altogether surprising, as the only instruction she had received was from an itinerant basket maker, who was a wretched bungler at his craft. With her little string of baskets she used to promenade the neighbourhood, and met with such success in disposing of them, that she was not only able to supply her own wants, but occasionally to mitigate those of her more needy neighbours. These highly appreciated the charities of one who, thus obliged to labour for her daily bread, subtracted such a liberal portion from the earnings of her industry, in order to cast the lot of amelioration into the lap of the aged but deserving poor. The only part of her family with whom she kept up any intercourse, was the brother before spoken of, who, through her means, had entered into the service of a carpenter at a village about four miles off, and was getting on very creditably.

Though a blight hung upon the affections of this interesting girl, yet she did not pine herself into a shadow, but submitted with the meekest patience to her lot, feeling that she had innocently provoked it. She still loved Dillon with a warmth and sincerity which nothing could abate or overthrow. She had studied his character attentively, and the balance of good which she discovered, led her to imagine that with the proper application of her influence, if ever permitted to exercise it, she could direct it to such an issue as would cause it not only to countervail, but eventually to neutralise, the evil. Having closely observed the gradual development of his more immediate maturity, she had come to the conclusion that his hallucinations, though deeply degrading to him as a being of high moral responsibilities,
were more the results of an energetic temperament acted upon by an education that had been entirely influenced and directed by false views of religion, than the fruits of any radical tendency to evil. She felt how much she was indebted to him: he had not only improved her understanding, but purified her heart. In pointing out to her the light by which his own mind had been illumined, he discovered to her, though unintentionally, the partial obscurity in which that light was shrouded. With a perception at all times ready, and seldom inaccurate, she perceived the fallacy of those views, which had been instilled into his infant mind, and allowed to grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength, by which they had become so deeply rooted as to seem to him the suggestions of a supernatural communication. She had witnessed in him such real kindness of nature, warped though it was by the flattering fallacies of a preposterous but seductive creed, which held before the warm impulses of his ardent nature the strong shield of impunity, that she could not but love the man while she deplored the wayward and obviously absurd bias of his mind. He had not only acute but generous feelings, and though she did not feel that she could justify his present pursuits, still his having relinquished those which were much more degrading to him as a social being, flattered her with the prospect that he would eventually turn into the fair path of an orderly and honourable career. Though the pertinacity with which he avoided, and the too evident coldness with which he treated her, were matter of sore regret to one of her mild but delicate sensibility, she nevertheless could not forget that she had provoked it. She had refused his hand, however reluctantly, and however in accordance with the demands of an imagined obligation which she had considered to be imperative upon her, for a coarse and vulgar ruffian, whose inferiority to himself in every thing that constitutes the pre-eminence of man over the brute, he could not but feel sensibly. She had exposed him to the most mortifying humiliation, and her own conscience pronounced against her the sentence of condemnation. She felt that she deserved to suffer his coldness, and therefore patiently submitted to the penalty of her own over-scrupulous notions of honour.

It happened that Phoebe, in her perambulations, had called at the house of a wealthy squire, who was likewise a magistrate, to offer her baskets for sale to the female members of his family. Her beauty happened to attract the attention of the son, a young man who had learned at Oxford—where he was keeping his terms, though with very little chance of taking a degree—that every pretty girl, not elevated to the rank of gentlewoman, is the lawful victim of any young man having a legal claim to the dignity of esquire, who may feel disposed to become the minister of her undoing.

On her way home he took care to meet the innocent Phoebe, and to shock her with his coarse and licentious proposals. Though repelled for the moment by her unexpected firmness, he soon overcame the embarrassment into which he had been thrown, and made his advances in a manner so alarming to the timid girl, that she suddenly sprang from his side with the agility of a deer, and bounding over the path, reached the gate of an adjoining field, where there were some workmen, to whom she loudly called for assistance. A young farmer, observing the extreme earnestness of her manner, and the piercing anxiety of her cry, ran to the spot just as her persecutor had reached her and thrown his arm rudely round her waist.

"Save me, I beseech you," cried Phoebe, breathlessly, and sank fainting into the arms of her persecutor.

"Let her go," said the farmer in a tone of authority.

"Who are you, Sir?" cried the indignant Oxonian, flourishing a whip, but still retaining his hold of the fainting Phoebe.

"I am Philip Trist, son of farmer Trist, of the Grange yonder, upon whose land you are now trespassing, and if you don't let go your hold of that young woman, I'll drub you as soundly as if you were an old mill horse."

The young squire laughed at this threat, and to show the farmer how little he heeded it, forcibly imprinted a kiss upon the cheek of the half-conscious Phoebe. Her mute but earnest expression of appeal acted like an electric shock upon the decision of the young rustic, who without any further display of logic, at which he was no match for the member of the University, doubled his large coarse fist, and planting it with all his force upon the temples of the Oxonian, sent him to the ground with a force that rendered him for several moments far less conscious than the object of his cowardly assault. The young gentleman got up after a few seconds, without showing any disposition to renew the encounter, but uttering vows of vengeance against both. Phoebe's gallant champion immediately attended her home.
REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDESTINATED ROGUE.

From this time his visits were frequently made to the cottage of the old woman with whom Phoebe dwelt—"few and far between" at first, but the intervals gradually closing until scarcely a day intervened. This was extremely distressing to the beautiful gipsy, the sources of whose heart were frozen and impervious to the rays of but one sun, and the genial influence of those rays was denied to them. She knew not how to tell the man who had done her so signal a service, that his visits were unwelcome, and yet she felt the evil to be only increasing, and growing more untractable by delay. She tried all that manner could do to repel the young man's advances, but her coldness was accompanied with so much meekness of nature, and such a timid apprehension of conveying a pang, that it was not perceived by the farmer, who was as ill acquainted with the delicacies of sentiment as with the refinements of life, and therefore continued his visits without once suspecting that they were painful. Though Phoebe's timidity prevented her from showing him any direct disapprobation of the course he was pursuing towards her, there was nevertheless in her demeanour, that grave and easy dignity of virtue which checked him from making an abrupt disclosure already many times on his lips. He had sagacity enough to discover that the object of his choice must be wooed before she could be won; nevertheless, after having passed a noviciate of several weeks in this new vocation of wooer, he very justly thought the time was come to declare himself. This was the climax which Phoebe was now anxious that the matter should reach as soon as possible, being determined to take the opportunity of relieving herself from much painful impatience, and her innocent persecutor from suffering a more protracted disappointment.

One morning, while gazing upon her with that rapture which he never failed to show by the most obvious indications, being roused to the pitch necessary for revealing the tender agonies of his heart, he began by declaring his admiration in language that would have formed a curious contrast with the elaborate eloquence of a more refined lover. If his declaration was less poetical, it was not less fervent, and he concluded a very homely address with a direct offer of his hand. She refused his offer, though in the gentlest manner, yet with a tone so firm, that he could not for a moment doubt of her resolved earnestness of purpose. He expostulated for a while, but it was of no avail, and after a somewhat shorter visit than usual, he quitted the cottage, a rejected suitor. He went home mumbling part of an old ballad—

A lover of late was I,
For Cupid would have it so;
The boy that hath never an eye,
As every man doth know.
I sighed, and sobbed, and cried alas!
For her that laugh'd and called me ass.
Then knew not I what to do,
When I saw it was in vain;
A lady so coy to woo,
Who gave me the ass so plain;
Yet would I her ass freely bee,
So she would help and bear with me.

An exaggerated report of the affair soon reached Dillon,—for when did ever country gossips fail to exaggerate a similar romance of real life? Of all matters in the world, lovers' vows are the soonest heard of and talked about, with those accumulations which the snow-ball gathers in rolling down a mountain. When our hero first heard of Phoebe's good luck, as it was called, it was declared that the young farmer was a man of substance, and a man of mettle in more senses than one; that he was "uncommon well looking;" as handsome as a new star; that Phoebe had accepted his offer, and they were to be made one forthwith. Dillon's heart quailed at this intelligence; a qualm like that of death came over his spirit;—he could not bear his thoughts. He felt that his conduct to Phoebe had been cold and even cruel, and that he had therefore forfeited all claim to her good feeling; still he could not endure the thought that she should marry another. Her readiness to accept the first man who offered startled his keen sensibility. He began to consider the matter with the deep morbid scrutiny of a fierce jealousy, and the conclusion to which he came was that her heart was light, and her delicacy akin to that of her tribe. Had she loved him with the intensity of a pure and holy passion, would she have so soon discarded him from her bosom, even though he had used her coldly? A deep-seated affection is not so easily effaced. Such were the selfish conclusions of his jealousy.

With these feelings, that sent a thrill of excitement through his whole frame, he sought the cottage where the beautiful gipsy dwelt. The door being opened, he saw the object of his unjust suspicions seated at the window, working a small fancy basket, which her taper fingers were admirably calculated to execute with the greatest neatness. Her eyes were fixed with calm earnestness upon her work, and the expression of her countenance was any thing but joyous.
Dillon was moved—his suspicions wavered. She looked up—her eye was suddenly kindled; a flush, warm, beautiful and full of life, mantled upon her cheek, her lips slightly parted, sufficient to show the pearls beneath, and curled into the least perceptible smile. Paint, however, as the smile was, the broad earnest expression of the deep blue eye gave it a character of intense gladness. She bounded towards Dillon with a light elastic leap, and seized his extended hand in both hers; but the burst of feeling overpowered her, the reaction almost instantly followed, and she sat down in her chair and wept hysterically.

Our hero knew not how to interpret this shock of sensibility; he was disagreeably perplexed; but warmed by the simple honest energy of her manner towards him, he seated himself by her, and after a few commonplace remarks, by way of premonition, began to enter upon the topic immediately connected with his visit. Her warm, cordial reception of him had somewhat allayed the fever of his jealousy, and he began by telling her that he wished to take some of her baskets upon his next trip to the little island, where he could dispose of them to advantage, and he was therefore ready to purchase her whole stock.

"Nay, James," said Phœbe, gravely, and with a slight tremulous motion of the eyelid, which indicated a nervous apprehension of how she was going to say would be received; "nay, James, you are welcome—welcome from my heart and soul, to the baskets, but I never can allow you to pay me for what would, at any rate, be but a very small compensation for the numerous acts of kindness for which I am your debtor."

"Don't talk of your being my debtor: what I have done is not worth repaying with the labour of those delicate hands. You withheld the only price I ever set upon—but no matter—shall I have the baskets on my own terms?"

Phœbe hesitated—she trembled—at length she said timidly, but firmly, "If you will dispose of them on my account, well; but I cannot take your money for them."

Dillon's jealousy began to rekindle; he saw that there was something within her which made him suspect that she harboured an unfavourable sentiment towards him. He said, with some bitterness, "I am forestalled, perhaps; I forgot that Phœbe will now shortly be under the restraint of another. The baskets, may be, are for the young farmer at the Grange, who, if rumour do not lie, will soon have a right of property in them, and likewise in their fabricator."

"Dillon," said Phœbe, colouring deeply, "you have been deceived; the young farmer at the Grange has won my gratitude, for he deserves it, but he has not won my love."

"Are you not engaged to be married to him?" asked Dillon, eagerly.

"No."

"I have heard he made you an offer, and that you accepted him, with an assurance of everlasting love."

"He did offer me his hand, but I refused it, because I could not give him my heart."

Dillon was gratified by what he heard, and the assurance that the lovely girl before him was still free from any engagement, subdued the disquiet with which his bosom had been labouring. He suddenly became calm and cold.

"Well," said he, "as you are too proud to allow me to do you a service, I'll take the baskets upon your own terms, and sell them on your account, deducting a commission for the sale;" saying which, he quitted the cottage, with a hard equivocal smile, and left the poor girl in tears.

This interview had, however, considerably subdued his pride, and he felt his old affection returning. His love had revived in all its former fervency, and he would not have belied his heart had he said to her in the exquisite words of Shakspeare to the violet—

"Sweet thief! whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veils thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But scent or colour it had stolen from thee."

Not long after this interview, as he was returning from the town one afternoon after sunset, he saw the young squire walking leisurely up and down a sequestered path, and having heard of his insult to Phœbe, he suspected that the young "fellow of Magdalen" was in pursuit of no good; he therefore determined to watch him. Turning into a field, he proceeded down by the hedge until he reached the place where the Oxonian was walking on the opposite side. He heard him carelessly whistling, but in so low a key that it scarcely reached his ear. He had not waited long before he distinguished Phœbe's voice mildly expostulating with the embryo magistrate for interrupting her progress.

* Shakspeare's Poems.
home, at the same time charging him with having induced her to quit her cottage by a false representation. Dillon heard enough to bring the whole truth at once to his mind.

The magistrate's son had sent a message in the name of a neighbouring farmer's wife, desiring the pretty gipsy's immediate presence with some of her fancy baskets, as the lady was desirous of purchasing two or three. The unsuspecting Phoebe had instantly answered the summons, and knowing that her way home lay through the sequestered path in which Dillon saw him strolling, the commoner of the University determined there to await her return.

Our hero, as soon as his suspicions were confirmed, pulled a stout stick from the hedge, and prepared to administer summary chastisement upon the offender, should he proceed to any rudeness towards the lovely girl. He at length heard her clear, mellow voice raised above its ordinary pitch.

"Sir, do not leave upon me the impression that you are a coward; for that is the only character which I can recognise in a man who would wantonly assail a woman's virtue. Why should you dare to suppose that I would suffer a moral pollution from the son of a country magistrate, more than from the son of a strolling beggar? Quit me, Sir, instantly, for, though alone, I have energy sufficient to vindicate my insulted honour."

"Now, all this is sheer nonsense—all sham Abraham, pretty one: you've no one now to put his rude fist into my face, because I attempted to steal a kiss, which I shall again do, in spite of your young farmer, or any of his rustics."

Dillon almost instantly heard a struggle, and, leaping over the hedge, stood before the astonished "Fellow of Magdalen," who, vexed at the intrusion, and excited by the resistance he had met with from the interesting gipsy, threw his arm violently round her neck. His hat fell off in the effort, when our hero struck him a smart blow upon the crown, which sent him senseless to the earth, where, in spite of Phoebe's entreaties, he left him reeking in his blood.

A few days after Dillon was seized and taken before the Magistrate, charged with a brutal assault upon the son of that oracle of the quorum. The indignant father looked upon the man who had so deservedly chastised his heir with a magisterial frown that told, as clearly as a frown could do, what would be the result of this examination. Putting his spectacles upon a nose that looked like a diagram upon a terrestrial globe, and projected over his lips at an angle of sixty degrees, with both nostrils gaping as if eager to catch and absorb the sounds which issued from those plump purple declaimers of the oracle within, he fixed upon Dillon his small gloating eyes that peered through the glasses like two dim pebbles at the bottom of a shallow fountain, and said in a sharp cracked tone—

"Dog, how dared you ill use my son?"

"Ass," replied Dillon disdainfully, "because your son acted like a scoundrel; and he would have been better served had he left his brains instead of his blood upon the road where he hugged his mother earth against his own will."

"Enough," roared the busy squire, striking his hand vehemently upon the table—

"enough—away with him to the stocks, and there he shall stay till the cock crows, or my name's not Benjamin."

The waving of the magistrate's hand was a signal too well understood by the attendant functionaries, to need any further interpretation. Dillon was hurried off to the neighbouring village, where he was put into the stocks; but scarcely had the ponderous machine been closed over his legs ere a dozen of his companions from the lugger appeared, knocked down the constables, tore up the stocks, broke them into fragments, and released their friend. They immediately repaired in a body to the old squire's house. A large counterpane was spread out upon the grass in the lawn. Several of them entered the mansion, where the knight of the shire was at his dinner, in the act of picking the merry-thought of a chicken, rudely collared the trembling justice and dragged him from the scene of his enjoyment, to undergo the retribution with which they had determined to visit him.

When they had fairly got into the lawn, the lank arbiter upon questions of criminal law, looking like a dried mummy galvanised into a sort of fictitious life, they tumbled him head over heels into the counterpane, which was held by eight stout fellows, ready to receive this practical expounder of "Burn's Justice," and tossed him for ten minutes by way of giving him an appetite for his dessert. Having frightened the rustic judge nearly out of his senses, they left him to discuss his apple dumpling, and chew the cud of his most judicial indignation.

Syphax.
THE RIVAL DEMONS.

A POEM.—IN THREE CANTOS. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK."

ADDRESS.
TO OUR GENTLE PATRON THE PUBLIC.

Look, O many-headed patron;
With pure eye of maid or matron,
Artless youth, or placid age,
On our unpretending page!
Nought of laurels may we dream
Waits such rambling rhyme or theme;
All our aim will be attained
Should our patron's smile be gained,
Well we know that rich and rare
Is our patron's mental fare.
Well we wot that land and sea,
Worlds ideal and those that be,
Dreams of Genius, rays of light
Caught by philosophic sight,
All by by-gone ages known,
All by dear experience shown,
Fruits of learning's patient toil,
Hoary hairs and midnight oil,
All that travellers see and learn,
All that science's sons discern,
Each and all a tribute pay,
Monthly, weekly, day by day;
Deck the table, richly spread
For our patron's heart and head.
Yet, as at some high repet,
Simplest fruits are brought at last,
And, their appetite appeased,
Daintiest epics are pleased
With such simple fare to play
'Er their wine, and wile away
Time, 'mid merry chat and tale—
Even so would we prevail
On our patron to permit
Our humble rhymes, so simply writ,
Upon the table to appear,
When weary of substantial cheer.
And, if an hour they should begrudge
From anxious thought, or raise a smile
Where else it had not been, and tend
To wake reflection to the end
Our moral aims at, all will then
Be gained for which we took the pen.
So—gentle patron, fare ye well!
We leave with you our "bagatelle."

Canto the First.

In the regions infernal they struggle for place,
Just the same as folks here, with vows, lies and grimace
And the gentlemen out curse the gentlemen in,
And vehemently swear their promotion's a sin:
But it seems they've one plan which we have not on earth,
Viz.: each demon must prove himself fit for his berth;
And, no doubt that's the way
That satanical sway
Has remained so tremendously strong till this day.

For each outpost is held by diaboses who know
How to parley, and bully, and give blow for blow,
While the ministers' places are kept by a set
Who, though often pressed hard, have been ne'er beaten yet.
More ambitious than Caesar or Sawney the great,
They right well understand diplomatic debate;
And, by sporting a "Joe" or well-studied bon-mot,
They lead noodles wherever they'd have them to go.

There, they talk not of intellect's march, nor of peace,
Nor of Malthus, but love population's increase.
Emigration's forbidden, and honours await
Imps who bring in full cargoes of men to the state.
Competition, in consequence, always is strong.
And it happens, at times, that the new-landed throng
Find no lodging at hand,
But must wait on the strand,
Till a black guard arrives to escort them inland.

Thus, waste districts are peopled and colonies rise,
Which, of course, require rulers, police and excise;
And the ardent evinced the new places to gain,
With the number of candidates, shows very plain,
That the lust for employ in a lucrative post
Is a favourite bent with the underground host.
For the speeches they make
And the oaths which they take
Are enough to make old Nox and Erebus quake.

"Twas at one of these scenes, a magnificent pair
Of sin-tempting spirits kept "sawing the air"
With alternate success, till they seemed neck and neck;
And then Pluto determined the contest to check,—
For the services each had performed to the state
Had been equally arduous and equally great:
"So," said he, "lads start fair!
Both to earth shall repair
On a fresh expedition and try your luck there.

"Each assume what new form his invention points out,
And we give you 'carte blanche' for your service and route.
Tempt, flatter, and threaten, and fawn as you will,
And he who does most our waste regions to fill,
To the void principality solemnly we
Here declare, with fit pension, appointed shall be.
Yes, we swear it by Styx!
So your characters fix,
And be off and prove worthy high rank at Old Nick's."

THE RIVAL DEMONS.

Full of zeal and ambition the rivals withdrew
From the presence, and off to the upper world flew,
Each determined to rack his invention and find
Some astonishing mode of misleading mankind:
And the plans that they planned and the journeys
they took
Would be amply sufficient to fill a great book;
But we must confine
Ourselves to the line
Which each chose at last, 'mid his comrades to shine.

The first was a spirit impetuous and strong,
Rough in action and look, all alive in a throng;
Much given to cursing, and swearing, and "rowin',"
His speech was a sort of perpetual bow-wow-ing;
So the quarrels of mortals to him were rare sport,
And to raise them was reckoned his principal
"forte."
If he could but excite
Their bad passions to fight
He'd look on, rub his hands, and cry. "Go it!
all's right."

His opponent did things in a different style,
Sporting perfumes and bows, and a most winning
smile;
Said soft things to the fair and bon-mots to the
gents;
And, in parties, fell in with the company's bents
With such exquisite tact they pronounced him to be an
Accomplished and amiable epicurean.
So, when he'd the entree
To a house, every day
The domestics for him a spare cover would lay.

Deeply pondered the twain to devise each his plan
For the rapid enthralling and ruin of man.
The first scratched his head, and exclaimed, "I
must seek a
New method of fighting, and, hurray! Eureka!
That will do! you've no chance. Pandemonium
will roar
With applause when intelligence reaches the shore
Of what I've devised,
'Twill by mortals be prized,
So—give up and go back, my good friend—be
advised.

"No, indeed you've no manner of chance if you
stay,
For I'll send men below by ten thousand a day.
I shall mix myself up with a powder composed
Of sulphur et cetera, and then be enclosed
In long tubes of metal from which I shall leap
Like thunder, and carry whole ranks to the deep.
Oh! the sport will be rare!
I shall bluster and flare,
And become a chief prince of the Pow'rs of the air."

"Blaze away, by all means," his mild rival replied,
"That your project is promising can't be denied.
Mow 'em down, blow 'em up, burn, stifle or slay;
But I mean to do things in a quieter way,
And, while you with explosions and noise the world
fill,
Shall embody myself with what drops from the still.
Smile and set me at nought,
But you'll find I'll have brought
Equal numbers with yours when your battles are
fought."

"Pshaw! I never," the gunpowder imp cried, in
scorn,
"Heard such rhodomontade since the day I was
born!
Your spirit won't hurt man unless they will
drink it.
Persuade them to that! Bless you! How could
you think it?
I tasted it once—'twas like drawing in fire
More potent than e'en one of us could respire.
Then, they've water and beer,
And good wines, too, I hear,
So will never admit burning liquors—that's clear."

Here the demon of alcohol made a low bow,
Saying, "Mine be the task to contrive when or
how;
But I'm practised in gaining the poor creatures' votes,
And am fully determined to get down their throats,—
Since, when that's once accomplished, and I'm
fairly in,
'Twill be wondrous, indeed, if I can't make them
sin:
For I've heard, or I've read,
Spirits fly to the head;
So, when reason is gone, I shall rule in its stead."

Then they parted, as oft our competitors do,
With a shake of the hand and pro forma adieu,
And each went his way, to pursue his own plan
For the speedier destruction and conquest of man,
'Twas a terrible time for the dwellers on earth,
While the regions of darkness abounded in mirth;
And the demons were seen
O'er the ramparts to lean
To catch the first glimpse of the first bulletin.

The thundering of cannon was heard loud and
louder,
And betting grew heavy with odds on gunpowder.
Young imps grew uproarious, forgetting their station,
And sly old ones winked at their jollification;
While suspense kept increasing till even old Scratch
Cried, "We can't eat our dinner till we've the
Dispatch!
'Tis a terrible bore
To hear plainly the roar,
Yet not know what they're at on the opposite
shore."
THE RIVAL DEMONS.

At length, in came the mail boat, of ten legion pow'rs,
Having made a quick passage of less than an hour;
And an extra official gazette was that night
Stamped and published, recording a terrible fight
Erected on earth 'twixt two parties of sinners,
Injustice and Tyranny named as the winners;
And declaring also
That a squadron would go
For the slain who were all to be pris'ners below.

Indeed they appeared quite a different set
From those sent below by gunpowder as yet.
For the victims of that were sturdy man-quellers,
Somewhat haughty and stiff, yet good-looking fellows;
While the alcohol lots were a compo of all
Ranks and classes that dwell on the whirligig ball;
And, 'tis grievous to say,
Of both sexes were they
Who, to that subtle demon, too soon fell a prey.

So affirmed the infernal gazette, but it lied,
As it often was wont, for the vanquished who died
Had fought well for their country, their freedom
and laws;
While, among the fall'n victors, great numbers
found cause
For remission of punishment, since they'd obeyed
The strict laws their tyrannical masters had made.
And on them lay the blame
And the ultimate shame
Of the havoc they'd wrought to achieve a great name.

Thus the contest between the two candidates grew
More apparently equally poised, till a few
Of the old gambling demons determined to "hedge"
The bets they had made, and would lounge on the edge
Of the wharfs, and look anxious with night-glass in hand,
To decry what small vessels were making for land;
While, elate as before,
The folks along shore
And the young imps huzza'd at the cannon's loud roar.

Still the harvest was great from the gunpowder plot,
And his friends all declared the inventor had got
So ahead on the poll that they could but admire
His opponent's audacity not to retire.
"'Tis mere madness," said one, "for we've thousands to show
Against every poor sinner that he's sent below.
There's a drunkard or two,
Some young rakes and a few,
Old women, ten smugglers, and one filthy Jew!"

And thus time passed away till the council of state,
After long sitting shut up in dusky debate,
All agreed to petition the Monarch to send
For the candidates back and their contest to end;
And his Majesty, always delighting to do
As his council advised, if their wish was his too,
A swift messenger sent
To announce his intent
Was to learn from themselves what they'd done since they went.

As time past, now and then, a great battle was fought,
And, in consequence, cargoes of victims were brought;
But their numbers, when counted, were ne'er found to match
With the lists which arrived with the envoy's despatch;
Yet the shew that they made, as they came in a lot,
Still supported the cause of the gunpowder plot,—
For the folks on the quay
Every landing might see,
And a sight strikes the mob, whatsoever it be.

So the rivals returned, were presented, kissed hands,
As was usual with courtiers who'd seen foreign lands;
Were much fêted by friends and gaped at by the crowd;
Were polite to each other, and shook hands and vowed
That they wished the most worthy might win pow'r and pelf,
And in that spake the truth: for each thought, with himself
None beside might compare,
A delusion not rare
Among spirits infernal—nor, perhaps, anywhere.

In the meanwhile all talk of the quiet imp ceased,
Till his shipments, though small, in their number increased.
Day by day, at each tide, they kept still dropping in,
And were warranted all to be well stain'd with sin,
Inasmuch that inspectors would often debate
If they hadn't been smuggled before from the state;
For they'd got the "patois"
And the "Je ne sais quoi."
Of all persons long subject to Satanic law.

Now, we must not imagine this trial took place
Of the candidates' skill in a very brief space,
For it may have endured through a century or so,
As our years are mere trifles to dwellers below.
'Tis enough that the day was appointed when each
Was expected to set forth his claims in a speech,
And reveal the new plan
He'd contrived to trepan
Such a host of the unfeathered biped called man.

L L
"And, in truth, so they would, if one party had kept
My invention a secret. By Styx! They'd have swept
The whole face of the globe and attained such a sway
There'd been nothing but peace upon earth at this day.
So I told it to all, and your Majesty knows
That my bullets have been more productive than blows,
Since that fight at Cannes
There have not been any
Such battles as lately, and, never, so many.

"Now, allow me to call your attention, my liege,
To that pleasant diversion, on earth called a siege.
The poor ignorant creatures were wont to surround
A strong fortified town with a ditch and a mound;
And, as long as the people within had enough
Both to eat and to drink, they would laugh at such stuff.
From the ramparts they'd shout,
And but seldom come out,
While the others were idle or strolling about.

"Now, the case is quite altered. They send shot and shell
Flying over the walls, drive the natives pell-mell;
Burn the churches and houses, and then spring a mine.
The explosion of which is infernally fine.
And, meanwhile, the besieged fire away with my balls
At each enemy's post they discern from the walls.
So, at last, things grow warm,
The besiegers all warm
To the breach and —— I really can't picture 'a storm.'

"Please your Majesty here to observe I intend
To infer that a siege, from beginning to end,
Is one constant fight, with the pleasant addition
Of women and children of every condition.
So, enough now of that, and my next humble plea Is, the fights I've got up in the midst of the sea,
Where, formerly, no
Mighty ships dared to go,
But all sneaking along near the shore used to row.

"Now, provided with my much-approved ammunition,
They meet on the ocean in proper condition:
Not, like old Roman galleys, with beak against beak,
But fully prepared their mad vengeance to wreak.
Thus, men fight not alone their next neighbour and brother,
But war from one end of the world on the other.
So I hope that before
Long there won't be a shore
But will loudly re-echo with gunpowder's roar.

'Twere long to describe all the paraphernalia
Of Hades' proud Monarch, his dress and regalia,
How tremendous the dragon he rode to the hall,
And what fierce looking spirits attended his call,
What his throne was composed of, and how he sat there,
On a cushion of flame, with a dignified air.
His mere titles indeed
Would our limits exceed,
And but few of our readers have patience to read.

The business was opened, of course, by his praises,
Re-echoed by all, for that one of their ways is;
Much they lauded his clemency, justice, and what
Other qualities they were quite sure he had not.
And, when that farce was over, he grinned a grimace,
And desired that Gunpowder would rise in his place.
So, thereat, with an air
Quite "à la militaire,"
Rose the demon of sulphur and rubbed up his hair.

Then he hemmed three particular hems, blew his nose,
And adjusted his cravat, mustachios and clothes,
With the utmost sang froid; while an odd hissing sound,
As of whispered applause, made its circuit around
All the mighty assembly, and handkerchiefs waved
From the galleries above, which, by order, were saved
For the female noblesse,
Who sate there in full dress,
With huge feathers, like flames, and sleeves large to excess.

When the murmurs subsided, the orator bowed
To his Majesty thrice, and then once to the crowd,
And began, "My dread liege, as you did me relate
My proceedings on earth since I quitted your state,
I now beg to inform you I visited Kings,
Bade them throw away bows, catapultas and slings,
Helmet, hauberks and lance,
And I'd teach them to prance
Safe on horseback, and kill their foes 'à la distance.'

"Some stupid philanthropists teased me at first
With their mawkish objections; but knowing the thirst
Of ambition, and conquest, and glory, and such
Sort of things among mortals, I didn't care much
For their queer palaver, and very soon found
Out a method of beating them on their own ground.
For, says I, by my way,
Though some hundreds you slay,
That is mercy—for wars now will end in a day.
THE RIVAL DEMONS.

"On the minor transactions, permit me to say
My invention gives men a far readier way
To murder, thief, riot, and settle disputes
Than they formerly practiced, so much like the brutes,
When no others than knights and men tutored to arms
Might inflict any mortal or dangerous harms;
 Whereas now each gay spark,
Blackguard, gent, barber's clerk,
Or even coward may kill, if his ball hit the mark.

"So, here ends, most infernal, ignipotent sire!
A brief sketch of my plan to fulfill your desire;
And, if it don't answer your high expectation,
And that of your council and whole population,
This I only can say, I conformed to your will,
And have done all I could your waste regions to fill;
And the numbers I've sent,
For the new districts meant,
Are all safely arrived and in limbo are pent."

Here he ceased, and the plaudits that rose all around
Were so shrill and so strong they almost shook the ground.
And the saturnine King condescended meanwhile
To look round, pick his teeth, and most graciously smile.
At length "Silence!" was called, and, a strange thing to say,
In his Majesty's presence, some dared disobey.
All the courtiers cried "shame!"
But it still was the same—
An odd murmuring sound from the galleries came.

"Quick! Go, some of you! Fly up and see what they want!"
Said the King from the throne, "for, our honour
upon't,
If once the dear creatures begin with a riot,
No pow'r we possess can restore them to quiet.
Our arm'd hosts, at our frown, bow and tremble with fear;
But the Queen, by her maidens surrounded! Oh, dear!
So be gone! That's enough.
Where's our box of strong snuff?
That's her Majesty, dressed in carnation and buff!"

All the young dandy courtiers, delighted to go,
On an errand so pleasant, sprung up in a row,
Each most gracefully flattering his wings with a whirr.
And, who'er had a fav'ret, of course flew to her.
Some few leaned on the gall'ries, some hung by a claw;
But to pass o'er the rail was considered pah, pah:
While the beauties within
Showed their teeth, with a grin,
To the beaux whose attentions they purposed to win.

O'er these minor flirtations of course we must skip,
But her Satanic Majesty pouted her lip,
And declared, to the old smirking demon who came
Up to know her high pleasure, "'Twas really a shame
To invite her to hear long dull speeches, when she
Had made up her mind a grand blow up to see.
"So," said she, "Sir, go back,
And say we're on the rack
To hear gunpowder thunder, and splutter and crack."

When the King was informed of his consort's desire,
He said, "We must comply. And so, go and set fire
To that barrel——" But here the inventor arose,
Declaring he feared for the ladies' fine clothes.
And he spoke of the noise; but, "don't mention that, pray,"
Said the King, "it can't possibly make more than they.
Yet, fly up, if you will,
To the queen—try your skill!
You'll persuade her when Sisyphus crosses his hill!"

To the gall'ry, instanter, the candidate flew,
And, as arts of persuasion to him were not new,
Made a very fair speech, in a fluttering strain;
But the Queen shook her head, and said, "Sir, it is plain
You to keep your new secret are strongly disposed,
But we'll have it. Of what is your powder composed?
We're determined to know,
And shall not let you go
Till you've told us. And then, please to fire some below."

"By all means," said the demon, and gave his receipt,
Which the queen read at once, and then said with some heat,
"Pahaw! There's nothing new here Sir! Why, fiddle-de-dee!
We take boiling sulphur at parties for tea,
And saltpetre we know is a nice cooling drink.
We've heard lectures on chemistry—so, do not think
To escape from us thus!
Come, come, no more fuss!
Make what uproar you will, you won't terrify us."

Then the barrel was placed on the ground, and a train
Was laid to the throne, for the Monarch felt vain
At the notion of being the first to display
The new powder's famed virtues; and so, when the way
Of igniting the grains was described, put his hand
On the train, which it lighted as well as a brand.
Swift along all the floor
The flame flew—and a roar
Came at last—and away roof and galleries bore!
This unlooked-for event, it seems, happened because
Some poor mortals, pursuant to underground laws, Had been pressed by the architect, and it's the way Of the work of all mortals, to fall to decay: So, he trusted them only with galleries and roof, Which little he thought would be put to such proof, But took heed that each wall, That surrounded the hall Should by demons be built, so with fire would not fall.

First, the King and his courtiers, enveloped in smoke, Felt inclined to believe that the whole was a joke; But, ere long, the cloud lightened and mounted in air, And they saw the roof gone and the side walls all bare. Then, all gazed with astonishment, some with alarm; But the King coolly rose, took the candidate's arm, And, as grave as a don, While he leant hard thereon, Said, "Our very dear friend! So her Majesty's gone?"

(The Second Canto in our Next.)

LUCID INTERVAL OF A MAD PRISONER.

A PASSAGE FROM THE DIARY OF "THE CLERGYMAN IN DEBT."

Man! exclaims the reader. Oh no, surely not! Will you tell me, that when the worst and dreariest calamity that in grief can visit virtue, or, in retribution, sin,—has fallen upon a fellow-being; when the bosom is severed, and the heart burns, and a storm is howling in the caverns of the brain, deserted as they are by reason, and shut out from light;—when love's blessed spirit is lost in frenzy, and memory makes way for despair;—when all man's intellects lay prostrate, and all his affections are banished, all his hopes undone; can the law, holding a tyrant power over one who acknowledges no dictates, and is irresponsible as a child, follow up an awful divine visitation, with the hollow mockery of human vengeance, and take the madman from his fit asylum, to close upon him the portals of a gaol!

What the law can do it is no part of our vocation to establish; but what it has done we are free to tell, and we answer the question which we have imagined for our reader, with the assertion, that it has many times committed the insane to prison for the crime of debt.

A few days since it was my lot to read the funeral service over the body of Frederic Storr. He was buried in some ground attached to a small chapel in the rules of the King's Bench, within which he had resided twelve years. A few hired mourners saw him committed to the tomb, and one woman, who wept very bitterly, but who I afterwards ascertained was not connected with him by any positive tie of kindred. He had travelled friendless from the living grave of his prison to the darker, but scarce drearier dwelling below the earth! I had known him for some years previous to his death—he was mad, save at occasional lucid intervals, when memory seemed to return with sense, and he could converse with presence and rationality of mind. Strangely too, at those moments he could recall and talk of the tormenting visions of his insanity, and none was then more aware of what he had been mad. He could go back, too, to the early events of his life, and often narrate the incidents that had brought him into gaol.

I happened one morning in my ramble round the rules of the prison to meet Storr coming through the little gate before his dwelling, and by his salutation I perceived that he had an interval of sense—one of those beautiful episodes of light and reason that for a time restore order in the brain. I spent the whole of that day with him, endeavouring to amuse his mind, while it retained its empire, with rapid and changeful conversation, for of itself it seemed to revert, through the power of memory, to the stormy "Past" of Storr's unhappy life. Towards evening, Storr's uneasiness upon this point increased, and at last I was obliged to allow him to unburthen himself of the history, which he was fond of narrating, of what had
fallen out in the dark page of his destiny. The story is here presented to the reader as from the lips of its melancholy hero!

* * * *

"My mother died when I was sixteen. I shall never—no, not even in madness, forget my mother's death. I was with her to the last. I alone—for my father was away then—and she kissed me with her last kiss, and smiled upon me with her last sweet smile, and blessed me with her farewell words. I remember I had been a wild boy; I had given her many moments of pain and heart-ach, and she often feared that my irrepresible levity and impetuous folly would in the end be my ruin. A fear of this sort seemed to pervade her spirit before, on holy wings, it took its far flight to God; for just before she died she said, with her mild quiet voice and look, 'Dearest Fred—do—do be steady when I am gone;' and I promised it fervently. 'I will mother, I will indeed!'—See, see how memory makes me weep!

"My father came home. He grieved a little, but his sorrow was shallow and unenduring; and it soon fled after my mother was carried to her grave. I know not even if it lasted out the mourning suit. But if my father soon forgot the dead, he did not neglect the living: he saw me keeping the promise I had made to my dying mother—'to be steady after she was gone.' I had exchanged the theatres and saloons for study, and given up dissipation for my books. He began at once to interest himself in my pursuits, and set himself, well competent to the task, to complete my education. The channel into which he turned it blasted the better feelings, and blighted the flowers of my heart, and made me what you see me now. I had become steady with a good motive: alas he taught me how to remain so with a bad purpose.

"My father was a sordid man; but his selfishness denied to him the power of enduring those privations by which he could have sown in early life the seeds of a fortune that might have swelled into the Leviathan wealth of a Baring or a Rothschild, and he now sought to revive the lost opportunity in his son. He went cunningly to work, and filled my mind with a cursed learning; he awoke in me a bad ambition, by teaching me the knowledge of the power of gold. Poverty he made me fear, and wealth worship. He alchemised my affections, and turned the current of my heart. The love of man changed into the love of Mammon; all bright dreams vanished, save those which money seemed to gild. The charms, the glorious beauties of external nature, lost all loveliness in my sight, and became as nothing before the glittering attractions of a bank, or a vision of the interior of an iron chest. To accumulate became a passion with me, and the spirit of usury an idol in my heart. So my father was gratified, and he rejoiced to see me a miser and a Mammon-lover, at the age of twenty-one.

"Before he died, I had made a profession of that which he had taught me to adore. He saw me engaged in partnership with a bill-broker equally famous for his extortionate discounts, and his impenetrability of heart; and when I stood by my father's bed-side in the hour of death, he left me and the world, saying—'Fred, my boy, God bless you, I am going now, but I'm glad to leave you in the way of making your fortune.'

"The first sacrifice I made at the altar of money was by a marriage, for its love alone, to a thoughtless and senseless girl, who had no other positive attractions than a pretty face and a heavy purse, the first of which was generally confronted with a mirror, while of the latter I took especial care myself. The fortune procured me some pleasure; but the only moment of real happiness I ever enjoyed with my wife was, when, at the end of the first year of our union, I made the discovery that she was not likely to encumber me with the expense of children.

"I devoted myself to my business, which I told you was that of stock-broker, with intense diligence; but oh! I look back upon it with more intense disgust. All the elements of the earthquake that has since shattered my heart and overturned my brain, were moulded in its cursed crucible in which I sought my gold. Upon the sea of life it foundered me, and I am now tossed there a wretched wreck. By the God of Heaven it was a fearful trade. Tell me not of the soldier on the plains, nor of the doctor at the bed of suffering, of torture, and of death: the scenes of the battle and the plague are a feather in the balance of misery, when weighed against those which I have seen and caused—yes, I, the relentless agent of other's sorrows, bartered for usury and begot in guilt.

"We had connected ourselves in a short time with a host of attorneys, Jews, bailiffs, money-lenders, and all the offscums of our trade. Does a man fall from his horse, he goes to the surgeon to have blood let, —and so did we—leeches in another sense—
bleed the hundreds, who having fallen in circumstances came to us for temporary relief. The title seemed at first to flow from their purse, but often did it eventually prove to be blood of the hearts! All our connections had to live. This was the great secret of the misery which we caused. It was our business to discount bills with enormous usury, under a certainty that they would not be paid when due, although we were sure of the money soon after,—but we never waited. The bits of paper were passed over to the lawyers with whom we were linked, and each took his turn, with a dishonoured bill, to arrest the unfortunates who had their names attached, either as drawers, acceptors, or in the way of indorsement; for, to increase costs, we invariably issued writs against them all. Then the Jew bailiffs were brought into play, and they made money either by arresting the parties, or by taking fees not to arrest. Thus it was an organised system of plunder, of which we were the polluted source. The tide of accommodation rolled onward from our house, but its streams were pregnant with poison, and brought heart-burnings to all who drank. As our connexion increased, we held, in every prison in London, victims whom we had arrested, and not a few in the gaols of county towns; and yet not one instance can I recollect that the persons whom we kept in durance deserved imprisonment, for they would have paid us if we had not sent them thither, and we were the swindlers, upon system, by whom they had been decoyed, in a moment of need, into the debts which we now sought to punish them for owing. Injustice, custom, and the desire of wealth, had effectually closed the avenues of sympathy in our hearts, and our feelings were petrified, or we could not have lived under the ordeals of touching narrative, tear-waking eloquence, and affecting appeal, which we had daily to undergo. God!—in that brief period what a life was mine. Day after day did I enter my counting-house to find on my desk letters that should have warmed an icicle to pity, and melted an avalanche into a torrent of benevolence and human mercy for my kind! Here was a tale from a lone woman, that her house was desolated by my execution, that her husband was in prison at my suit. There lay a letter from a young victim just taken to a spunging-house, the first step on his extravagant path to gaol, where, by our means, his heart was to be hardened, and his morals made corrupt. Now I read the statement of a father, that his wife must die, his business be neglected, his children starve, if I kept him within stone walls. Personal intercessions, too, poured in upon me. A mother from the Bench, a wife from the Fleet, a daughter from Whitecross-street, a sister from the Marshalsea or Horsemonger-lane, would come before me in quick succession, sometimes mocking their own hearts, by assuming the smile by which they hoped to charm; but oftener with tears, entreaties, and deluding hopes, soliciting the liberty of those they loved. Strange that I could be so coldly callous as to have left them unrelieved, bowed down by their oppression, for a purpose—in which humanity was forgotten for gold—so worldly as an inquiry into the validity of a new bill! Since then I have wept burning tears for every shilling that I gained by usury, and raved out curses upon my own head, in madness for every prayer of affection that my brutality refused to grant.

"Soon, soon, soon followed the retribution; it rushed upon me fiercely like a Niagara torrent;—it gave no warning, it brought no compassion, it left no hope;—it burned my heart, stone as it was, to a cinder; ravenously as a vulture it fed upon my spirit, and set a seal of darkness upon my brain. The curses of the ruined, embodied in the form of fiends, danced around me in my visions; they put my soul in fury, they encircled me with torments in fever, and from my dreams their howling woke me raving mad! Mad I have been!—mad must be!—mad I am!"

"No, no, no!" said I, fearful of a relapse, from the rising energy of the maniac, and at once I sought to change the theme of talk; but he was not to be diverted.

"No," said he, as he resumed, with a manner calmed by my effort to distract him from his story; "no, I have told you so far, and while I can I will tell you all. We went on with our damnable game of usury, and as we made money we increased our speculations to a large extent. At last we had out an immense number of bills indorsed with our own names, of which however we were pretty confident as to the respectability of most of the acceptors. About the time they became due, I had occasion to leave town for a week. During my absence the day of payment came, and nearly all the acceptors disappointed us with excuses. In this dilemma my partner gave immediate orders for the working of all the engines of the law, and in the interval drew in all our capital, pulled upon all our resources, and borrowed everywhere that we had credit, to
enable him to gather in these heavy outstanding responsibilities. When he had succeeded, and was prepared to meet the bills—started at the enormous amount of money which he had collected in his hands—a new idea seized him: judge of its brilliancy, and whether it was profitable or not, when I tell you that with my return was developed the discovery that my money (I give it precedence as having loved it best) and my wife were gone off together with my partner, who had left me all the heavy bills to take up as I could. I was totally ruined, and never did a man more deserve to be so.

"On the day of my arrival I was arrested by one of the very lawyers who had lived by our firm (how many of us have cherished the serpent by which we have been stung), taken by a bailiff, whom I had a hundred times employed to take others, to a spunging-house, and thence by habeas to gaol.

"From that time I became a haunted man, haunted by the living not the dead. Shadows would not have scared me, but realities were appalling. I was tossed from prison to prison, just as my difficulties withdrew from me or gathered round me, and, like the wandering Hebrew, I had no resting-place away from the misery which I had made. Now it was that my own scarlet crimes first flashed upon me with their conscience-goading and accumulated horrors. Was I in the Fleet prison? There I encountered men whom I had thrust before me into the den; their tale of ruin was told to me in mockery of my own; I saw the gentleman who had once called on me in 'fine attire,' pinched with penury and robed in rags. I learned that the wife who had once reached my house, but not my heart, with her appeal for mercy, was dead; the children whom she had brought with her to rouse pity with their tears, were now crying within my hearing, not for their father's liberty, that had been long hopeless, but for bread. Do I leave the Fleet, and (again arrested) find myself a prisoner in White Cross-street?—the young profligate who is blaspheming by my side was accounted virtuous, until plunged into a sphere of dissolute companionship by me; and yonder drunkard, reeling on with his pot of ale, was both a sober and an honest man till I impaled him in a prison, where sobriety was scoffed at and honesty despised. I was the perpetual inmate of gaols, and there I was perpetually tormented with the presence of my victims. To whatever cell I might retire the cries of the orphan range in my ears; the tears of the widow fell upon my heart. Conscience carried me over houses that I had desolated, and fancy led me to graves that I had filled. This—this the triumph of remorse was cruel; but when I turned from the dread convictions of my own thoughts, and went again among my fellow prisoners, it was agony, soul-wringing agony, to endure the presence of those whom I had wronged.

"At last, after a term of suffering in the other prisons, I got removed to the King's Bench, and there I hoped I had no victims—I was wrong; yet all the first day I saw no one whom I knew, and then

'The strong delusion gained me more and more; but the events of night dispelled it.

"About eleven o'clock, the hour fixed by law for the retirement of the prisoners, an alarm of serious illness was raised, and an expression of general indignation pervaded the debtors as to the cause. A woman, they said, was dying of want in one of the rooms on the ground floor on the poor side of the prison, and a number of persons had gathered round the door of the apartment in which the sufferer lay. I followed mechanically with the rest, and saw what they saw. Little could they feel what I felt.

"The crowd, as soon as they had satisfied their curiosity, dispersed in groups to talk over the poor woman's fate. But I—I could not leave—an impulse which I could not resist, a chain which I could not sever, bound me to the cold stone on which I stood; I could not pass from the door of that room, although I yet only knew that a poor woman had laid down to die, and I had seen nothing but a curtainless bed and a barren chamber, as they had been dimly revealed by the light of a small lamp to all who had gathered without. But after all had gone my heart remained a beating listener to a voice that made itself heard in its most secret cells—a whisper of destiny that mysteriously connected my fate with hers, here the miserable tenant of the desolate room; a spell of mingled terror and excitement was upon me and around me, and I felt that I must go within to see her die.

"In another moment the doctor of the prison entered, and I stole after him into the room. There was a deep shadow of the vaulted roof in one corner, and in its darkness I stood to listen and to gaze. The physician had intended to order the patient's removal to the prison infirmary, but he saw that it was too late. On her low bedstead she lay dreaming away her spirit, in her last earthly sleep; the next would be the sleep..."
of death. A woman, who from pity had sat up with her, would have awakened her to the doctor’s presence, but he would not have it. ‘Let her be,’ said he, ‘it will be soon over.’

‘By her lay her young children, one on either side, awake, watchful, silent, their eyes filled with tears, and fixed upon the poor parent who was soon to leave them alone in the world. As she turned her face to the wall we could not see her, but in her dreams she murmured of her want and woe. My heart beat so loudly as almost to make an echo; it startled all within. The doctor turned towards me, and would have spoken, but again the dreamer murmured, and I heard my own name upon her lips. Gently she spoke it, and in sleep, but to me it was as God’s announcement of eternity in rolling thunder. I felt it as the unavolvement of fate; the right hand of retribution was stretched out to seize me—my hour of punishment was come. I tottered towards the bed to satisfy my sight (at that moment I would have given my life that my ears had played me false); the woman, as if destiny had determined she should confront me in death, turned towards me, her features flashed upon my eyes and blinded them, a mist was before me, I stood as a man in a dark fog—one gasp, one cold shiver, and the rest was chaos.

‘I saw no more of the patient. Soon after I had been carried insensible from her chamber she died, died of grief and starvation—ANOTHER OF MY VICTIMS.

‘She had been left a widow with her two fatherless boys, and out of kindness for her husband’s memory she had put her name to a bill after his death to accommodate one of his former friends. Upon that bill two years before, I had arrested and thrown her into prison; there she lived friendless and pennyless. Often had she sent her eldest boy to appeal to me, with the touching eloquence of childhood, for his mother’s liberty; but no, I had no deity but gold, and mercy had no resting-place in my heart. I let her starve—I let her die! Oh, God! Hers was the final triumph.

‘Never till I saw her face in her dying hour did I know that she was the same fair and kind creature whom as a boy I had wooed and loved before my mother’s death; whom as a monster I had deserted after my father had changed my worship and altered my faith, and despoiled my heart of purity of early passion, to place there Mammon’s altar and Moloch’s priest.

‘I awoke with the brain fever which overtook me a wild raving madman, but not so mad as to forget that I was a murderer too. The vision of that woman and her children was ever before my heart and eyes, and not less was I haunted by my other victims. Aloud I counted over the curses of those whom I had wronged and ruined. I shrieked forth imprecaions upon my own head for hearts that I had blighted and homes that I had despoiled. The wife, the widow and the orphan, the husband, the father and the friend were revenged upon me with the terrible vengeance of my own voice. They bound my limbs and chained my body, but they could not prevent me from cursing myself, from crying aloud in the hell-pains of my spirit, from raving with the agony of my remorse. And now who dares say that I am not a murderer, when the fiends of darkness are pointing at me, and my victims are besetting me with their cries. Look, look, look!—yonder where the sun has cleared away the cloudy mist; there they come to torment me; see how the children weep; hark how the mothers wail in the storm. There is a hand pointing at me through the tempest, and look, my name is written in tears and blood upon the sky!’

I could not now stay the wild ravings of the maniac, for with the conclusion of his story, and the memories which it had called up, his lucid interval had ceased.

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LETTERS FROM A LATE ATTACHÉ.—No. X.

Chateau Wolfenstein.

Had you not expressly forbidden the subject, I should now feel tempted to indulge in a political digression of no ordinary weight—inasmuch, at least, as the healthy independence of the Saxon principalities are concerned. After a hasty summons, I have as hastily resumed my post; and for the last week have been lengthening my days to the extent of twenty hours each, in the exercise
of my diplomatic duties. Now, however, all is in train, the last courier is despatched, and I feel it a relief to turn from the dry topic of political discussion to a subject in which the feelings are concerned, and on which I have already bespoken your sympathy.

Our progress to Winkelbrunnen was slow; for Karoline, in spite of the fortitude by which she was evidently upheld, could hardly disguise the pain occasioned her by the jolting of the vehicle. The sun, which had just disappeared, was succeeded by a beautiful twilight, the breath of which, redolent of forest incense, was a feast to the sense, while it exerted a soothing influence over the spirit. The groups of peasants who had anxiously followed us to the skirts of the forest, now gradually dropped off, and with a hearty guten abend! repeated again and again, pursued the various windings which led to their secluded hamlets. The wild deer bounded across our path; goats, and geese, and cattle which had pastured together in friendly companionship during the day, now marched home to the sound of their bells. The glowworms sparkled under the trees, the sound of torrents rose and fell, interrupted now and then by rural voices attuned to a sense of their own happiness, and expressive of feelings to which the courrier is a stranger. As we proceeded, an incident occurred which at the instant occasioned no small alarm. A shot, fired from some unknown hand, took such effect upon the wagon as to shatter the cross bar upon which the worthy pastor and I were seated. But we had scarcely time to look around us for the cause, before a deer, bounding across the road, explained the mystery. The bullet which struck the wagon, had, as we concluded, been aimed at the deer, but by one who was evidently too intent on his game to calculate the hazard of making a human victim.

The excitement which this incident reproduced in the mind of Karoline, was painfully manifested when she saw the splinter struck off by the bullet; and throwing herself wildly into her father’s arms refused to believe but that he was seriously wounded. Even his own assurances to the contrary were ineffectual, and she continued her convulsive grasp, her eye wildly fixed on the thicket from which the danger appeared to threaten, and her lips uttering the most fervent and affecting ejaculations for her father’s safety. “Bömsler, Bömsler!” she exclaimed, “I saw him—he has come for blood—and shall I—the daughter—be doomed to witness a father’s death?”—Come, let us fly! We shall escape; I know the forest; we shall——” and at the same instant she made a convulsive spring from the seat, and was with difficulty prevented from precipitating her father and herself from the wagon. Defeated in her frantic purpose, she now relapsed into silence and exhaustion, but without once removing her eye from the thicket, or her hand from her father’s neck. At times her frame shook convulsively, her look grew wild, and the low inarticulate sound of “Bömsler!” “blood!”—escaped from her lips.

Finding it convenient to wait the issue of the paroxysm, the oxen were halted, and we gathered round this bright, but now bewildered being, with keen but unavailing sympathy. “Hermann, my friend,” said the pastor, eagerly, “fly in the direction of the shot, overtake the hunter, pray him, for the love of God—or his love of gold—to hasten back with thee, that his presence may banish this frightful vision from my poor child’s excited brain.” Before the words were finished, Hermann had vanished among the pines, through which the flashing of char-fires gleamed at intervals, and combined with the circumstances of the hour, inspired a melancholy which I have rarely felt. The few words we individually addressed to her, with the fond anxiety of diverting her attention from its all-absorbing topic, were only answered by the same ominous expression, “Bömsler, Bömsler!”

“My dear unhappy child!”—said the father, sighing, and turning to me in tears;—“a sad birth-day this for my poor Karoline! Some time since,” he continued, “it became my imperative duty to lodge a certain information, which, from its flagrant nature, led to the disgrace and banishment of the guilty party. From that moment an indefinite dread of personal violence to my person took such possession of my daughter’s imagination, as for some time to impair her health, and dissipate those buoyant spirits which had made her the delight of the forest, and the pride and consolation of my protracted pilgrimage. I had fondly hoped,” he added, “that this groundless apprehension had long since died away, but now my presentiments how changed! The dread of that name, now on her lips, has become disease; and this painful anticipation once realised, what have I left? My wife in her grave, my son a captive, and my daughter!”—the sentence faltered on his lips, and he turned away to hide the deep emotion with which it finished.
The suspense with which we waited for Hermann's return increased momentarily, till at last it became absolutely painful. The desire for his return too, was increased by fears for his safety; but thinking he might meet, or overtake us, and a degree of stupor having succeeded to the paroxysm—dread, moreover, the effects of night air upon Karoline's now exhausted frame, we resolved to proceed. Our progress, however, after a few revolutions of the wheels, was suddenly interrupted by the voice of Hermann, who approached with the iager. He had fired the shot, following his pastime, as he said, but without perceiving the direction of the deer which had escaped. A misadventure thus honestly accounted for, would, he trusted, be readily excused.

"Certainly," said the pastor, mournfully; "yet come a little nearer, that my daughter may see that she had nothing to fear. Karoline! my beloved, see, this is an honest iager, come to assure thee of the mistake, and ask reparations for the injustice thou hast done him in thy groundless alarm. Look, there is no Bömsler there!" The ominous name roused her dormant perceptions: she turned her eyes instinctively to the iager, and with a thrilling shriek, which still rings in my ear, repeated the name, "Bömsler, Bömsler! the blood, the blood!" Every eye was turned to her, then to the stranger, mingled with many expressions of commiseration for the unhappy girl, of whose mind a horrid phantom seemed to have taken exclusive possession.

For myself, though deploring the change which in a few brief hours had transformed one of the most beautiful into the most pitiable of her sex, my attention was riveted upon the iager, whose explanation had too evidently failed to allay suspicion and tranquillise the distracted Karoline. He was tall; a foraging cap carelessly descending over the right temple, and his features half concealed by a redundancy of dark locks and moustache, looked like an antique bust glimmering from its ivy. A jacket edged with fur, lightly fastened with buttons in front, a black varnished belt at his waist, and a carbine slung from his shoulder, completed his accoutrements. But these, with certain peculiarities, did not well harmonise, as I thought, with the life of a iager, and I felt some degree of nervous impatience for the result of this interview; whilst our worthy pastor, addressing him, hoped to be excused for the trouble he had given him, in consideration of the cause—the desire to disable his daughter's mind of an unhappy conviction which haunted it. "But," he added, "call at Wenkelbrunnen to-morrow, and oblige me with an opportunity of making you some amends for this interruption—gut nacht.—"

Once more in motion we reached the cross roads leading respectively to the village, and a forest seat of the Prince, called Charmettes*. Here the iager left us, heartily reciprocating our friendly salutations, and promising to make an early visit to the parsonage the following morning, adding, "I shall be out all night, as I have engaged to furnish a coq-de-bruyère† for a dinner at the palace."

"I have not seen this new servant in the Prince's service before," said the pastor, interrogatively. "Nor I," "nor I," "nor I," answered three of the peasants, nearly in the same breath. "He is a Coburger, by his gait," resumed the pastor; "I wish him well, truly, but I like our own people better." "Yes!" responded one of the interlocutors; "we are all of the same opinion—but," he added, "we shall never master this hill to-night, unless with fresh oxen—" a fact abundantly evident in the abortive efforts made by the cattle to drag forward the lumbering machine. Various expedients were proposed and rejected in turn; and, indeed, all seemed to have forgotten that what at the setting out in the morning was a pleasant declivity, would be a steep hill and a heavy pull on the return in the evening. No resources, therefore, had been thought of. "Yes, my friends, it is but too often thus with us all," said the pastor; "the road to pleasure is smooth, and it is only on looking back that the difficulties of return present themselves. No matter, we will, for once, take the road of Charmettes; it is a little further, but the level road will compensate for distance. And now, thank God, my poor girl seems composed and asleep. May her waking hour be like the sun-rise from a dark night, and dispel the phantom which hovers like a dismal cloud over her once serene and elastic spirit!"

The proposal to take the road to Charmettes was instantly put in force, and we proceeded with a degree of silence which appeared almost ominous—like a troop of mourners carrying the bier of some beloved object to the city of the dead. The murmur of the night wind also, as it swept fitfully

* An old hunting seat of the late Elector.
† This bird is so remarkably vigilant that I have known three several nights spent in the forest before the hunter could approach within shot. I allude to a portion of the Thuringian forest, where the above incidents occurred.
through the gigantic pines with which our road seemed literally colonnaded, was not without its effect, as it blended with the dash of distant torrents. A flute which, like the nightingale, had chosen the stars for its auditors, breathed softly from some grey battlement on the rocks; whilst with shrill and startling clang the schloss bugle announced the relief of sentinels, and threw its note of stormy associations into the very heart of peace.... But I must not now indulge in idle description. Suddenly the clattering of hoofs announced the rapid approach of horsemen, and in less than five minutes we were challenged by the officer in advance, and commanded to alight. This, however, was speedily countermanded when our venerable host stood up to explain the cause of our retard, and our necessity for quitting the high road.

"Are you safe in person and pocket?" inquired the officer; "if you be, you have had better fortune than some of your guests. Make the best of your way, however, and thank heaven for your escape." So saying, they again sprang forward, and left us to solve, at our leisure, the riddle which these few words had propounded.

About half a mile from the village we were met by almost the whole population—all eagerly inquiring into our safety, and crowding round the wagon where the idol of their affections still appeared in the deep sleep of mental and physical exhaustion. "Lift her gently," said the father; "raise her head, that I may look on my child! Yes, my friends, she is indeed worthy of your love; pray, pray, all that the life which, under providence, she has this day been the blessed means of preserving, may not cost us the heavy price of her own! Which of you ever lay on a sick bed and was not cherished and visited by her? Which of you was ever in difficulty, danger, or distress, and was not encouraged, strengthened, and consoled by her? How often has she denied herself the few luxuries of which she was mistress; deprived herself of the comforts and necessities of life, that some weeping sister might rejoice—some afflicted brother lift up the voice of thankfulness, and bless that God who had so often made her the messenger of his bounty?"

As he spoke his feelings overcame him, and after a short pause, and while we endeavoured individually to comfort him with the hope of a speedy recovery—"Yes," said he, "that hope has not left me: if it had, I should hardly thus give vent to my feelings. Let us, therefore, my dear sympathising friends, unite our persevering efforts that the life, so nobly perilled to day, may meet its reward even here; and that she who thought so lightly of herself, and so constantly of others, should now be received as the daughter and sister of us all." A simultaneous murmur passing from lip to lip, gave a ready echo to the sentiment, and expressed the deep, undisguised affection which pervaded every heart.

Removed to her apartment, she appeared still under the influence of morbid stupor. The Prince's leibartz, or personal physician, having been called suddenly to attend an officer in the village, came very opportunist, and recommending her to be kept perfectly quiet, expressed an opinion that she would sleep out the malady. His injunction was instantly attended to, and her old nurse taking the anxious watch by the couch, we severally adjourned to the salle, where the venerable pastor summoning the family round him, addressed a fervent prayer to the fountain of health and life in behalf of her, who, with the endearing name of daughter, had united the ministry of a guardian angel.

"Let us wait patiently," he added; "this cloud may pass away with the night, and divine aid be vouchsafed where human resources fail. Good night, my children, good night."

In a few minutes more I was seated at the chamber window, which I had so lately quitted, with many delightful anticipations. The church, half in shade, reflected on its western flank the same phosphorescent light which, the preceding evening, had entered my casement with such a smile of welcome. Everything, to use a paradox, appeared the same, yet everything was changed, and the events of the last twelve hours so entirely engaged my thoughts, as to hold me in a state of sleepless speculation. There was a mystery about the letter especially, which I could not penetrate. It had, at the moment, produced a powerful sensation, followed, however, by no subsequent allusion, and whether that sensation was one of pleasure, or of pain, was mere conjecture.

I have seldom felt a greater longing for day than while I sat here, gazing listlessly upon the churchyard, and watching the moonlight as it passed from grave to grave, with alternate relief and shadow, till at last it waned gradually into the West. The clock had struck two, and three, and the bugles again announced a change of guard, when, through

* By playing an air in Der Frischkuts, then universal in Saxony.
the dark massy verdure of a cypress, which stood like a sentinel among the tombs, a figure glided slowly forward, and knelt over the very grave where I had seen it the preceding morning. It remained in that posture for a few minutes: then rising and clasping its hand upon its forehead, accompanied by gesticulations expressive of mental agony, withdrew, hesitated, and again disappeared. The mere circumstance of time and person were nothing; it was the place which imparted a deep interest and sympathy: and to witness some desolate heart thus steal ing forth to hold secret communion with the dust, was a scene on which no eye could look with indifference.

The first breath of morn is proverbially an opiate; and, in the present instance, I proved its efficacy by dropping asleep on my chair, my head reposing against the lattice, and my hand on the sill, or rather trellis, on which the sash reclined. On awaking, the morning sun shone bright and warm upon my face; and turning from the window a slip of paper dropped from my sleeve. Whence it came I knew not; but taking it up, and observing no superscription or seal, I read the following oracle in a distinct Saxon hand.

"From a vow once plighted expect not absolution; my purpose may suffer retard, but shall not suffer defeat. I will have the price of my bond or—" a mysterious ellipsis concluded the sentence.

On perusing this billet—as strange in its contents as in its method of conveyance—I entered into scrutiny with my own conscience, and seriously questioned myself on the subject of all advances made or received within the last twelvemonth—the limited term of account;—and juggling myself into a belief that I had no cause of alarm, I next asked myself, who had?—a question, however, which I might have spared. Having exhausted my stock of conjecture, I hastily and anxiously inquired for the fair Karoline. The accounts were by no means favourable; delirium had come on, and that deep sleep from which we reasonably anticipated the happiest effects, had only served apparently to foment the malady. Words and names, and places escaped her lips, which alternately drew from the by-standers tears of pity and expressions of surprise. What was most affecting was the wild, deep, delirious eloquence with which she pleaded for her father's life, offering up her own in sacrifice, and apostrophising and imploring some invisible phantom that stood over her to "spare the father and slay the child!"

At this moment an officer was announced, and the next instant rushed into the apartment; but, suddenly checked at the sight before him, staggered back and sank faint and helpless into a chair. All eyes were turned from the bed to the stranger. An instant of keen suspense and scrutiny followed; but, before a question was breathed, recognition was accomplished, and the lost son of Winkelbrunnen sobbed on his father's neck. The shock was too much for both. One had been exhausted by long sickness and captivity, the other was in the very furnace of affliction, and the sudden transition, though different in kind, proved the same in effect. A deep silence ensued, and even the delirious girl looked up like a sweet star breaking from the darkness under which it had slept. Looking upon his children, the father's heart was agitated with fears for the one, and expanded with joy at the return of the other. One had arisen seemingly from the grave, the other was descending into it; one seemed fading into immortality, the other had escaped back to life: and the blessing that had been restored, and the blessing that was now to be withdrawn were in fearful balance, and held an almost fatal conflict in the father's mind.

On the scene that followed I must not dilate, and to some part of it, indeed, I feel that I ought not to advert even in confidence.

"Karoline! my sweet sister," said the young soldier, taking her hand, and earnestly, breathlessly, waiting a reply. His voice, though uttered in perfect gentleness, passed like an electric shock through her frame. Her eyes opened with that peculiar brilliancy which, in technical language, is the test of cerebral excitement. A nervous fluttering agitated her lip, a slight flush suffused one of her cheeks—but every other feature bore testimony to the fierce and parching influence which hurried the lightning through her veins. The silent scrutiny with which she examined him all of a sudden gave way, and in a burst of hysterical laughter, she exclaimed, "Friederich!—Friederich!—no, no, no, he's in his grave, and I—" she looked wildly round, as if in quest or in dread of some one, and continued, "yes, I am the wife of—" the name did not escape her lips, for in the effort to pronounce it, she dropped back deliriously upon her couch. The sentence was sufficient, however, to awaken a most powerful sensation. The brother hung over her for some moments in despair. "How," he inquired—turning round to the pastor, who was himself unable to solve the question—how can this wild idea have caught her
imagination? She is evidently delirious, and, unnatural as it may seem, I thank God that in this her reason has no part! Friederich is now on his return, the gallant Friederich Von Attingen! How would he be shocked at this sight! How often at our camp-fire, under the Balkan, has he talked and sung of thee, my sweet sister! and to find thee thus!"

"Nay, my son," said the father, sighing deeply, as he addressed him, "this is too much; an opiate which, when she awakes, will become poison; it is well meant, but the peace to which time had partly restored her must not be again endangered by an illusion."

The young soldier was thunderstruck; his father's words and manner were inexplicable, and as he stood silently imploring some word of explanation, the father continued. "From the hour that the sudden tidings of Friederich's death...." "Nay," interrupted the soldier, "speak not of death! Friederich is alive, and a fonder lover than ever; and I doubt not an acceptable one—now that the eagle and cross of St. Anne glitter on his breast. It is true," he continued, observing their mute astonishment, "perfectly true that we fathomed one of the enemy's dungeons for a time, but for which we since paid them in ready steel. It is true, also, that a gallant cousin, Friederich Von Attingen, found a glorious death in the very first blow struck in the campaign, but not my sister's Friederich! The only wound he ever received was inflicted at parting; and now that a breathing time is come, he returns to kiss the hand that wounded him, and to surrender himself a prisoner at discretion. Dead! no, nothing more life-like within the ten circles, and if there yet survives one drop of Teutonic blood, and Teutonic chivalry, it is to be found in the veins of Friederich Von Attingen."

These words, half inarticulate from the emotion of the speaker, were only met with looks of mute astonishment; while Karoline, who had raised her head instinctively from the pillow as the name of Friederich struck her ear, looked wildly around, as if to single him out from the little circle around her couch, and who were so deeply moved by the disclosure which had just transpired; but again pronouncing the name which had already thrilled the by-standers, she fell back pale and motionless. The brother was peculiarly affected; it was a name which had blasted former hopes, and now fell upon his ear with an effect which neither his mental fortitude nor his many features could disguise. At the same instant, the physician again appeared, and very properly observing that this manner of testifying affection only supplied fuel to the malady, insisted upon every one quitting the apartment except the nurse. The room was instantly darkened, and a rational treatment instituted. "Now," said he, "provided you control the expressions of your fears and affection, all may soon be well. The sun is not less bright to-day for the eclipse which yesterday obscured it—so to-morrow it may be with your daughter: this cloud will have passed away, and in the remembrance serve only as a relief for your succeeding happiness."

It was evident from the boldness of this prediction that the leibartz had well considered the cause before he pronounced so confidently of the issue; for the symptoms were far from manifesting so favourable a change. Every heart, however, re-echoed the sentiment, and as we passed into the small study adjoining, the door was beset with anxious inquirers. Among these, the mother, whose child had been so miraculously snatched from destruction, and who with tears of entreaty, and a perseverance which appeared as unaccountable as they seemed inexcusable, implored admission to the chamber of her deliverer; "for I know," said she, "that a look of the child will bring back the true light to her eyes. It is an old saying in our forest, that the sweet breath of a child is balm to the insane. Let me but once place my child in her arms—my child— I who but for her had now been childless!" It was a strange request, but so earnestly, so respectfully pressed, that the physician was consulted. "I fear," said he, "this good woman is as much afflicted as our patient, and no wonder. Gratify her by all means; the prattle of children scares away evil spirits, as they say in our mountains, much in the same way, I suppose, that the virgins of poetry scared the Nubian lions. So gratify her by all means; the experiment can do little harm, and may turn the channel of the fair patient's thoughts."

Before we saw or heard of the result, however, the crowd, who so anxiously blockaded the door, made a simultaneous rush towards the guard-house, where a tall figure, managed, and bearing the marks of desperate conflict, was dragged or rather driven across the small market-place, amid the shouts of the villagers. But when the name at which they had so often trembled was announced by the sentinel, a sudden transition from exultation to silence, and ominous whispers, ensued, as if they still doubted the fact, and dreaded to
provoke the captive tiger till he was caged. This was speedily done; and, the iron bars being well secured, the name at which but a few minutes previously their lips grew pale, was now the butt of execration, and Bömmler the brudermord—the verrücher—the strassenuauber—the mordebrunner—was sentenced to a hundred deaths and torments in the same breath. Struck by the name, of which I had already had some fearful evidence, I hastened forwards, and to my no small surprise beheld in the captive Bömmler, the courteous tager of of the preceding night!

The tidings spread like wild-fire, and a strong excitement manifested itself in every look and gesture. The plot, so to speak, thickened. Hermann—whose sudden disappearance and tardy return had caused some surprise, if not suspicion—emerged from the crowd, and, rushing towards the pastor, sobbed aloud in an ecstasy of joy—

“God be praised,” he exclaimed, “you are safe—and the fraulein is safe! This has been a dreadful night—but it ends in a bright morning, now that I find you at your own door.”

“But why all this agitation, my good Hermann?” said the pastor. “Where did you expect to find me, if not at my post?”

“Ah, Sir, surely Heaven has had you all under its special keeping. Had you returned home by the same road you went, Winkelbrunnen had this day been bereft of its greatest blessing. How we bless Heaven that conducted you home by Charmettes!”

“Explain, explain,” said the pastor, as the speaker, with an almost fatuous expression, something between joy and horror, shrunk apparently from the disclosure."

“In a word, then,” he resumed, “the shot which last night shattered our car, proceeded from Bömmler—not intentionally, indeed, for he did not expect you there; but he had prepared for your reception in a different part of the forest. Well, the instant I found him and mentioned what had occurred, he evinced a perfect readiness to return with me and undeceive the fraulein, as he said, of her mistake—adding that it was almost his first shot in the service of a new master, and distressed him exceedingly for the alarm it had caused to persons for whom his respect amounted almost to devotion. While he spoke, I saw the curl of the snake round his lip—I felt a deadly chill creeping through every sinew—visions of murder, and burning, and rapine, passed wildly before my eyes; for I felt in every nerve that it was Bömmler that spoke; and, although I made no sign of

recognition, he saw through my disguise, and, significantly pointing to a bivouac full of his gang, bade me proceed to the car. Guess, then, my distraction, when I saw you in conversation with him, and dreaded every moment to hear his lawless band burst forth at a signal, and hurry you into the depths of the forest! To have expressed my fears would have been fatal; but he rightly surmised my intentions, and, on bidding you good night, threw out a signal to which it was impossible to misunderstand—it was a most unequivocal ‘Follow me!’ I did so; and while blaming my absence, you were little aware of its cause. Finding me secure, his caution diminished; and, with a shrill whistle—like the pipe of a night-hawk, which it is purposely made to resemble—he summoned his bandits around him. His plan was laid; and, fastening me by the wrist to one of the strongest, we proceeded to intercept you in the hollow-way! For myself, he added with a grim smile, he had an office of special and honourable trust—to attend the young lady to her new home in the forest; and he gave orders that, should the resistance on the part of the males prove troublesome, they should be frankly dealt with—a phrase, the import of which may be readily estimated.”

“In this,” said the pastor, piously interrupting him, “in this, the finger of God is made manifest.”

“The agony of mind which I suffered as we advanced,” continued Hermann, “and the air of treachery which my apparent desertion threw over my conduct, would have made me prefer death in any shape to my present situation. I was, therefore, better prepared for throwing it away in your behalf—but I feel I am tedious, and the fact is briefly told. Arrived at the ambush, and after waiting two hours in ambush for your arrival—more than double the time necessary to have brought you into the snare—the darkest suspicion fell upon me. I had defeated his plan—I had enabled the quarry to escape—and if, in another half-hour, they came not up, I should swing from the forest-bough over my head.

“I had no cause to doubt his sincerity, and made some desperate resolves to defeat its purpose. The fatal hour had elapsed—nothing of all I had so desperately devised seemed available—already the halter was fastened to the tree, and the idea of thus dying like a traitor was only compensated by the assurance that by this time you were all at Winkelbrunnen. My wrists were unbound—a momentary rustle of the leaves threw them off their guard—or, as I rather believe, the robber to whom
I was fastened, seconding my aim—I sprang from the precipice, and rolling from ledge to ledge in total darkness, landed in safety at the bottom. No attempt was made to follow, for the depths and darkness of the place left no doubt upon the robber's mind that my fate was sealed. I not only lived, however, but, like the Baron who fell from the turret of Thurstein, felt as if I could have done it again; and in a few minutes, thanks to God and my knowledge of the forest, I was on my feet and running with all my might on the road to Charmettes. Here I was hailed by a detachment and strictly questioned. But as every one knows Hermann, I was not only believed, but made the leader of the force. The morning, already grey in the eye, and the objects more distinctly visible, favoured our scheme. The officer, Major Attingen, who has been so long dead—whom they way-laid and robbed at the skirt of the forest—to make reprisals, had issued forth with a portion of the Landwehr, determined to hunt down the banditti. We soon came up to the spot where I had been so lately turned off, but the camp was struck. Cautiously advancing, nevertheless, and our muskets primed for the skirmish, we suddenly received a volley from the thicket. At the same instant, the heads of ten or a dozen robbers emerged from the smoke of their own pieces, and afforded us something to take aim at in our turn. Our shot told, and, for a time, was steadily returned, till the Major—the bravest dead man living!—gave the word, 'bludgeon it, my boys, give them the butt and bayonet!'—and springing, ghost as he is, across the ravine, and parrying a deadly thrust aimed at his throat, grappled with the bear in his very den. There were no lookers on, be sure; and my own apparition was of some service—they could not, or would not, believe their eyes; so I threw in as many heavy blows as I could, to help their conviction. But these robbers, after all, are much better at plunder than the sword; in ten minutes, not a man remained to stand by his chief. Traitors, they say, are always cowards, so off they scampered, but with as much of our lead in them as they could carry. Bömser alone sustained the shock for a time, and, truth to say, gallantly! Despising quarter, he swung his falchion with a courage and desperation which would have done honour to the best subject of the Prince. Provoked at his obstinacy, we had determined to crush the outlaw at once: but the Major fully resolved to have the game to himself, met his impecuniosity with unparalleled coolness, till, by an adroit manoeuvre, he at length disarmed and captured him. So with little loss, and some honour, we returned with our prize as you see."

While he spoke, the Major himself, Freidrich von Attingen, approached in confirmation of the fact, and happily too, in contradiction of his own death! I need not attempt a description of the scene that followed.

Strange as it may seem, the effect of the child's voice upon Karoline, introduced as the mother proposed, tended in every way to strengthen the superstition. She became more calm and tranquil from that instant—talked quite rationally of the preceding day's adventure, and clasped her hands in gratitude to Heaven that had made her the instrument of saving a human life. "But the letter," she hastily inquired, "did we not receive a letter, by the way?"

"Yes, my child," answered the father, "a letter of joyful tidings."

"Said it not, that we should shortly receive a stranger, who could tell us—" [Here she covered her face, and sobbed convulsively.] —"who could tell us of Albert and..."

"Yes; and of Freidrich, too," said her father—weeping himself, as he wiped the tears from her eyes, and kissed her beautiful and now serene forehead.

At these words, she seemed as if again plunged into a deep reverie—a hectic glow flushed and faded alternately on her cheek: she made several fruitless efforts to continue the subject; then, at last—as if the strength of her whole soul had been thrown into the words—she exclaimed with a look that pierced every heart—"O tell me—tell me all!"

She was then cautiously informed that both Albert and Freidrich were alive, and would speedily return home. She asked no more—the magic of that assurance sweetened every thought and strengthened every nerve. Two days after, she was sufficiently calm to bear the promised interview; and a few days more will see Karoline of Winkelbrunnen, the happiest wife in the Hartz.

Respecting the note, so mysteriously put into my hands, and containing words of such strange import, I need only say that the room I then occupied had sometime previously been Karoline's; and the letter was but one of many which Bömser, formerly a student of Tübingen, and her professed lover, had addressed to her. Having been subsequently denounced by her father, as one of a band of conspirators, who meditated their country's destruction,—(or regeneration, as they were pleased to call it)—he had betaken himself to a robber's course,
and threatened by daily messages to sacrifice
the father, unless the daughter became the
partner of his unhallowed life. This terror,
carefully concealed, but ever present to her
imagination, may readily account for the
appalling visions that passed before her eyes.
A more striking instance of providential in-
tervention is seldom met with, than the simple
incident which determined the party to take
the route of Charnettes, and thereby prevented
the abduction, or even murder, on which it
had been so desperately resolved.

P.S. The figure which I witnessed in the
churchyard, has just been described to me
as that of a young widow, whose husband, a
few days after their marriage, perished by a
most singular and melancholy death. This
poor creature, now pale and emaciated, shuts
herself up during the whole day, and when all
the villagers are sound asleep, glides forth
nightly to the churchyard, and there vents
the agony of a broken spirit upon her hus-
band's grave.

AUTHORS FROM THE RANKS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.—I.

At a period like the present, when all
ranks in society are eager in the pursuit of
knowledge, and each boastful of its own
celerity, it is the peculiar province of a jour-
nal, such as this, to show that the first order
in the state has not intellectually retrograded,
that the British aristocracy continues, as it
has ever done, to furnish to the republic of
letters many of its most brilliant denizens,
and that the privileged classes, generally
speaking, are less proud of the advantages
which wealth and station confer than of the
higher attributes of genius and thought.
With this view solely, then, and not to pro-
voke invidious comparison, the following
particulars of the writers who belong to the
higher sphere of society, and of their writings,
are submitted to our readers.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Of the historically eminent house of Rus-
sell the existing generation has produced a
candidate for the palm of letters; one who
adds the literary laurel to the bright wreath
achieved by his illustrious predecessors in the
council, the cabinet, and the field. Lord
John Russell first became known in the lite-
rary world as author of "A Life of William
Lord Russell," in which he has done ample
justice to his patriotic ancestor. His suc-
ceeding work, "A Short History of the British
Constitution," evinces a thorough acquaint-
ance with the important subject discussed; and
"The Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe, from
the Peace of Utrecht," has considerably added
to his previously acquired reputation. The
tragedy of Don Carlos, and occasional verses
in the annuals, have favourably displayed his
Lordship's abilities as a poet. This noble
author is youngest son of the present Duke
of Bedford, by his first wife, the Honourable
Georgiana Byng, second daughter of George,
fourth Viscount Torrington. He is in his
forty-third year, and has recently married
Lady Ribblesdale, the sister of Mr. Lister,
the author of "Granby."

THE EARL OF MULGRAVE.

This nobleman, who was born in May
1797, received his education at Harrow, and
Trinity College, Cambridge, distinguishing
himself at both, and giving early promise of
those abilities which have since established
his literary reputation. His first production,
"Matilda," was written during his lordship's
residence in Italy, where he had resided
for many years prior to his father's death,
and where his ardent love and patronage of
the fine arts and of literature took the lead
among his countrymen on the banks of the
Arno. "Yes and No," and "The Contrast,"
followed "Matilda," and obtained a high
place among the many popular works of fic-
tion which appeared about the same period.
Lord Mulgrave's style, if not always vigorous,
is never ungraceful; he passes and repasses
from satirical sketches unobtrusively, yet
wittily and pointedly touched, to pictures of
gentle and unexpected pathos, with that fa-
cility which so well agrees with the versatile
lightness of his materials. His lordship,
adopting a line of politics opposed to the
course pursued by his father, early attached
himself to the Whig party, and upon their
re-accession to office has been recently ap-
pointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, just one
hundred and twenty-five years since the ap-
pointment of his learned and eminent an-
cestor Sir Constantine Phipps, as Lord Chan-
celler of that kingdom. The Earl married,
in 1818, one of the beautiful daughters of
Lord Ravensworth, and has an only child,
Lord Normanby.
AUTHORS FROM THE RANKS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

ROBERT PLUMER WARD, ESQ.

This accomplished and highly-gifted gentleman, distinguished in the literary world as the author of "The History of the Law of Nations," and of "Tremaine," and "De Vere*", is the younger son of the late George Ward, Esq., an eminent Spanish merchant, and uncle to Mr. William Ward, the late M.P. for London. Mr. Plumer Ward, who has just completed his seventieth year, was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, called to the bar, and appointed one of the Welsh Judges, but retired from the profession to become Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He was afterwards, from 1807 to 1811, a Lord of the Admiralty; Clerk of the Ordinance from 1811 to 1823; and, finally, Auditor of the Civil List, until the abolition of that office. The great estates which he now enjoys, he acquired with his second wife, the relict of William Plumer, Esq., of Gilston Park, but by her had no child. His only son, by his first marriage, Henry George Ward, Esq., M.P. for St. Alban's, has, like his father, obtained literary reputation.

LORD STRANGFORD.

This noble author has acquired his literary fame by a beautiful and spirited version—he were more correct probaly in saying paraphrase—of the minor productions of the Portuguese poet, Luis de Camoens. The following extract is a fair specimen of his lordship's style:—

"I saw the virtuous man contend
With life's unnumbered woes;
And he was poor, without a friend,
Pressed by a thousand foes.
"I watched his combat with a world
Which knows not to forgive,
I marked his foes to ruin harled,
And saw the good man live.

"I saw the passions' pliant slave,
In gallant trim and gay;
His course was pleasure's placid wave,
His life a summer's day.

* "Tremaine" was published in 1836, and became at once completely successful. After a lapse of some time appeared "De Vere," which sustained, if it did not surpass, the popularity of its predecessor. Much interest was excited at the period by the identity of the principal character with Mr. Canning. All personality was, however, denied by Mr. Ward in his preface, but author's denials are not always to be relied on. The Literary Gazette collected the scattered passages which referred to the "Patriot Minister," and a friend calling the following Sunday on Canning found him reading it. Of course some complimentary reference was made to the columns before him. "I never dreamed," said Mr. Canning, "of my destiny as the hero of a novel; but romance is the beginning of history, and I shall take it as a good omen."

VOL. V.—NO. VI.

"And I was caught in Folly's snare,
And joined her giddy train;
But found her soon the nurse of care,
And punishment and pain.

"There surely is some guiding power
Which rightly suffers wrong;
Gives vice to bloom its little hour,
But virtue late and long."

His lordship, who represents an ancient Kentish family, inherited the Irish Viscounty at the decease of his father, and has since been enrolled among the peers of Great Britain. He was accredited Ambassador to the Court of Lisbon in 1806, to Sweden in 1817, to the Sublime Porte in 1820, and to Russia in 1825. He is in his fifty-fifth year, and a widower, Lady Strangford, a sister of the present Sir John Burke, Bart., of Marple Hill, having died in 1826.

WILLIAM BECKFORD, ESQ.

Mr. Beckford, now so long before the world as a popular writer, has established, and justly so, a reputation for refined taste and great literary talents. Of the former, Font-hill Abbey was a splendid although fragile testimonial; of the latter, the "Caliph Vathek," written originally in the French language, will remain an imperishable record. "Vathek," says Lord Byron, "was one of the tales I had a very early admiration of. For correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, it far surpasses all European imitations, and bears such marks of originality that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation." As an eastern tale, even Rasselas must bow before it; his "Happy Vale" will not bear a comparison with the "Hall of Eblis." Mr. Beckford, now in his seventy-fifth year, inherited the vast family estates (public report says to the value of a hundred thousand a year) at the death of his father, the well-known Alderman Beckford, in 1770, and has since frequently sat in Parliament. He married the Lady Margaret Gordon, daughter of the fourth Earl of Aboyne, and has had two daughters, the elder wedded to Lieut.-General Orde, the younger to the present Duke of Hamilton.

THOMAS HENRY LISTER, ESQ.

This popular writer represents the second branch of the great northern house, whose chief is Lord Ribblesdale, and is son and heir of the late Thomas Lister, Esq., of Armytage Park, in the county of Stafford, a gentleman of literary attainments, who formed one of the celebrated cotite at Lich-
field, of which Darwin, Edgewood, and Day were such conspicuous members, and whom Miss Seward mentions as “having given to the public prints repeated proofs of his fine poetic talents.” Mr. Lister is brother-in-law to Lord John Russell, and has married the daughter of the late Honourable George Villiers. His chief works are “Granby,” “Herbert Lacy,” &c.

LADY CHARLOTTE BURY.

This lady, formerly so celebrated in the fashionable world as the beautiful Lady Charlotte Campbell, is the younger daughter of the late Duke of Argyle, and collaterally descended from John, the great Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, so interestingly delineated by Sir Walter Scott in “The Heart of Midlothian,” and immortalised by the two well-known lines of Pope:

“Argyle, the state’s whole thunder born to wield
And shake alike the senate and the field.”

Her ladyship married Colonel John Campbell, of Shawfield and Islay, and after his decease the Rev. Mr. Bury. She has established her literary reputation by the production of several popular works of imagination, in prose and verse—“Flirtation,” “Tales of the Heart,” &c. &c.

CHANDOS LEIGH, Esq.

Mr. Leigh, a considerable, perhaps the most considerable, landed proprietor in the county of Warwick, has acquired poetic fame by the production of “Silvia,” and other admired poems. He is now in his forty-fourth year, and resides chiefly at Stoneleigh Abbey, the magnificent seat in Warwickshire, which he derives from his collateral kinsmen the Lords Leigh. Here he enjoys all the influence in the county which his acknowledged abilities and splendid fortune so fully entitle him to exercise.

I. B. B.

(To be continued.)

THE COURT MAGAZINE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

“As the disorders you commit are greater or lesser in respect of your particular constitution, so is your perception of your dreams more or less, whence sometimes you can repeat a whole long story of the representations in your sleep, with the several senses, words and discourses &c., all clearly and distinctly.”

A Treatise on Dreams and Visions, by Philotheo Physiologus.

“We shall be in time for Vespers,” said my companion. We accordingly entered the Abbey of Westminster, where the dazzling brilliancy of the massive tapers which graced the high altar, and added lustre to the gorgeous robes of the officiating priests, combined, with the grateful smell of the incense, and the loud pealing of the organ in its accompaniment to the voices of the choristers who were singing the magnificent Gregorian chant, to form a scene which contrasted strangely with our dark, foggy and dangerous walk from the city.

These stimulants to devotion speedily wrought their effect, and we were reverently engaged in the service set forth for the night—it was the Eve of the New Year—when my eyes suddenly encountered a man whose whole appearance and demeanour so attracted my attention, that my devotional spirit was speedily put to flight.

The individual who excited this interest in me was of middle stature, somewhat inclined to corpulency, and expensively attired in a robe of deep purple. His countenance was placid and benevolent; his eyes, which were large and mild, were kept constantly upon a richly illuminated missal which he held in his hand, with the contents of which, however, he seemed not so deeply busied but that some fleeting and not very grave thoughts had power ever and anon to diffuse a satirical but good-natured smile over his face. His complexion was fair, his forehead broad and smooth, his hair thin and of silvery whiteness, as was likewise his graceful and becoming beard.

At length the service concluded, and I took the opportunity of inquiring of my companion whether he knew the individual who had so arrested my attention.

“Know him indeed,” quoth Master Scrope, “Marry do I—and so shalt thou too.”

The object of our conversation had in the mean time made a hasty retreat from the church, by what seemed a private door in the opposite transept to that in which we were standing; so I was fain to follow my companion out of the Abbey to a house which stood a few yards from it, in the garden of the Monastery. Close as this house was, the darkness rendered its discovery a matter of some difficulty. But the door once found and opened, my friend, with the freedom of an
old acquaintance, proceeded directly to the sitting-room of the master of the house.

"Give you good even Master Geoffrey," said Scrope, "I have brought a friend with me who loveth the Muse, and would fain hold a little converse with her favourite son, Master Geoffrey Chaucer."

Master Geoffrey Chaucer! How the words rang in my ears—I could scarce return thanks for the kindly welcome with which the great bard greeted me, so intense was the delight I experienced at finding myself thus suddenly and agreeably confronted with him. There before me sat he whose muse I had so long and so earnestly admired.

His stature was not very tall,
Leane he was, his legs were small,
Hoe'd within a stock of red;
A button'd bonnet on his head
From under which did hang I weene,
Silver hairs both bright and sheene,
His beard was white, trimmed round,
His countenance blithe and merry found;
A sleeveless jacket large and wide,
With many pleigtes and skirts side,
Of water charmet did he wear;
A whittel by his belt he bære;
His shoes were corned broad before;
His inckhorne at his side he wore;
And in his hand he bore a booke;
Thus did this ancient Poet look.

"May I never drink wine or ale," said Chaucer, "and that's a strong word this was sail season, but I am glad to see you Master Scrope, and you too, Sir, though you have given me the meeting at a wondrous busy moment."

"What now, what now Master Geoffrey? Some new device to shame the jingling rhymesters who scribble the gests they clepe romances?"

"Why, I'll tell you all about it Master Scrope—but I'm drouthy after Vespers—and I won't give you cold welcome. We'll have a sop of wine, and then to talking: "so saying, he rang a handsome silver bell which stood on the table by his writing materials, ordered wherewithal to assauge our thirsts, and as soon as it was served, opened a quarto manuscript obviously just written, and continued as follows:—

"Master Scrope you are a happy man! You take tale of your beeves and you take rent for your broad lands, and spend your time and your money as it best pleaseth you. But as for me I don't know what it is to be my own master. When I have done my reckonings in the Exchequer, I have gotten a copy of verses to write for my good Lord of Vere, or my Lady Blanche. Let alone his Majesty himself, who is ever and anon crying out, 'Is your muse turned sluggard Master Geoffrey, that we hear nought of her faith!' I believe they wish me to write every week a poem as long as the siege of Troy. So my scribe Adam Scriveren and myself have taken counsel, and here is our resolve."

Here he handed to Scrope and myself a slip of parchment, on which was written as follows:—

"Know all men by these presents: On the 1st of January in the year of our Lord 13—and in the—year of the reign of our most gracious Sovereign, King Richard the Second—We, Geoffrey Chaucer, purpose, by the assistance of our trusty scribe, Adam Scriveren, to indite a goodly volume, containing sundry and divers Poems, Songs, and Ballades by us the said Geoffrey Chaucer, our trusty friend John Gower, and others of His Majesty's lieges; and we purpose to indite a similar volume under the title of

THE COURT MAGAZINE,

EDITED BY GEOFFREY CHAUCER,

ON THE FIRST DAY OF EVERY MONTH, UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE. COPIES OF THE SAID VOLUME MAY BE PROCURED AT ADAM SCRIVENER AT OUR HOUSE ABUTTING ON THE ABBEY OF ST. PETER, WESTMINSTER, AT REASONABLE CHARGES.—GOD SAVE THE KING."

"Now my masters, to-morrow is the first of January, and I am going to present my book to his Majesty as a New Year's Gift—and as Adam Scriveren—plague on him!—is very apt to make my verses halt like Dame Juket's dog, I must needs con over the manuscript before I hand it over to my royal master."

We begged that our presence might not interrupt this supervision, and earnestly entreated that we might be joint perusers with him of his beautifully written and richly illuminated volume. Our request was granted, and a dainty collection of quaint conceits and gorgeous fancies gladdened our eyes.

Imprimis, was an address to His Majesty on the New Year, followed by a translation by Chaucer himself of Petrarch's Sonnet "S'amor non è," and which if my memory serves me rightly, ran much in this strain:—

If no love is, O God what fele I so?
And if love is, what thing and whiche is he?
If love be gode, from whence consheth my wo?
If it be wicke a wonder thinketh me,
Whan every torment and adversite
That consheth of him, may to me savery thynke;
For aye more thurst I, the more that I drinke.
THE COURT MAGAZINE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

And if that at mine owne lust I brenne,
From whence cometh my walling and my plente?
If harm agre me, wheroeto plaine me thanne?
I' n' ote nere why univery that I feinte;
O quicke death, o swete harm so queste take,
How may I se in me soche quantite?
But if that I consente that it so be?

And if that I consente, I wrongfully
Complainie I wis, thus possit to and fro,
As stereles wight is in a bote, am I.
Amidde the se, atwixen windes two,
That in contrarie stoodin evertro?
Alas what is this wontir maladie?
For hete of colde, for colde of hete I die.

"By the blessed Virgin, Master Geoffrey," said Scrope, "but thou hast rendered the Italian poesy into very delectable English. Thou encounterest Master Francis Petrarch, didst not, when thou wentest on the embassy to Genoa?"

Chaucer's answer was in the affirmative and was a long one, for it related the history of the interview between the learned inhabitant of Arqua and Geoffrey Chaucer, poet of Britain, which interview our readers shall have fully described on some future occasion.

A French' ballade,' by the "Moral Gower," of which the "burthen" was

"En toutz errors amour se justifie;"

was the next piece recited by our host, in a style which showed that his acquaintance with the French language had not been acquired "at Stratford-le-Ro". When Chaucer had finished it, he said—

"A book a month is much to do, and I have been fain to beg for the assistance of my friends, and they have, as you see, kindly given it to me. Master Gower's is to my fancy a very choice piece of verse, and this "Dit du Marguerite," by the gallant French knight Sir John Froissart, is likewise in good sooth much to my mind. You must come and crack a bowl with Sir John—he's a merry man, and a learned withal. Oh!—but King Richard will be well pleased to-morrow, for Sir John's new year's gift to his Majesty will be those chronicles of the affairs of our times, which he has so long busied himself in compiling:"

"I met Sir John in France," said Scrope, "when I was with the Count de Foix—but had no converse with him; he stayed but one night, and was much courted by the nobles and lords who were tarrying there."

"Master Froissart is a good friend of mine," said Chaucer, "and even now I have just gotten from him a goodly poem, which has so delighted me, that I purpose putting it into English rhyme for the amusement of our court dames. So sayng he rose from his chair, and reached from a shelf whereon stood more than

Twenty bokes clothed in blare or red,

a beautifully written manuscript, the title of which he recited as follows:—

"Le Roman de These, ou d'Arcite et Palamon, l'un et l'autre de Thbes, de royal sang extrait, lesquels etant cousins-germans, par superficie amour de la belle Emilie, eurent ensemble question et debat, l'un desquels a cette occasion perdit la vie, et l'autre vint a son intencion." It is indeed a piteous story, but if I translate it I think I shall make it somewhat different and somewhat shorter. But it is a long job, and the 'Romaunt de la Rose' I found a somewhat tedious undertaking."

"Talking of the Romance of the Rose, Master Geoffrey," said I, "can you tell me who wrote a little poem under that title which I have lately met with?" Then I repeated it to him—

THE ROMANCE ON THE ROSE.

When first the sunne the morninge gins to rise,
He wakes the charmes are sleeping in the Rose,
Who from the shry Phoebus hath his hewe;
And as the day avanceth o'er the stoure,
From the bees kisses springes a rich odour.

While Zephryus yshapes it swete to view,
But night now cometh, and the poor Rose dies,
The nightingale it wealeth with his sighs,
And the skies wepe with shoures of tery dewe.

"By my troth, I know not who composed it: nor, with all deference to your judgment, worthy Sir, do I deem it worth the inquiry. He who did it, might do better; and I would commend him to a task will repay him for his trouble. Let him translate the beautiful Romance of "Le Chevalier au Lion," which is making such a coil even now. I showed my copy of it to a gallant high German knight, who was lately travelling in these parts, one Master Hartman von der Oue (what outlandish names they have in the countries over sea), and he was so greatly charmed with it, that he straightways made a copy thereof, and is going incontinent to turn it into his mother tongue. You shall read a bit of the French poem; it is a dainty work, by my faith."

The glorious old bard reached down a huge folio from the shelves which we have already described; and, like all lovers of poetry, himself read the passages which he had proposed I should have read. While he was turning over the leaves of the manuscript, a slip of paper fell from it. As I picked it up, to hand it to him, my eyes accidentally fell upon the writing, and I found that Chaucer himself had commenced the task he so earnestly recommended to another. By his permission, I read the few lines which he had already
SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT BATH.

The first glance at a watering-place can suggest nothing but a reflection upon the vanities of the world, especially the little world of fashion; and in my last I very naturally dwelt only upon the frivolous pursuits of those who form what is called (self-called) the elite of Bath. I have in my time seen many leaders of the fashions of this pretty town, flattering through a few seasons, and then giving up the lead to successors, whose reign was equally brief. But it is not of such ephemerals that I now design to speak. I have been detained in Bath by one of the infirmities of old age longer than I either anticipated or wished; and my second thoughts have taken a more solid turn. Among my Bath contemporaries there have been many, distinguished more for genius or talents than for foibles or follies. How few of them now survive! I used to meet them in my daily walk to the parades, or in the pump-room: I must now seek their monuments on the walls of the Abbey Church.

Doctor Harington, some years my senior, was one with whom I was most intimate, and well do I remember him in his white wig, with his gold-headed cane, seated in his sedan chair, and progressing from his residence in Northumberland-buildings to some meeting of the Harmonic Society. He was in conversation and habits most amiable and gentlemanlike, and his pretensions as a composer were of a high order. I may remark that in the house where the Doctor resided, and where he very probably composed "How sweet in the Woodlands," Haynes Bayly was afterwards born, whose ballads have attained a popularity never yet exceeded.

Bowen was another musical associate of mine, and though no composer himself, his soul was rapt in the compositions of others. He was devoted to the art, and never seemed so much in his element as when presiding at the harmonic festivals, or playing on his musical glasses.

Bath is full of literary recollections to an old stager like myself. I cannot of course remember Fielding—he was before my time; poor fellow, he died prematurely (only forty-seven!) in a foreign land, of a disease aggravated, indeed probably caused, by his anxieties, and the vexations attendant on a very precarious income. There is, however, on the banks of the river, between Green Park-buildings and Tiverton, a small but pretty cottage which I have often gazed upon with interest, because it was pointed out to me as the house "in which Fielding wrote Tom Jones." This I do not believe implicitly, but I have never doubted that at some period of his life it was his residence. But I do remember the Sheridans living—where does the Bath fashionable suppose? Why in Kingsmead-street! —and subsequently they...
resided in New King-street! And speaking of Bath, in a letter to his father, who was in Dublin, what says Richard Brinsley? Do we find any eulogium of private parties? Does he say—"Bath is very gay; three routs and two balls of a night, and all so full as to be intolerably genteel and delightful." No, he speaks only of the public amusements, then the pride of the place, and the source of its prosperity.

"They have balls, concerts, &c., at the rooms; oratorios, one set at the new rooms, and a band of singers, from London, at the old."

Anstey, whose immortal "Bath Guide" gives us some idea of a place which now exists in a totally different form, was the contemporary of my father. Oh, for a modern Anstey to satirise Bath as it is. His picture applies only to a by-gone day; were he again to take up the pen, the Bath small aristocracy (great people in a small way) would afford ample scope for his humour.

Bathaston has in my time been celebrated for its literary coterie, and many a happy evening have I spent in the society of Mrs. Piozzi, at her residence in Gay-street.

Alas! it is the lot of an old man like myself to sigh for the illustrious dead: not one of the persons I have named is now among the living! There is, however, one author still resident in Bath, pre-eminently distinguished for talent, I mean William Beckford, the author of "Vathek" and "Italy."

Having long ago gazed with wonder on the oriental splendours of Fonthill, I lately with much ado (not certainly about nothing) obtained a ticket to visit his residence in Lansdown-crescent, and his tower on Lansdown.

A particular hour was named as the only one at which admission could possibly be granted, the hour when this solitary, eccentric, and magnificent personage is accustomed to go forth from his lonely palace, accompanied by a most hideous dwarf.

I was punctual, and certainly the curiosities collected in this miniature Fonthill, well repaid me for mounting to the elevated crescent. Mr. Beckford's residence is formed of two houses, between which runs a public road, but they are tastefully connected by an arch that forms a sort of gallery.

I cannot pretend, in the space which is now given me, to describe the wonders that I saw, the exquisite pictures, antiques, gems, and bijouterie of every description. Each room contained some costly work of art, and the general effect of the mansion was utterly unlike that of any other of a similar size which I had ever beheld.

Every luxury that I looked upon, served, however, more forcibly to revive the recollection, that they were collected only to gratify the eyes of an involuntary recluse. Can the heart of man in his old age find gratification from such sources, under such circumstances? Who shall answer?

The dinner table was laid for four, but I understood that he dined alone. The articles around it were of the most costly plate, and in a crystal vase near his own place, bloomed two of the rarest and most exquisite exotics. So long did I linger that a hint was thrown out to me that I ought to depart; so giving the customary fee to the domestic who had displayed the house, I left it just in time to meet the master.

Mr. Beckford is a tall, handsome, erect, florid man, and though, I believe, upwards of seventy, remarkably active. His daily activity, indeed, is quite surprising, and often as I have seen him in my rambles, he has passed so suddenly, that until I met him at his own door, I never had an opportunity for minute observation. When he walks his step is rapid, and his attendants (for he is never unattended) follow like running footmen; when on foot I have never seen the odious dwarf with him; and indeed, as that personage has scarcely any legs, it would be impossible for him to keep pace with his fugitive master.

On horseback, he rides through the streets as hard as he can go, and then the diminutive satellite, mounted on a high trotting horse, gallops after him cutting a most ludicrous figure. His face is hideous, perched upon a body which looks like a shapeless bundle, and though on each side of the horse you see a top boot suspended, as they swing to and fro you never would suppose that they contained a pair of human legs.

Though Mr. Beckford has now resided for many years in Bath, no one seems to know anything about him. I have here detailed all that I have heard concerning his establishment; and may we not find a wholesome moral in the solitary palace of this highly gifted person? What, oh! what are all the riches, the luxuries, the refinements of this world, without—

"That which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

Twaddle.
THE COURT.

The King arrived in town on Saturday morning, April the 15th, and returned to Windsor in the evening, after receiving the formal resignations of the late Ministers, and delivering the seals of office to several of their successors. His Majesty remained at Windsor till Thursday the 23rd, when he again came to St. James's Palace, and held a Court. Lord Lyndhurst had an audience and resigned the Great Seal, which was delivered by the King to Sir Charles Pepys, Sir Launcelot Shadwell, and Mr. Justice Bosanquet, the Commissioners appointed to hold it. The Privy Seal was delivered to Lord Duncaan, and the seals of the Duchy of Lancaster to Lord Holland. The Earl of Mulgrave was declared Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The Marquis Wellesley kissed hands as Lord Chamberlain; the Duke of Argyle as Lord Steward; the Earl of Albemarle as Master of the Horse; the Earl of Errol as Master of the Buck-hounds; and the Earl of Gosford as Captain of the Yeomen Guard.

His Majesty held a Levee at St. James's on Wednesday the 30th, when the Earl of Verulam and Lord Ernest Bruce resigned their keys as Lords of the Bedchamber, and Viscount Torrington kissed hands on his appointment to the same honour. The Marquis of Conyngham was presented to the King as Postmaster-General, Mr. Cutlar Ferguson as Judge Advocate, and Captain Elliot as a Lord of the Admiralty.

On Wednesday, the 6th of May, His Majesty came to St. James's from Windsor to hold a Levee. Lord Gardner kissed hands as a Lord of the Bedchamber, Mr. Labouchere as Master of the Mint, Sir George Grey as Under Colonial Secretary, and Mr. Francis Baring as Secretary to the Treasury. The King returned to Windsor in the evening.

Their Majesties arrived in town on Wednesday, the 14th. The King held an investiture of the Order of the Bath, and General Sir Edward Stopford and Sir Henry King were knighted in due form. A Levee was then held. The Earls of Morton and Sheffield resigned their gold keys of office as Lords of the Bedchamber, and Viscount Falkland kissed hands as one of their successors.
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.


Knowing, as we happen to do, the great deference entertained by Mrs. Norton for the reviews of the Court Magazine, which, as she is well aware, have considerable influence in those circles among whose members she is ambitious to shine a star of the first magnitude, we have felt extremely anxious to be able conscientiously to say something in commendation of her book, not only because we cannot but wish well to so gentle and amiable a lady, but likewise because, in the sweet meekness of her humility, we believe her incapable of entertaining any but a feeling of gratitude towards any one sincere enough to pass an unbiased judgment upon her work. Nevertheless, we must not allow ourselves to be disarmed either by her queenly beauty or by her courteous and urbane manners. That engaging snivity and almost spiritual blandishment of bearing which are always so pre-eminently remarkable in Mrs. Norton must not sway our judgment. Moreover we know, that with reference to her literary character, she is ambitious to be put upon the same footing as the less gentle sex, being fully able to take her own part. We have no doubt, therefore, that she will not only admit, but receive in kindness the truths which it becomes our duty to tell her.

One of the most widely discussed literary problems within the last few years, has been: Is Mrs. Norton, a woman of genius? We have carefully examined the question synthetically, analytically, and logically, and having come at length to the corollary of this knotty proposition, we pronounce the Q. E. D. to be —that she is not.

We have read "The Wife, and Woman's Reward" with the profoundest professional attention, and never did we perform a task of a similar kind with such an utter absence of pleasure. We must tell Mrs. Norton— it is our duty to tell her, because she is evidently ignorant of it, and it is our business to try at least to make ignorant people wiser—that the recital of a few common-place incidents of seduction, licentiousness, and prodigality in high life, does not constitute a novel; that the penning of indelicate sentences will not make a Smollett; that the introduction of exaggerated scoundrels, ladies of easy virtue affecting eloquent sensibility, high-born boodies with abbreviated Christian names,—such, for instance, as Jack and elegant sobriquets, such as Soppy, which, like little white boards on the walls of pleasure grounds, are a sort of "be aware of steel traps,"—will not make Mrs. Norton a feminine Walter Scott; that prurient sentiments, which would make a horse laugh, or a mule weep, glossed over with the scum of a morbid morality, like a thin coat of green vegetation over a stagnant pool, are not the elements from which a novel can be brought into sound and vigorous life.

We must further tell Mrs. Norton, and before she is as old as we are she will find it out, if she will not take our word for it now, that an endeavour to awaken the reader's sympathy by fictitious vire, by the whinings of that loose and meretricious sophistry which makes the mere consequential suffering a sort of amulet to elevate vice into virtue, does not constitute morality.

We shall not attempt to analyse the first tale of Mrs. Norton's book, and this for two very substantive reasons—first, because it is extremely feeble and improbable; and secondly, because it is highly immoral. It is a Pandora's box wrapped up in tinted paper, scented with musk and rose-water. Among the actors in Mrs. Norton's puppet-show, there are no less than two women of very doubtful, or more correctly speaking, of not doubtful virtue, who are both eventually made happy, for having been very wicked,—together with sundry other ladies of so equivocal a cast, that if they escape the fate of Annie Morrison, it is only because no one seems to think it worth while to lead them into temptation.

The radical defect of Mrs. Norton's book, and which lies upon it like a monstrous incubus, is, that it is a clumsy exaggeration in every part; it is more the offspring of passion than of sentiment, and exhibits every where the marks of a violent and unnatural gestation. Her hero is an impossible monster—an admirable Crichton with a barred tail and cloven foot, doing what his prototype and the devil only ever did before him. Clavering the secondary puppet, is a young Whig, a very commonplace debater, who carries very little head under his wig; and as if to prove against himself that he is a driveller, calling him a sage and painting him a Cymon, his literary mamma favours her readers with the fag-end of a speech pronounced by this prodigious Mr. Clavering, a morsel of Whig debating, at once so Nortonian and precious, as to stamp upon the leader of the whigs,—for Clavering is the block, rare soul! upon which they all hang,—the character of a most impotent senatorial tweedleum.

Another spot upon the dark complexion of Mrs. Norton's literary offspring is, the tone of vulgar sarcasm at great men, and the coarse scoffs which she flippantly directs against...
those who differ from her, whether as politicians, casuists or philosophers; for she is always flourishing a club round her fair brows, charged with her own philosophy instead of lead, because it is so much heavier. There is also, as we have already said, an immoral circulation through every part of her book, like diseased blood passing through the veins and arteries of a human body, pervading and essentially combined with its whole frame and texture. Annie Morrison, for instance, when seduced, declares she would brave the world's scorn and heaven's displeasure with all her heart and soul, if she might only continue to live with her seducer. She is not at all scandalised at his perfidy in having made her a scorned and polluted thing, but her gross nature is disappointed by his desertion. She is a mere creature of passion, a being with whom no virtuous woman can sympathise, and therefore a character which no virtuous woman should have drawn.

We shall now quote a few of Mrs. Norton's moral hallucinations. At page 307, Vol. 1, we have the following—"Mary Dupré was the most indulgent of her sex; but to her a woman being rather naughty, or a man a little wild, [sweet innocence!] conveyed no ideas at all."

At page 70, Vol. 2, Mrs. Norton says with great naïveté, "He suddenly took his hat and stick, walked down to the residence of one of the then ministry, proposed for the eldest of the girls, (a fair pretty creature, who was a little astonished, a good deal amused, and exceedingly flattered) married her in five weeks from the date of his proposal, and [mark gentle reader] made her the mother of two little girls." At page 231, Vol. 2, we have another very unctuous piece of maternal sentiment. Every young father and mother looks upon their first baby" (Mrs. Norton has forgotten her Lindley Murray") as Adam and Eve must have looked at Cain (that first specimen of a man child born into the world), with delight, wonder, and something of triumph at their own creative ingenuity." This, we think, will fairly show that Mrs. Norton would fain prove she is not a speculative but a practical philosopher. In truth, she's a woman of a thousand!

The gratuitous liberality, and feminine discrimination displayed in the following passage are above all praise. "A tutor for Mr. Lionel Dupré was found without difficulty. There are always thousands of well-educated, well-mannered, and well-disposed young men ready to go through all the laborious, irksome stages of that "Delightful task, to rear the tender thought," for an annual salary, not exceeding, sometimes scarcely equaling, the sum paid to a popular singer for one night's performance, Madame Malibran, for instance; but Madame Malibran is certainly worth all the private tutors in the world." No doubt Mrs. Norton thought, when she wrote this pretty piece of twaddle, that she had penned a couple of very elegant and brilliant sentences. Whatever laugh she may have raised at the expense of private tutors, this is certain, that the warmth of her panegyric on Malibran proves her good taste in music. In her admiration of Malibran we fully concur; but with reference to the subject with which she has coupled this accomplished songstress, has she forgotten that her own great-grandfather was a private tutor, a master of elocution, who went into the houses of the great and the little, with laborious honesty, to teach the elements of a liberal education, in days, too, when five shillings a lesson was considered an abundant remuneration, even for communicating a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew? Let not then the descendant of a private tutor presume to insult a class of men from among whom some of the greatest literary lights of this country have sprung. There are many men who have been that which Mrs. Norton so much despises, whose names will be emblazoned on the future records of time, when the sweet voice of Malibran shall be but as an echo long past. As this brilliant vocalist appears to be Mrs. Norton's beau ideal of a woman, we do not wonder that she should think her "worth all the private tutors in the world"; we can, nevertheless, assure our fair novelist that if she had been better acquainted with private tutors, she never would have written such very original Irish as the following, and have attempted to palm it upon us as belonging to our vernacular tongue:—"Perhaps he paid attention to Mary and jilted her."—"Alas! how many women have striven, like Mary, to warp their own sense of right and wrong, and then to think ill, rather than think ill of any one they love."—"Who produces six little frocks at a time, all ready cut out, and sets her maids to making them."—"The striking of some distant village clock, whose spire rises like a silver line in the blue heavens."

Our limited space does not allow us to say half we might, but we have said enough to show that Mrs. Norton's book is calculated to bring down her literary reputation to the real standard of her talents, which many of our contemporaries, in kind compassion to her woman's nature, have greatly overrated.

Transfusion, by William Godwin, Jun. 3 vols.

In laying down this work after its perusal, our regret is deepened that the young man who has left it behind him to remind us that "he was," is gone so early from among us. Had he lived, our literature would have been further enriched. We knew William Godwin the younger, in his palmy days—in those days when he founded the club which his father
speaks of—to the memory of Shakspeare, at the Garrick’s Head, in Bow-street,—a locality not likely indeed to be known to our lady readers, but, for that all, often the rendezvous of learning, the home of wit, and, when Godwin delighted it with his presence, the dwelling-place of pure and lofty thought. All who knew this young man, knew also that he was a deep thinker, a man by nature fond of the study of the human heart, and by inheritance from his father, a searcher after philosophy, fond of peeping into the secret cells of the mind, of watching the sources of emotion, of placing a looking-glass before the passions, strong and terrible in the fidelity of its reflections. The nature which we thus describe was that of the man who originated fictitious writings of the Cloudesley and Caleb Williams school, and the same hereditary spirit of thought and inquiry is breathed through “Transfusion” by his son. “Transfusion” is essentially a book of speculation, but of speculations how inviting, how interesting of their kind. The story is strange—almost absurd in its construction—but you know as you read it that it is to the author but a peg on which to hang the mantle of his mind. But set aside the actual drama of the tale, and lo! you have beautiful creations before you in its almost every stage. The very character, which is no more than personated embodied brilliancy, is nobly imagined and skilfully portrayed. The gentle Madeline, the heroine, is a creature of... even more captivating than the Madeline Lester of Bulwer who loved the murderer; and her brother.—(he who imbibes his wild ideas of Transfusion—the transfusion of souls—from the deep bowl of the lady, which, as soon as he is taught to hem, is placed before him, a sort of Nectar to his new sense, enchantment being the Gany-meade from whose hand he drinks)—is one whose fate and feelings are identified with the reader’s interests, as long as the writer, with his voice of magic, chooses to call them up.

But we cannot touch—more than by the above faint allusion—upon the structure of this novel. We deprecate the reviewer’s common plan of first forestalling the author in the narration of his own story, and then satisfying the curiosity which it excites. With this book we would wish to excite curiosity, that only its own pages should satisfy; for amid all its incongruities of invention, and its eccentricities of style, it is a work which all who bestow attention upon fiction should read. It has this great merit, there is no part of it thoughtlessly written; its ore does not shine amid rubbish, but when you find a diamond you also see that it is often surrounded with pearls.

We hope, should we live long enough, to hear of “Transfusion,” when more than half the novels that have been published with it shall be forgotten, as it is decidedly more worthy of being remembered. It is the sole book upon which the author’s public fame—now that he is gone—must rest, and the base is worthy of the pillar.

“Transfusion” is full of thought, power, and originality; it remains to be seen whether these are qualities which the public will patronize, or whether they would rather neglect the many aspirations and stern eloquence of departed genius for the flimsy and threadbare distortions of a fashionable tale. Oh! for a court of real justice to try the literary case of “Transfusion” versus “Woman’s Reward!”

VARIETIES.

Concerts.

The concerts already given during the present season have been unusually brilliant; those to come promise to be still more so. Indeed no preceding season has offered to lovers of music such an assemblage of means for enjoying it. The arrival of our favourite Malibran, added to the extraordinary strength of talent collected at the King’s Theatre, the arrival also of De Beriot, and of the two celebrated violoncellists, Cervet and Schubert, give an éclat to the musical summer in London of 1833 never before witnessed in this country.

The Philharmonic Society has been more than usually magnificent this year. The descriptive symphony by Spohr, which may justly be termed the triumph of music, showing how elevated a poetry may be conveyed by the sounds and combinations of instruments alone, is of itself sufficient to fix the present year as a distinct epoch in the annals of this society. The production of this unique and difficult piece was a bold but successful measure. Though there were so few rehearsals, the symphony was given very creditably; the whole went with firmness, excepting only a part of the slow movement, in which there was a little uncertainty. It is true that the band do not yet quite understand all the effects aimed at by the composer; but we feel confident that next year this noble work will be heard without a blemish.

We must enter our protest against the quartet, by Beethoven, played at the last concert by
Messrs. Eliason, Watts, Maratt, and Lindley. The manner in which it went was really a disgrace to the Philharmonic Society. It was injudicious in the directors to make Mr. Eliason play a quartet, rather than a solo, and still more injudicious in Mr. Eliason to select Beethoven's posthumous quartet in E minor, which is one of the last bright flashes of this great composer's expiring genius, before the flame was extinguished for ever. None can perform it to do it justice except after an adequate number of rehearsals—not two, nor ten, nor twenty, nor even two hundred. Every passage—every bar—nay, every note, must be carefully studied; for all are stamped with a power of imagination which few can instantly appreciate, still fewer reach. How many of these four performers understood Beethoven's meaning in this extraordinary effusion? Some of our contemporaries have been very severe upon Mr. Eliason on this occasion, though the badness of the performance is really not attributable to him. The truth is, all four were out, and matters were probably made worse by the trepidation which such a circumstance, in such a place, must naturally have excited.

The Societa Armonica this year is rather below its usual average. There appears to be a want of proper orchestral management in this society. The instruments do not attack properly—that is to say, they do not come in simultaneously with sufficient precision to form a sharp, crisp chord, as if proceeding from a single instrument. We have sometimes observed this defect even in the Philharmonic band, but in a much less degree.

Just as we are going to press, we see an announcement of Signor and Madame Garcia's concert, which unites all the talent in the country. It will have taken place when our present number appears, but too late for us to give an account of the performance, which we must therefore postpone till our July number.

We have just attended Mr. Sedlazeez's concert, at the concert room of the King's Theatre, which was crowded to suffocation. This has been one of the best concerts of the season. Mr. Sedlazeez played, extremely well, a flute concerto by A. Romberg, and Mori performed in an admirable manner a violin solo by Mayseder. We have not space to enumerate the other pieces with which Mr. Sedlazeez treated his audience.

On the 27th instant, a grand sacred concert will be given at the Hanover-square Rooms, under the immediate patronage of the Queen and their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, for the benefit of the Royal Infirmary for Cataract. The performance is to consist of a selection of sacred music, under the direction of Signor Lanza. On this occasion, all the best talent that the country affords has been engaged. Among the performers we find the names of Madame Malibran, Garcia, Fineklor, and Degli Antoni, Signors Rubini, Ivanoff, Tamburini, and Lablache. The orchestra and choruses are to be upon a gigantic scale. Independently of the musical treat, the object for which this concert is given deserves the strongest support, which it will no doubt obtain by an unprecedented sale of tickets. This undertaking has our earnest good wishes.

Miss Kelly.—We are enabled to state that Miss Kelly's benefit, on her retirement from the stage, prior to opening her dramatic school, will take place at Drury Lane Theatre, on the 8th instant. Miss Kelly has done much for her art in this country, and we are sure that every true lover of the drama will give her his support on this occasion.

KING'S THEATRE.

Our opera has never before been able to boast of so strong a company as M. Laporte has engaged this year, and the season is therefore superior to any preceding one within our remembrance. Our limits allow us to say only a few words of the two new operas lately brought out. "Marino Faliero," by Donizetti, is scarcely on a par with his "Anna Bolena," but there is a good deal of merit in it. "I Puritani e I Cavalieri" resembles all Bellini's former productions, though, perhaps, it is the best of them, which is not however saying much in its favour. Bellini has some very pretty melodies, but is unable to work them out. He is but an indifferent harmonist, and his instrumentation is very bad. Yet, in the present degraded state of the Italian school of music, Bellini will retain his rank as a composer, because there is freshness in his melodies, and he has the good fortune to have them sung by Grisi, Rubini, and Tamburini.
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Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.
DINNER DRESS.

The robe is composed of satin Memphis, a black ground figured in white in an Egyptian pattern. The ground is a plain silk of the richest ground, the pattern satin. The corsage is cut low, tight to the shape, and trimmed with a standing tucker of tulle illusion. Sleeves à la folle, of tulle illusion, surmounted by manchons of the material of the dress, bordered with satin riband, a white ground lightly figured and edged with black. The ceinture to correspond, is tied in short bows and long floating ends. The hair is parted on the forehead, disposed in luxuriant curls at the sides, and arranged in perpendicular bows formed of plaited braids behind. It is ornamented in a light and novel style, with a half-wreath formed of puffs of rich white gauze riband, which goes round the back of the head, and terminates in knots over each temple.

EVENING DRESS.

White crepe robe over a satin slip; the body is cut sufficiently low to display an embroidered white crepe guimpe of the violette form. The corsage rounded at top, and trimmed with a rouleau of black gauze riband, is made full before and behind; the fulness is confined at the waist by a ceinture of rich black riband. Single bouffant sleeves, ornamented with puffings of white riband on the shoulders, and a cluster of floating ends of black over the sleeves. The skirt is trimmed in the tunic style, with a benillon of white gauze, the puffs formed by bows of black gauze riband. Head dress a white crepe toque with a double front, the lower part wreathed in soft folds, the upper high and somewhat of an oval form, is bordered with a rouleau formed of black and white riband. The foundation is round and low; it is trimmed with riband and two bouquets of white ostrich feathers; one rises perpendicularly above the the front, the other is attached on the right side in such a manner as to droop in the neck; a third bouquet is inserted between the two fronts on the left side. Black net silk gloves.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

The mourning for his late Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester is finally to cease in the middle of the month. We have given in our plate the two most elegant dresses that have appeared since its commencement, and shall now proceed to cite some of those novelties that are expected to appear at its termination.

Mantles, of a form between the pelisse and the mantle, as they are described in our last number, are expected to be in very general request for carriage dress. We have already seen some velvet ones of maroon and other rich winter colours; they were lined with satin and bordered with sable fur. Boas are not expected to continue in favour, though they are still partially worn.

There is little novelty looked for this month either in bonnets or hats. We have seen some of the former for half dress in plain velvet, trimmed with satin ribands to correspond, or else with a single black stripe at the edge. One of the most novel ribands employed for the trimming of black velvet bonnets is of dead black double-sided satin, with a broad cashmere stripe on one side.

The principal change in hats is the moderate height of their crowns, which are still of the cone form, but not so small at the top. The brims continue of the same depth, and are extremely long at the sides of the face. Some hats have the interior of the brim trimmed with pullings of riband, instead of a ruche of blond lace. An intermixture of blond lace and riband, arranged in a novel manner, is also employed. Feathers and velvet flowers are expected to be in equal request for the trimming of hats. The latter will be those of the winter kind, and of rich full colours.

Among the new materials likely to become fashionable, we may cite tigrine; it is a levantine of the very richest kind, spotted like a tiger's skin. Another novelty is colours mousseline, one of the richest half transparent materials that has yet appeared; both are for evening dress. A robe that we have just seen composed of the former, has the corsage low and square; the front is arranged in longitudinal folds at some distance from each other, and each fold is edged with narrow blond lace set on plain. The sleeves are of the double sabat form, the upper one of tigrine, the lower of white satin; the latter is trimmed with a full fall of blond lace.

Open robes of the rich and heavy materials mentioned in our late numbers are expected to
be generally adopted in full dress. We understand that an attempt will be made to revive the fashion of wearing them over plain satin petticoats of rich full colours; we do not think that the attempt will be successfully

One of the prettiest novelities in head dresses is a turban of satin diamante, intermixed with white crêpe. The satin has a black ground, flowered in the most vivid and beautiful colours; the foundation of the turban is composed of it. The folds in front are partly of satin and partly of white crêpe. A bird of paradise mounted in the style of a peacock's tail drooped to the right side. The colours that are cited in our last number are those expected to be in favour.

COSTUME OF PARIS.—BY A PARISIAN CORRESPONDENT.

Some of the most novel promenade robes are composed of pekin; the corsage is made high, and trimmed with a pelerine canezou, edged with a light ruche of the material of the dress. The long sleeve forms a triple bouffant, the upper part of which is of the usual size, but less puffed out than usual, as the gigot is replaced by a stiff linen. Cashmere shawls of Persian carpet patterns are now most fashionable for the promenade; tartans are no longer adopted by élégantes of distinguished taste. Box tippets do not form an indispensable part of out-door dress; they cannot, however, be said to be quite unfashionable, but they are rarely seen upon those ladies who lead the mode. Muffs are more generally adopted than they have been for many years; they are indispensable with shawls.

Velvet and satin hats of a new colour called ramoneur (it is a dingy shade of brown, approaching nearly to black), are now very fashionable; they are trimmed under the brim next the face with coques of rose, blue, or green riband, which descends down the sides of the face. A single ostrich feather, placed on one side, and attached under the riband at the bottom of the crown, appears to be the ornament most in favour. We see also some hats of scabcuse, ruby, and other full coloured velvets, trimmed only with taffetas riband figured in satin, and a demi voile of tulle illusion at the edge of the brim. The majority of these veils are black. The breakfast dress of a Parisian élégante is now always a robe de chambre of Cashmere, Thibet, or very fine merino, lined with coloured marcelline; the fronts are generally trimmed with a lappel of the shawl kind, either of black velvet, or else of silk to correspond with the lining. The sleeves are extremely wide, trimmed with deep cuffs to correspond with the lappel, and hang loose, partially showing the sleeve of the cambric under dress, made moderately full at the lower part, and confided with a light cuff at the wrist. A cambric cap of the bonnet à l'enfant form, trimmed with clear muslin edged with narrow lace, with cambric brides which tie under the chin, is always worn with a dress of this kind, as is also a plaited cambric frill round the throat, and plain velvet slippers. We must observe that this dress is adapted for the family breakfast table only, and ought to be changed very soon after for a douillette, that is, a wadded pelisse. These dresses are made in a variety of materials; fine merino, Cashmere, and various kinds of silk, are adopted for undress. Those for elegant neglige are of velvet, with satin linings and trimmings. The form of these robes is very similar to that of a robe de chambre; the body is loose, but confined round the waist by a broad band, buttoned before, or by a cord and tassels. The sleeves are excessively long and wide. The fronts turn back like those of a habit body, and the pelerine, rounded and very much thrown back upon the bosom, displays them. The entire dress is edged with a piping corresponding with the lining.

A bonnet neglige is also an indispensable appendage to a douillette; the most elegant are those composed of organdy of the clearest kind, and lined with rose-coloured Donna Maria guaze. The crown, of the cone form, is drawn with rose-coloured riband, through which straw plait is passed to keep it in shape; a triple row of English tulle, bordered with very fine narrow lace, and disposed en ruche, forms the trimming.

We may cite among the prettiest of the new ball dresses one of white crêpe; the corsage was trimmed with a ruche of the same material, which formed a V. The front of the skirt was also ornamented with a ruche, which descended from the ceinture in a bias direction on each side to the knees, where it rounded off on the back of the skirt. White roses placed at regular distances issued from it. The sleeves, of the double bouffant form, had the bouffants separated by a band and bow of riband, in which a white rose was placed.

Dresses of embroidered tulle, trimmed en tablier, with wreaths of small white or red roses, have also been introduced. Some have the trimming continued round the corsage, in such a manner as to form a heart in front, and to serve as a heading to the mantilla at the back. Short full sleeves, traversed by three small wreaths of roses, which meet at the bottom in front under an agrafe of flowers.

Ball head dresses are always of hair, ornamented either with flowers or ribands. A style very generally adopted is that à la Cloître, formed of braids looped at the sides, and turned en couronne round the summit of the head. The coiffure à la Chevalière, in which the hair is arranged in braids on the summit of the head something in the form of a helmet, is also a favourite head dress. Fashionable colours are ramoneur, maroon, bleu Haïti, snuff colour, ruby, violet, orange, and green. Light blue continue in favour for evening dress and for chapeaux.
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In a few days will be published, in one vol., ΦΑΩΜΑΤΟΤΙΤΙΑ, or Elucidations of the Marvelous. By an Oxonian.

"Bombastes kept the devil's bird,
    Shut in the pommel of his sword,
    And taught him all the knavish pranks
    Of past and future mountebanks."

Hudibras.

In the press, an Account of China, in two vols. 8vo, with numerous Plates.

Memoirs of the Life, Character, and Writings of Sir Matthew Hale, Knt., by J. B. Williams, Esq., L.L.D.

A new and illustrated collection of Colburn's Modern Novelists, with corrections and notes by the several authors.

England, a poem, by J. W. Ord, Vol. II.

Harding's Sketches at Home and Abroad.

The Edinburgh University Souvenir.

The Musical Magazine.

Dr. Blundell on the Diseases of Women and Children.

On the 2nd of March, the First Part of a History of British Fishes, by W. Yarrell, F.L.S., with woodcuts of all the species, and numerous illustrative Vignettes.

The Gipsy, a romance, by the author of "Mary of Burgundy." "Life and Adventures of John Marston Hall," &c.

A third volume of the Doctor is in the press.

A new and enlarged edition of the Moral of Flowers, royal 8vo, with seventy-four coloured Plates.

The Transactions of the Medical and Chirurgical Society of London, Vol. XVIII. part 2, with coloured Plates.


English in India and other Sketches, by a Traveller, 2 vols. post 8vo.

An Exposition of the Nature, Treatment, and Prevention of continued Fever, by H. McCormac, M.D., physician to the Fever Hospital, Belfast.

The Village Churchyard and other Poems, by the Right Hon. Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, 1 vol. post 8vo.

Edward, the Black Prince, by Mr. James.

Outlines of Forensic Medicine, by William Cummin, M.D., lecturer on forensic medicine at the Aldersgate Medical School.

The third part of a Dictionary of Practical Medicine, with numerous formulæ of medicines, by James Copland, M.D., F.R.S. Circumstances have occurred which will delay the appearance of this part till January, 1835. The fourth part will speedily follow the publication of the third.

Human Physiology, by John Elliotson, M.D., F.R.S., &c., with which is incorporated much of the Institutiones Physiologicae Blumenbach, 5th edition, with numerous anatomical woodcuts.

The Classic and Connoisseur in Italy and Sicily, in which will be condensed the best Observations of the more distinguished Tourists through those countries, with (as an appendix) an abridged translation of Lanz's History of Painting, 3 vols. 8vo.

Elements of Medical Police, or the Principles and Practice of Legislating for the Public Health, by Bisset Hawkins, M.D., professor of materia medica and therapeutics in King's College, 1 vol. 8vo.

Dr. Adam's Roman Antiquities, edited by the Rev. J. R. Major, M.A., head master of King's College School, London, twelfth edition, with additions and corrections, 1 vol. 8vo.

Faustus, a Dramatic Mystery; the First Walpurgis Night; the Bride of Corintha. Translated from the German of Goethe by John Anster, L.L.D., barrister-at-law.

A new British Atlas, comprising separate maps of every county of England, and the three ridings of Yorkshire. Wales will be contained in four sheets, which will be so contrived that they can be joined together and form one map. By J. and C. Walker. This work will be completed in 28 numbers, consisting of two maps each, and will be published every month, price 1s. 6d. plain, and 2s. coloured.

N.B. The maps will be the same size as those done under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The first number will be published early in 1835.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 4th Dec., at his house, Eaton Place, the lady of the Rev. T. Fisher, of a son.

On Monday, in Whitehall Place, Lady Curling Smith, of a daughter.

On the 9th ult., at Campsall Park, the Lady Radcliffe, of a daughter.
8th ult. at Whip's Cross, Essex, Mrs. J. Capper, a son.
6th ult., in Wyndham-street, Bryanston-square, Mrs. F. Clarke, a daughter.
6th ult., in Keppel-street, Mrs. Lewis Burnand, a son.
7th ult., the lady of H. Sass, Esq., of Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, a son.
At the Cape of Good Hope, Sept. 10, the lady of Sir J. Herschell, K.G.H., a daughter.
9th ult., at Charlton, Kent, the lady of the Rev. A. Drummond, a son.
5th ult., at Rodney-street, Pentonville, the lady of the Rev. W. C. L. Faulkner, a daughter.
At Clapham, Mrs. Charles Cook, of a daughter.
At Earl's-terrace, Kensington, the lady of J. R. Thomson, Esq., of a daughter.
In Russell-place, Fitzroy-square, the lady of E. W. Tuson, Esq., of a daughter.
Mrs. William Bickham, of Manchester, of a son.
In Devonshire-place, Plymouth, the lady of the Rev. T. B. Edwards, of a son.
At Woodberry Lake, Stoke Newington, the wife of J. A. Adlamthwaite, Esq., of a son.
In Gloucester-place, Portman-square, the lady of Don Emanuel Delatorre, who is now on his route to join the queen's cause in Spain, of twins.
In Brunswick-square, Mrs. J. Peachey, of a daughter.
At Roman-cottage, near Andover, Hants, the lady of Harry Footner, Esq., solicitor, of a daughter.
In Great Russell-street, Bedford-square, Mrs. Osborne, of a son.
Mrs. R. Martines, of Chigwell-street, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 4th ult., at St. Martin's, Catharine Maria Amnellina, daughter of the late Major Vince, of Cliff Hall, Wilts, to Mr. Henry Hunt.
At St. Michael's, Highgate, on the 11th ult., by the Rev. Dr. Sleath, high master of St. Paul's school, Dr. Spurgin, of Guilford-street, Russell-square, to Miss Rose Down, late of Colney Hatch.
5th ult., at Bishop Sutton, Hants, Frederick, third son of H. Yates, Esq., late of Sprotten, Derby, to Stella Maria, only child of T. Scotland, Esq., of the former place.
Sept. 29, at Trinity church, Trinidad, R. Stansfeld, Esq., lieut. 19th regt. of foot, second son of R. Stansfeld, Esq., Field-house, Halifax, to Hannah Laettia, the daughter of L. F. C. Johnson, Esq., one of his Majesty's judges of Trinidad.
9th ult., at St. Mary's, Newington, Mr. J. Sull, of Froome, near Dorchester, to Miss Frances Georgiana Davis, of Newington, Surrey.
9th ult., at St. Mary's, Islington, the Rev. J. Hambleton, A.M., minister of Holloway Chapel, to Sophia Anglin, daughter of the late G. Lawrence, Esq., of St. James's, Jamaica.
9th ult., at Trinity church, Clapham, A. Jones, Esq., of Lower Grosvenor-street, to Mary, only child of S. Hillott, Esq., of Clapham-rise, Surrey.
At St. George's, Hanover-square, Major Dye, of the Madras army, to Jane Elizabeth, only daughter of Lieut. Colonel Machlachlan.

DEATHS.

On the 1st ult., in South-street, Park-lane, the Right Hon. Elizabeth Lady Kilmain.
On the 27th of November, at Kite Hill, Isle of Wight, aged 75, Mary, widow of the late John Popham, Esq.
24th ult., at Dorchester, Joshua Hyde, Esq., youngest son of the late J. Hyde, Esq., of Hyde-end, Berks.
31st May, at Futteryghur, Ensign John William Tomkins, of the Hon. Company's 1st regt. Bengal Native Infantry, in the 24th year of his age.
6th ult., Mr. R. Richards, of St. John-street, Islington-road, and late of Forest's-wharf, Great Earl's-street, Blackfriars, aged 66.
3rd ult., R. J. Powell, Esq., of Hinton, Herefordshire, chairman of the quarter sessions for the county, and deputy-steward of the city.
5th ult., at Norwich, W. Simpson, Esq., a magistarte, and many years treasurer of the county of Norfolk, and clerk of the peace of the city of Norwich.
7th ult., at Twickenham, deeply lamented, Mary, relict of Alex. Hatfield, Esq.
7th ult., Ellen Anne, aged 22, second daughter of H. Pounsett, Esq., of Camberwell.
At Dominica, in the 81st year of his age, in consequence of injuries received in the late hurricane, E. P. Burke, Esq., first puisne judge of the island of St. Lucia.
6th ult., W. Crewe Ireland, Esq. of Canonbury-square, Islington.
THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY, 1835.

WALKING DRESS.

Satin robe, a deep citron ground plaided in one of the new Walter Scott patterns. A high corsage, fitting tight to the shape, and marking it out distinctly. The sleeve forms two bouffants above the elbow, and then descends full nearly to the wrist, where the fullness is confined by a band of citron-coloured fancy silk trimming with a richly wrought lozenge in the centre. The front of the dress is ornamented in a light but rich style with fancy silk trimming disposed in half circles, which gradually increase in size from the waist to the extremity of the skirt; they are attached by lozenges from which short tassels depend. Morning cap bordered with a ruche of blonde de Cambray. Bonnet of brun d’Espagne velvet, the crown a moderate size, is placed rather far back; the brim is round, and a little bent over the forehead; the trimming consists of a band and knots of plain brown satin riband, and the beautiful plumage of a foreign bird, corresponding in its tints with those of the robe; it is placed at the bottom of the crown on the left side, and droops over the brim to the right. Large square collar of blonde de Cambray. A sable palatine tippet, or Cashmere shawl, should be worn with this dress for the promenade.

BALL DRESS.

White satin round dress, the corsages a little higher on the shoulders than they have recently been worn, is plain behind, and arranged before in folds, which are drawn down a little in the centre of the bosom; it is bordered with blond lace. The tunic is of gaze gros de Naples, the corsage turns back in a lappel of the shawl kind, a broad rich satin riband, gold colour, figured lightly with brown, is passed through the deep hem that borders both it and the round of the dress. A row of embroidery in gold-coloured floss silk, surmounts the riband at a little distance from it; a fall of blond lace is attached rather full to the outer edge. Bouffant sleeves; the hair dressed low behind, and parted at the sides, is decorated with knots of ribands, corresponding with the border; they are placed low at the sides, and flowers at the base of the bows. The arrangement of the coiffure is novel, and the effect extremely tasteful. Gold enamelled ear-rings, pearl necklace.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

It is now the season for furs, and never were they in our memory more in favour in out-door dress; but, when we say furs, we should rather say fur, for sable is the only one adopted by ladies of high fashion. Muffs are universally worn, but boas are now rarely seen. Pelisses are more in favour than mantles, they are either trimmed with sable or fancy silk trimming; the latter is very much in favour. We see some, also, trimmed with velvet; these pelisses are either of satin or rich figured silk.

A few mantelets of flowered Cashmere trimmed with velvet have appeared, but we cannot say how far they may become fashionable. The grounds of some are light, of others dark, but the pattern is always in rich full colours. The mantelet is of a large size, it is lined with gros de Naples the colour of the ground, and trimmed with bias bands of velvet to correspond with one of the hues of the flowers.

We observe that some of the most novel black velvet bonnets are made with horse-shoe crowns, and brims of a moderate size that shade the face; the interior of the brim is trimmed just over the forehead with blond lace, which is attached at each temple by a

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very small red rose without foliage. The
crown is decorated with a band of black satin
ribbon, which, descending obliquely, forms
brides: a full blown rose with buds and foliage
is inserted in the band on the right side near
the top, but as the stalk is long and slender, it
risks above it, and has all the graceful play of
a feather.
The brims of hats are a little more bent
over the face this month. We do not perceive
any other alteration in the shape. Satin and
velvet hats appear in equal favour. Rose,
maize, and blue, are the colours preferred for
satin hats: rich full hues are most fashionable
for velvet ones. Ostrich feathers are employed
for both; they must be either white, or the
colour of the hat, of a moderate length, and not
exceeding two or three in the bouquet. Plain
satin ribands the colour of the hat, are those
most frequently adopted.

Evening dress presents a singular but,
upon the whole, graceful melange of the
fashions of the middle ages, with those of
Queen Anne's, and the earlier part of George
the Third's reign. Open robes of the rich
materials which we have described in our late
numbers, are worn over petticoats of plain
satin. This fashion which we have already
spoken of, is becoming very general. The
under dress is almost invariably trimmed with
blond lace flounces. Those of blonde de
Cambray are in high request, the lightness
and openess of the ground, with the uncom-
mon beauty of the patterns, the style of which
is fully equal to the most novel French blonds,
and procured them very high patronage. This
may, perhaps, also, in some degree, be owing
to their combining economy with elegance, as
the price is not above a third of the French
article, though even connoisseurs cannot tell
the difference. The corssage of the robe is
always pointed, draped on the bosom, and
frequently finished with a mantilla to corre-
spound with the flounces of the under dress. In
this case the sleeve is of the beret ou bouffant
form, nearly covered by salots corresponding
with the mantilla; the sides of the robe have
scarcely any ornament. We have, however,
oberved, in some instances, that a knot of
riand, strongly contrasting the colour of the
petticoat, attaches the robe to it on each side,
at the topmost flounce.

Gaze gothique, gaze gros de Naples, and,
above all, blond lace, are in request, both for
soirées and balls. Some of the most beautiful
dresses of the latter material are those of the
blonde de Cambray. Some have the grounds
lightly sprigged, others are striped, à colonne,
and trimmed en biais with superb flounces;
some excessively deep, others of more moderate
breadth; each has a heading of singular beauty.
We have seen some of these robes with low
corssages, cut square and plain behind, draped
horizontally on the bosom, the draperies re-
tained in the centre, and at the point of each
shoulder, by a single flower. The flounce,
which was excessively deep, was looped in
front on each side by a bouquet of flowers,
attached by a knot of gauze riband, the ends
of which descended to the extremity of the
skirt. The prevailing colours are different
shades of lavender, brown, and green, ramona,
ruby, rose, maize, and light blue. Rose and
blue are principally for evening dress, and for
hats.

COSTUME OF PARIS.—BY A PARISIAN CORRESPONDENT.

It is very well known that the Parisians
always labour under a mania of one kind or
other. The present reigning one is la danse.
Balls succeed each other with such extreme
rapidity, that a lady has no time to think of
anything but her dresses for them; for assist
at them she must in one way or other, if not
danser, at least as chaperon: for the latter
the robe may be either of a rich or light mate-
rual, as tissu de Memele, satin Isabelle, gaze
blonde, &c. If open, the petticoat should be
white satin. If round, blond lace flounces
should decorate the skirt. The newest style
for the body is a drapery, that has the effect
of a pelerine; it is disposed in folds all round,
and bordered with blond lace. Venetian sleeves
give an elegant finish to a dress of this kind,
they are full nearly to the elbow, an open
and pointed piece descends in drapery from
the elbow to the knee. The effect is very
graceful.

The head-dress may be either ostrich feathers
with diamonds, or coloured gems, or else a tur-
ban or hat. Turbans are very fashionable,
particularly those à la Juive, or à l'Odalisque.
One of the latter, composed of plain blond, had
the folds marked by a chef de diamonds, which
was brought round to form a bandeau in the
forehead. Another, à la Juive, was an inter-
mixture of white and gold gauze; it was orna-
mented with a superb heron's plume, and an
agrafe of coloured gems.

Gaze satin, gaze blonde, tulle Ordine, and
gaze Elisabeth, are all fashionable for dancing
dresses. Satins of light colours figured with
silver, are also sometimes adopted. The cor-
sages of these dresses are cut low, the sleeves
short and full, but the trimmings offer a
good deal of variety. Some are ornamented
with Bevigné's of tulle, disposed in regular
plaits, others with mantillas of blond, and a few
are trimmed à l'enfant, with a single fall of
blond. Flowers are frequently intermingled
with the ornaments of the corssage and the folds
of the sleeve. They are employed also to deco-
rate the skirts, either disposed en Mathilde, or
else arranged in serpentine lines. A pretty
trimming of this kind is a wreath of heath
blossom encircling the upper edge of the hem,
which is cut out in round dents. Headings of flowers or of ribands are also frequently adapted for blond flounces.

Ball head-dresses are principally of hair, arranged either in curls or loops, next the face, according to the fancy of the wearer; the hind hair may be disposed in crescents, or perpendicularly bows, or arranged en couronne, or twisted up à la Grecque. Fashion gives latitude enough in this respect. The prevailing ornaments are flowers or ribands, but for a bal purée the coiffure is frequently ornamented with diamonds and ostrich feathers. The jewellery worn at some of the late court balls by several elegantly dressed ladies, consisted only in a superb agraffe of opal, of pearls, or of diamonds in the centre of the draperies of the corsage. The ear-rings and the ornament in the middle of the bandeau, also corresponded.

An envelope for evening coiffures, called a ca- lèche, has been introduced this last week, which, we believe, was very fashionable some sixty or seventy years ago. For the benefit of our fair young readers who may never have heard their grandammas speak of it, we must explain that it is a silk hood drawn with whalebone in such a manner as to completely cover the head without deranging the coiffure; it is generally made of black gros de Naples, lined with rose-coloured satin, and edged with narrow black lace. A modern addition, and a very good one to the calèche, is a mantlet of the same materials, wadded, rounded at the sides, and whaleboned in such a manner as to prevent it from crushing the dress. The favourite colours are ramona, violet, emerald, and light green, rose, ponceau, and some fancy hues.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A Fourth Edition of the Prayer Book and Lessons, arranged by the late Honourable Charlotte Grimstone, in 2 vols. The First containing the Morning Prayer; the Second, the Evening Service. This Edition will be considerably reduced in size, in order to render it more portable.

Mr. Thomas Roscoe, Editor of the Landscape Annual, is preparing for publication an Excursion in North Wales, which will be embellished with numerous highly-finished plates, from drawings made expressly for the work, by Cattermole, Cox, Creswick, and Walker of Derby.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 10th ult., in Upper Grosvenor Street, the Countess de Lawr, of a daughter.

On the 14th ult., in South Audley Street, the Lady of Viscount Torrington, of a daughter.

At Powis Castle, Lady Lucy Clive, of a still-born child.

On the 80th of December, in Sussex Place, Regent’s Park, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Fletcher, of a son.

On the 24th of December, at the Royal Hospital at Kilmainham, Dublin, the Lady of Lieut.-General the Right Hon. Sir Hussey Vivian, of a daughter.

On the 22d of December, at Northampton, the Lady of Quintus Vivian, Esq., of the 8th Royal Irish Hussars, of a son and heir.

On the 24th of December, in Wilton Crescent, the Lady of Captain Vernon Harcourt, R.N., of a son.

On the 26th of December, in Dean Street, Park Lane, the Lady of the Hon. Charles Abbott, of a son.

On the 29th of December, in Hertford Street, May Fair, the Lady of William Bertram Evans, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 29th of December, at Bardon Park, Leicestershire, the Lady of Robert Jacob Hood, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 26th of December, at Hanover, Grand Duchy of Baden, the Lady of Lieut.-Col. Stepney Cowell (late Coldstream Guards), of a son.

On the 30th of December, at Kemp Town, Brighton, the Lady of Thomas Read Kemp, Esq., of a son.

On the 30th of December, at Bath, the Lady of H. M. Chadwick, Esq., of Mavesyn-Ridware, Staffordshire, of a son and heir.

On the 30th December, at the Rectory, Farnborough, Hants, the Lady of the Rev. Charles Eckersall, of a daughter.

On the 1st ult., at the Lady Colchester’s, Montague Place, Russell Square, the Lady of the Hon. Philip Henry Abbott, of a daughter.

On the 19th ult., in Park Street, the Lady
of the Hon. William a'Court Holmes, of a son and heir.

On the 14th ult., at his seat, Manby, Brigg, the Lady of the Hon. Charles Anderson Pelham, of a son and heir.

On the 7th ult., at Braham, the Lady of H. J. Deane, Esq., of a daughter.
At Hall, the seat of Charles Chichester, Esq., the Lady of R. Chichester, Esq., of St. Brannocks, of a son.

In Portman Street, on the 5th ult., the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Knollys, Scots Fusilier Guards, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 30th of December, at St. Mary's, Lambeth, William Cloves, junior, Esq., of Parliament Street, to Emma, daughter of the late Thomas Lett, Esq., of Lambeth, and St. Peter's, Kent.


On the 30th of December, at All Soul's, Langham Place, the Rev. Newton Smart, Master of Farley Hospital, Wilts, to Charlotte, daughter of the late Henry De Berniere, Esq., Colonel in his Majesty's Service.

On the 30th of December, at Clapham, the Rev. Edward Hayes Pickering, of Eton, to Anna Maria, fifth daughter of Thomas Stephenson, Esq., of Clapham Common.

On the 1st ult., at St. Pancras Church, Joseph Lax, Esq., of Littlefield Place, Clifton, to Sarah Frances, daughter of the late Nathaniel Barton, Esq., ofCorsley House, Wilts.

On the 14th ult., at Bloomsbury Church, Harry Peter, son of Thomas Capreel, Esq., of St. Omer's, to Mary Anne Elizabeth, eldest daughter of James Hansard, Esq., of Southampton-street.

On the 13th ult., at St. George's, Bloomsbury, Richard Taylor Raynsford, Esq., formerly of Gravely, Herts, to Henrietta Charlotte, only daughter of the late H. J. A. Crossdale, Esq., of Hargrave Lodge, Stansted, Essex.

On the 5th ult., at St. Peter's Church, Walworth, the Rev. D. Rees, of Burton Latimer, Northamptonshire, to Mary Eliza Curtis, youngest daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Curtis, of Walworth.

On the 13th ult., at St. John's, Hackney, Mr. John West, of Hatcham, Surrey, to Marianna, eldest daughter of W. F. Baker, Esq., R. N.

On the 7th ult., Lord Norreys to Miss Harcourt, at Nuneham Courtenay. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of York in the parish church, and was attended by a large party which was assembled for the occasion.

DEATHS.

On the 27th of December, at Edmonton, Charles Lamb, Esq., late of the East India House, author of the "Essays of Elia," and of other works, in his 61st year.

On the 25th of December, at Kew Green, Surrey, Lieut. John Caldwell, of the 2d West India Regt., late of the Island of Jamaica, in his 41st year.

On the 27th of December, at Widmore, Kent, George Telford, Esq., formerly of York, in his 86th year.

On the 23d of December, at Horton Kirby, Mr. John Harris, of Farningham, Kent, in his 78th year.

On the 24th of December, Major A. Chaplin, late of Aylesbury.

On the 1st ult., at her house in Lower Brook Street, Lady Henry Fitzroy.

On the 29th of December, at Mulbarton, in his 79th year, the Rev. Miles Beevor, D.D., third son of Sir Thomas Beevor, Bart., late of Hethel, Rector of Hethel and of Bircham Newton with Tofts, and Vicar of Ketteringham, all in the county of Norfolk, and for many years a Deputy-Lieutenant and Magistrate of that county.

On the 29th of December, at Bath, after a few days' illness, the Rev. Thomas Robert Malthus.

On the 14th ult., the long and painful illness of Mademoiselle Duchesnois, the celebrated tragedian, terminated in her death.

Mrs. Frederick James Tollemache, Lady of the fifth son of the late Lord Huntingtower, and grandson of Louisa, Countess of Dysart.

On the 6th ult., at Southampton, Ann, Countess of Mountmorris, daughter of the late Viscount Courtenay, and sister of the present Earl of Devon.
Evening and Dinner Dresses.
FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH, 1835.

DINNER AND EVENING DRESSES.

SITTING FIGURE.

The under dress is white satin, the robe white crepe, the corsage is cut low and square, pointed at bottom, plain behind, and draped à la Tyrolienne on the bosom; a blond lace mantilla encircles the back and shoulders; it is ornamented with papillon bows of rose coloured gauze ribbon. Double bouffant sleeves, the upper one very full; the lower forms only a large bonillon. The skirt open in front, and trimmed down the sides with blond lace, is looped back in full folds by papillon bows, corresponding with those on the shoulders. White crepe turban, a low foundation; the front is arranged in high and voluminous folds on the left side, and in smaller ones on the right. A gold band of a rich but light kind is placed at the base of the folds on the left side, and passes behind them on the right. A bouquet of red roses with their buds, is inserted in the band on the left, and a single rose placed under the folds on the right. Polonaise of broad white satin ribbon, embroidered in a wreath of red roses and foliage; it is lined and bordered with swansdown. White kid gloves, trimmed with a double ruche of white satin ribbon. White satin slippers in sandals. The jewellery worn with this dress should be pearls.

STANDING FIGURE.

A round robe of bleu de Roi velvet, a low corsage, draped horizontally on the back and front of the breast, and pointed at the bottom. Sleeves à la Folle, of blonde de Cambray, over beret ones of white satin. Velvet mancherons of the shell form, edged with blond lace. The ruche which trims the bosom is of blonde illusion. The hair is parted on the forehead, arranged in full curls at the sides, and in a full bow on the summit of the head, from whence a ringlet or two is suffered to stray. A golden arrow traverses the bow, and a circlet of gold en Ferronniere completes the ornaments of the coiffure. Neck-chain à la Chevalière of gold.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

Mantles are now less generally adopted in carriage dress, and will probably by the end of the month be laid aside entirely. They now begin to be superseded by mantuas. This is a mantelet of a new form, short, and rounded at the corners; they are made both in velvet and satin. We have seen some in full colours, but light hues are more generally adopted; the latter are usually lined and trimmed with swans-down. The lining of the former is satin, and the trimming a new kind of fox fur; it is close and very light, of a tawny orange, but black at the extremity. We have seen also a few tippets of it. Cashmere robes, of black or dark grounds, with very deep palm borders, are coming much into favour in carriage dress. The corsages are made high, with plain backs that fasten behind, and the fronts dressed in interlaced folds on the bosom. The sleeves, of the folle kind, and of a very large size, have scarcely any stiffening at the top. Velvet bonnets are generally adopted with these dresses; the best style is a bonnet trimmed with a single, long, curled ostrich feather, and a band and full bow of satin ribbon at the back of the bonnet: the trimming should correspond with the ground of the robe.

Some pretty aprons of printed satin have appeared in morning dress, those most in favour are of light colours, a plain ground with a printed border, that encircles also the pockets and the waist.

The materials of evening dress continue to be of the richest description. Pompadour satins, a white ground embroidered in bouquets of different flowers in colours, are much in request. The satin Scarron, a superb material of the damask kind, intermingled with gold, are highly fashionable. Robes composed of these rich materials never have any trimming round the border. The corsage, low and square, is usually made without drapery, but is trimmed with a mantilla, or else in the pelerine style, with blond lace. In several
instances we have observed that the corsage, instead of being rounded, is pointed at the bottom; and we have seen some edged with blond, which has a very elegant effect. The sleeves of these robes are mostly of the triple sabot kind, the sabotts formed of blond over white satin. Venetian sleeves of blond lace are also in favour. We perceive that the blonde de Cambray has lost nothing of its attraction.

Turbans are at present in the highest favour in evening dress, those à la Juive are most prevalent. Some are composed of Cashmere scarfs, others of English point lace. Some have also been introduced composed of blonde de Cambray; they are generally composed of a scarf arranged in full folds round a low foundation, and with the ends, which are of uncommon richness, falling in the neck; they are mounted on white satin. Some are trimmed with an aigrette of precious stones, but many have no ornament. Spanish hats are beginning to be very much in favour; they are of two kinds, the Chapeau Castillan and the Chapeau Isabelle; the first has a low crown, and small brim turning up very high on the right side, and descending low on the left. Some are composed of plain velvet, and trimmed with the plumage of a bird of Paradise dyed black. Others are of a light material, crêpe neige; it is of different colours, but rose and blue seem preferred. These latter are always ornamented with aigrettes, either the colour of the hat, or of silver. The Chapeau Isabelle are always of velvet; they are of different colours, but black seems most in request. The crown is high, and a little of the cone form, the brim deep, and inclining to the left side; a single long white feather, placed perpendicularly, is the only ornament of this elegant hat.

An attempt has been made, but we think it will prove an unsuccessful one, to bring heavy materials into favour in ball dress. We have seen some robes of violet satin, richly embroidered in gold, and others of velvet, trimmed with flounces of blond lace. The mode is, however, not at all general, nor do we think it likely to become so. Crêpe, tulle, blond, and rich guazes, seem in equal favour. Some robes, composed of these materials, are made of the tunic form, open over white satin slips; the robe is shorter than the slip, and with square corners; the corsage is low, square, and with a little fulness, which gives ease and grace to the shape; the sleeves are very short, they terminate in a large bouillon. These dresses are differently trimmed; we have seen some simply bordered with two flat bands of coloured satin round the corsage, fronts, and bottom of the robe. Others had the fronts and border of the robe trimmed with a wreath of forget-me-nots, or other delicate flowers, and the corsage decorated with a blond lace mantilla, which was headed by a smaller wreath of flowers to correspond. A quilling of blond lace, not very deep, depended from the bouillon at the bottom of the sleeve. Ceintures with floating ends are still very fashionable; where the ends do not float, a riband of the same kind as the ceinture is attached at the top of the corsage by a jewelled brooch; the ends pass through the waistband, and fall nearly to the knee.

Ball dress silk stockings are remarkable for their beauty; some are ornamented with applications of rich blond lace on the instep. The little wreaths of coques of ribands, so long in favour for trimming the tops of gloves, are now beginning to be superseded by a fairy wreath of flowers, corresponding with the trimming of the dress, or the coiffure.

Ball-dress coiffures are always of hair; they continue to be ornamented with flowers principally, but we see some decorated with bouquets composed of the heads of feathers. Scarfs are universally adopted in evening dress, those of blonde de Cambray are most in favour.

No change this month in fashionable colours.

Costume of Paris.—By a Parisian Correspondent.

The mania for dancing, which continues as great as ever, causes our promenades to be thinly attended; however, some days unusually fine for the season, have attracted several elegantly dressed women to the bois de Boulogne, and the Tuileries gardens. The dresses most admired for the promenade, are satins of new patterns, very similar to those that were last year adopted in muslin. Grass green grounds, thickly covered with patterns in dark hues, seem most in favour.

Tartan shawls have entirely lost their vogue; they are replaced by Egyptian shawls, which are now more fashionable than any other. Pelisse robes, both of satin and velvet, have been during the last week very much adopted, and boas, which for some time have been much out of favour, are once more in general request. Satin bonnets are at this moment in a majority, particularly those of straw colour, or citron, trimmed either with feathers or flowers of the same hue. Velvet is still, however, fashionable, both for hats and bonnets. Black, emerald green, and bleu d’Ecossse are the colours most in request. The most fashionable style of trimming for hats is a single feather attached on one side of the crown. They are worn over a small bonnet-cap of blonde illusion, intermixed with rose or cherry-coloured riband.

Worked muslin caps are quite out of favour in morning dress, those of English point lace, or of narrow blond, attached upon a border of tulle, are the only ones in request.

Ball dress has lost something of its richness since last month, but it has gained in lightness and simplicity. Flowers are the ornaments most generally adopted, both for robes and coiffures. Several robes are trimmed on one
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In a few days will be published, "Provincial Sketches," by the Author of the "Usurer’s Daughter," the "Puritan’s Grave," &c. &c.

Nearly ready, "The Sketch Book of the South."

On the first of April will be completed (by the publication of the Twelfth part), "Westall and Martin’s Illustrations of the Bible." The extensive sale of this work (amounting within three weeks of the publication of the first part to 14,000), has induced the proprietors to enter into arrangements with the above eminent artists for a series of uniform Illustrations of the New Testament, which will be produced the beginning of next season.


A Neapolitan Romance, by James Bouden, Esq., (author of "The Man of two Lives," Lives of Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Kemble, &c.,) called the "Doom of Giallo."


A Poet’s Portfolio; or Minor Poems, in three books, by James Montgomery, fcp. 8vo.

Travels in Ethiopia, by G. A. Hoskins, Esq., with plates.


A complete Latin-English Dictionary, compiled from the best sources, chiefly German, and adapted to the use of colleges and schools, 1 vol. 8vo., by the Rev. J. Esmond Riddle, M.A.

Mr. Swan is preparing for publication, Illustrations of the Comparative Anatomy of the Nervous System. The plates will be in 4to., and executed on steel, by Finden.

Early this month will appear, in a single volume, Old Maids; their Varieties, Characters and Conditions.

The Fifth Volume of the Parent’s Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction, is now completed.

The Third Edition of the Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister is now in the press, and will contain an Answer from the Rev. Author to the Reviewers of the former Editions.

By subscription, in May, will be published, in two volumes, Poems, by Richard Hatt, with a Memoir of his Life.

Preparing for publication, Flora and Thalia, or Gems of Flowers and Poetry, culled and arranged by a Lady, and illustrated with twenty-six plates.

Mr. Valpy has announced for publication on the 1st of April next, a new and illustrated edition of Pope’s Works; to be edited by Dr. Colly, with a new Life, Notes, and Critical Observations on each Poem. The work is to be published in six Monthly Volumes, on the plan of Byron, Scott, and Shakespeare.
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.
In Dover-street, on the 11th ult., the Lady Jemima Elliott, of a son.
On the 7th ult. the Lady of Dr. Alexander, Hon. East India Company’s Service, of a daughter.
On the 7th ult. the Lady of E. Wolff, Esq., Camberwell-grove, of a son.
On Tuesday last, at Westbrook, Herts, Lady Georgiana Ryder, of a son.
On the 11th ult. in Belgrave-square, the Lady of R. Sanderson, Esq. M.P., of a son.
The wife of the Rev. J. D. Shafto, of a daughter.
On the first ult. in Upper Brook Street, the Lady of Sir John M. Burgoyne, Bart., of a daughter.
On the 1st ult. at Bonehill, Staffordshire, Lady Jane Peel, of a son.
At Spetchley, Worcestershire, the lady of Robert Berkeley, Esq., jun., of a son.
At Manchester, the lady of H. Beville, Esq., Capt. in the 5th Drag, Guards, of a son.
At Loughton rectory, Bucks, the lady of the Rev. J. Athawes, of a son.
At Stamford-hill, the lady of A. Wilson, Esq., of a daughter.
At Woodend, Yorkshire, the lady of S. Crompton, Esq., M.P., of a daughter.
At Weston-surper-Marsh, the lady of H. Davies, Esq., solicitor, of a daughter.
At Caldecott Hall, Warwickshire, the lady of E. C. Macnaughten, Esq., of a daughter, still-born.
At Preston Deane, Northamptonshire, the Lady of L. Christie, Esq., of a son.
At Blackheath Hill, the Lady of Lieut. R. Barclay, R.N., of a daughter.
At her father’s house, Reading, the lady of the Rev. C. Mackenzie, of a son.
In Gower Street, Bedford Square, the wife of W. Porter, Esq., of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.
At Farthingdon, Berkshire, E. Matthews, Esq., to Sarah, daughter of Robert Gerring, Esq., of that place.
On the 2nd ult. at St. George’s, Hanover Square, by the Rev. Richard Salwey, Rector of Fawkham, Kent, Charles Hancock, Esq., Exon of his Majesty’s Yeomen Guard, to Sophia Harriet, daughter of George Battye, Esq. of Campden-hill, Kensington.
On Tuesday, the 10th ult., at Thornham Magna, Suffolk, by the Rev. Sir A. B. Hendriker, Bart., T. Lovett, of Fernhill, in the county of Salop, Esq., to the Hon. Emily Henkker, third daughter of the late, and sister to the present, Lord Henkker.

On the 3rd ult. at All Soul’s, Langham Place, and afterwards at the Bavarian Chapel, according to the rites of the Catholic Church, the Baron Paul Louis Jules de Peyronnet, only son of the Count de Peyronnet, to Georgina Frances, second daughter of the late George Whitfield, Esq., of the Islands of St. Vincent and Grenada.

On the 12th ult. at St. James’s church. John, eldest son of J. C. Moore, Esq., of Corswall of Wigtounshire (N.B.), to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late J. Bradley, Esq., of Colborne Hill, Staffordshire.

On the 12th ult., at St. George’s, Hanover Square, B. Long, Esq., of Colchester, to Miss Charlotte Georgiana Wheatstone, second daughter of W. Wheatstone, Esq.
On the 10th ult., at St. Martin’s, W. O. Jackson, Esq., son of Warren Hastings Rowland Jackson, Esq., of Castleview, in the county of Cork, to Georgiana Maria Jane, only daughter of Dr. J. Johnson, of Suffolk Place.

On the 9th ult., at St. Luke’s, Chelsea, F. C. Ebbart, Esq., late Captain of the 45th regiment, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Major Ebbart, Commandant of York Hospital.

At Churchover, on Tuesday, the 10th ult., R. B. Hayes, Esq., late Captain in the 59th regiment, to Mary, second daughter of R. Pack, Esq., of Floore House, in the county of Northampton.

DEATHS.
On the 11th ult., at the house of her brother, Archdeacon Jones, Stratford-green, Essex, Sarah Maria, second daughter of the late J. C. Jones, Esq., of Brynsteddford, Denbighshire.

On the 19th ult., in Albion-road, St. Newington, W. Cawthorne, aged 76, one of the Society of Friends.

At Bantry House, in the county of Cork, on the 19th ult., in the fifty-sixth year of her age, Margaret Anne, Countess of Bantry, eldest daughter of William Earl of Listowel, deeply regretted by her family and friends.

At Bossall, in the county of Cork, the Right Hon. Lady Macdonald, relict of Lieut.-General Godfrey Bosville Lord Macdonald, of Thorpe and Gunt thwart, in the same county, and of Armadale Castle, Isle of Skye, N.B.

In South-street, Lady Mary Afflick, aged 86.


In Montague Square, Judith, relict of the late Rear Admiral Manby, of Northwold, Norfolk, aged 47.

In Alpha Road, A. Birnie, Esq., aged 72.
FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL, 1885.

EVENING CONCERT DRESS.

Gros de Tours robe of a peculiarly rich shade of green; the corsage is low, rounded on the shoulders, and pointed at the bottom; it fits close to the shape, and is ornamented with a pelerine of white blonde de Cambray, exceedingly shallow in the centre of the bosom, but falling rather deep over the back and shoulders. Sleeves à la Montespan, they are not quite so large as they have lately been worn, and descend to the bend of the arm; a blond mantchette of the antique form, looped in front by a bow of white satin riband terminates the sleeve. The border is trimmed with blonde de Cambray, arranged in festoons by knots of white satin riband, the trimming is drawn up nearly to the knee on the left side by a very full knot of riband. The hair is parted on the forehead, disposed in round curls at the sides, and in a bow, round which a platted braid is twisted on the summit of the head; two white ostrich feathers placed at the base of the bow drop over it. Neck-chain of enamelled gold.

MORNING DRESS.

Gros de Naples robe, a white ground, striped obliquely in wreaths of light green foliage; the corsage of a three-quarter height, plain behind, and draped in the form of a V on the bosom. Sleeves à la Folle; ceinture of light green taffetas riband. Cap of tulle blonde, the caul sits close to the head, and is encircled with a band of taffetas riband to correspond, terminating in a knot behind; a second knot is placed on one side near the top of the caul, the ends of which traverse the bands, and form brides; the trimming of the front consists of two rows of lace, lightly intermixed with sprigs of foliage. Indian muslin pelerine, embroidered in feather-stitch, and bordered with English point lace.

DINNER DRESS.

Unders dress of gold-coloured satin; a low square corsage fitting close to the shape, and trimmed with a falling tucker of blond lace set on plain, short sleeves. The border is trimmed with a single flounce of blonde illusion, net on with very little fullness. Open robe of violet pour de soie, lined with gold-coloured satin; a shawl corsage, the hapel is of satin, and bordered, as are also the fronts of the dress with blonde illusion. Faille sleeves lined with satin bordered with blond, and looped at the bend of the arm. Chemisette of tulle illusion. The hair, parted on the forehead, falls in full ringlets at the sides of the face, and is arranged in light bows placed far back on the summit of the head. A gold bandeau encircles the head, and a wreath of flowers formed of gold and gems surrounds the bows. White open-worked silk gloves.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

The Court-mourning for the Emperor of Austria will throw but a passing cloud over the splendour of fashion in the beginning of the month. Black satin robes have, in fact, been in vogue during a part of March, and will, we have reason to think, continue to be worn till the change of mourning; for our fair readers are aware that the Lord Chamberlain’s orders are not very strictly adhered to in regard to materials. Some of these robes have low corsages with plain backs, and the fronts disposed in drapery a la Tyrolienne, and trimmed with knots of black or coloured satin ribands. Short sleeves composed of three bias folds, forming a triple bouffant of a novel kind; others have the corsage a little rounded at the top, and trimmed with a lappel composed of three bias folds of satin; a row of black blond lace is set on round the lower fold, it is very shallow in front, but broad round the back and shoulders; a second row, falling over a single bouffant sleeve, forms a sabot. We do not know any style of corsage more advantageous to the shape than this.

We have seen some robes of white crape prepared for the change of mourning; the corsages drooped, and retained in the centre of the bosom, and at the sides by knots of black satin riband, with a jet lozenge in the centre.
of each. The skirts were trimmed en tablier, with knots to correspond. Some very elegant robes are composed of white poux de soie over petticoats of white gros de Naples; the robe is looped rather above the ankle on the left side by a knot of black riband with floating ends, which fall over the petticoat; a bouquet of gold and silver flowers is inserted in the knot. The draperies of the corsage are retained in the centre by a papillon bow of black riband, with an ornament of either gold or silver in the centre. A good many turbans are of black gauze, trimmed with gold or silver cords and tassels.

It is yet too early to speak with certainty of the Spring fashions; but we have reason to believe that open pelisses, composed of summer silks, and edged with two or three pipings of a different and striking colour, will be much in request towards the end of the month. They will be worn over muslin robes, either embroidered in front or trimmed with flounces. There is no doubt that embroidery will be exceedingly fashionable both for muslin robes and for lingerie. Printed muslins are expected to be very generally adopted in morning dress; we have seen some new patterns of sprigs in delicate colours and of a small size, that appeared to us novel and pretty.

We understand that gros de Naples glacé and poux de soie are the materials expected to be in favour for hats and bonnets, but those of satin will still remain fashionable during the whole of the month. Rice straw is expected to be as much in request as ever, and flowers, particularly Spanish lilac, the sweet-scented pea, and violets, will be generally employed for trimming both silk and rice straw hats.

Organdy, spigged in coloured cashmere, worsteds in single flowers with their foliage, was coming into favour in evening dress when the Court went into mourning, and we believe it will be resumed as soon as the mourning is over. The dresses composed of it were draped on the bosom, the draperies bordered with lace. Triples bouffant sleeves and a ceinture of the colour of the flowers with floating ends. The new colours are expected to be different shades of green, primrose, lillas, fawn, cherry colour, and a bright shade of blue.

**Costume of Paris—by a Parisian Correspondent.**

Our élégantes are looking as usual to the promenade of Longchamps for the summer fashions, at least as regards out-door costume. However, during the last two seasons, and particularly last year, the promenade has not been by any means so numerous or brilliantly attended as it formerly used to be; but it would be considered mauvais ton to appear in any spring fashion till the season had been opened at Longchamps. Thus out-door dress offers little variety; pelisses of satin cachemire are the last novelty, they are of different colours, but emerald green predominates: some have no other trimming than a row of knots of riband to correspond down the front of the dress; others have, in addition to the knots, a row of swansdown on each side of the front; in the latter case the pelerine is always bordered to correspond. The most novel pelerines are of a small size, square before and behind, but descending in rather a point upon the shoulder. A cashmere shawl is generally worn with a pelisse, it should be of a very large size, but not suffered to hang very low behind. The hat may be either of satin or colours épinglé, but the latter is preferred; violet and rose are the favourite colours. The trimming may be either two feathers of the same hue, attached by a knot of riband at the side of the crown, or else of riband only; it is arranged in a succession of coques rising one above another in front of the crown, from the lower one, which is placed nearly at the bottom, an end falls on each side upon the brim.

Among the millinery preparing for Longchamps we notice some satin and gros de Naples hats of a very tasteful description. Some have the brims standing out from the face, and the crowns projecting in front; others with the brims bent over the face, and larger than those of last year. There are also some satin and gros de Naples bonnets, the material is laid on the shape in folds. A mourning bonnet, that struck us as particularly genteel-womanly, is composed of green satin, the brim is deep, and partially shades the face; the crown is very low; it is trimmed with a very broad riband, which forms a small pointed fichu at the top, and a large knot on one side. A very pretty half-dress hat is composed of cherry-coloured gros de Naples glazed with white; the crown is of the cone form, the brim turns up; it is trimmed with three sprigs of white acacia and ribands to correspond. We may add a half-dress bonnet of very pale rose-coloured gros de Naples, the material arranged in a very novel style in folds, and the trimming of riband to correspond.

*Paille de riz* is not likely to lose any of its vogue this summer; several hats of it are already ordered for Longchamps. We do not see any actual novelty in the form of these hats, except that the brims are shallower and not so long as they are worn at present. They are ornamented in a very light style with spring flowers, violets are in a majority, and ribands of Indian taffetas, or those with gauze edges. Several are of two colours, those likely to be most in favour are écre and cherry-colour, écre and bleu Haiti, straw-colour and white, écre and palissandre.

Masked balls are over for the season, but dress balls are as frequent as they were in the beginning of the winter. Some of the most novel dancing dresses are of gauze figured in a different colour from the ground, as jonquille
and lilac, white and emerald green, or rose, écru and cherry-colour; low corsage, pointed at the bottom, draped in front, and trimmed behind with a double ruche of tulle blonde, which encircles the back, and terminates at the shoulder. A bouquet of lilac or other flowers corresponding with one of the colours of the robe is placed upon the shoulder, and falls over a single bouffant sleeve, which is divided by the flowers into three separate parts; the skirt is looped rather high on one side by a bouquet to correspond.

We scarcely know which predominates, head dresses of hair or hats and turbans, in ball dress. The former are still generally of velvet. The Chapeau Casillan is the shape preferred. A single long white feather droops gracefully on the brim, and a bouquet of flowers in coloured gems, or a Ferroniere in diamonds, is placed underneath it. The most fashionable turbans are those of white gauze figured in gold; a white aigrette is an ornament much in favour for a turban of this kind. The Jewish form still predominates. Fashionable colours are cherry, pale rose, emerald, and tea green écru, lilac, straw colour, bleu Haïti, and palisandre.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Author of "Makanna" announces a Novel, founded on the fearful realities in which Miss Blandy and the Honourable Captain Cranston were so deeply involved.

In the Press, "Corn Law Rhymes;" the Third Volume of the Works of Ebenezer Elliott will appear in the ensuing month. Amongst its contents will be found some of the earliest productions of this talented Writer, without any political allusions, which were almost unheeded at the time of their publication—Southey alone addressing him to this effect: "There is power in the least serious of these tales, but the higher you pitch your tone the better you succeed. Thirty years ago they would have made your reputation; thirty years hence the world will wonder that they did not do so."

In the Press, and shortly will be published, "Rainbow Sketches," consisting of Comic and Serious Tales, Poems, &c., by John Francis.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 24th ult., Lady C. Abernethy, of a daughter, that lived a few hours.

Lately, the Countess Poulett, of a son.

On the 3rd ult., at East Sheen, Lady Charlotte Pemblyn, of a daughter, still-born.

At Hadham Lordship, the lady of H. G. Ward, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 5th ult., at Shugborough, the Countess of Lichfield, of a son.

On the 4th ult., the Baroness De Biel, of a daughter.

On the 5th ult., at Evington, the lady of Sir J. E. Honeywood, Bart., of a daughter.

On the 11th ult., in Belgrave Square, the Countess of Pomfret, of a daughter.

On the 6th ult., in Eaton Place, the lady of Captain H. Portman, of a son and heir.

On the 17th ult., in Charles street, Berkeley Square, the Hon. Mrs. Ferguson, of a son.

On the 15th ult., in Upper Gloucester Place, the lady of J. Searle, jun., Esq., of a daughter.

At Florence, on the 3rd ult., the lady of J. Hills, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 16th ult., in Tavistock Square, the lady of B. B. Williams, Esq., of a son.

At Prince Edward's Island, on the 22nd of January, the lady of J. P. Collins, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 14th ult., at Salcombe House, Devon, the lady of J. P. Cockburn, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 16th ult., at Wiganthorpe Park, Yorkshire, the lady of William Garforth, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 2nd ult., at Eltham, Kent, the lady of T. Lewin, Esq., of a son.

In Queen Square, Bloomsbury, Mrs. Frederick R. Gore, of a daughter.
The lady of A. Cohen, Esq., of Magdalen Row, Great Prescott Street, of a daughter.

Mrs. Taylor, the celebrated authoress of "Lumi-Solar, and Orrery Tables," "Navigation Simplified," &c., of a son, East Street, Red Lion Square.

At Frankfort-on-the-Maine, the lady of R. Koch, Esq., His Britannic Majesty's Vice-Consul, of a daughter.

At Stranton Vicarage, county of Durham, the wife of the Rev. R. Webster, of a daughter.

At Paris, the lady of Charles P. Vale, Esq., of a daughter.

In Upper Brook Street, Lady Louisa Finch, of a son and heir.

At Bexley House, the Viscountess Marshal of a son, who survived but a few hours.

MARRIAGES.

On the 12th ult., at St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Rev. George Millett, M.A., Daniel Burges, jun., Esq., of Clifton, to Eliza Mary, second daughter of Benjamin Travers, Esq., of Bruton Street.

On the 9th ult., at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Christian Alhusen, Esq., Charlotte Square, to Anne, daughter of John Shield, Esq., of High Claremont Place, near Newcastle.

On the 2nd ult., at the Catholic Chapel, Lincoln's Inn-fields, by the Rev. Dr. Baldecomini, and afterwards at St. Pancras New Church, Mr. T. Reynolds, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. William Frost, of Holborn.

On the 3rd ult., at St. Pancras New Church, S. Lane, Esq., eldest son of S. Lane, Esq., of Lynn, Norfolk, to Catherine Jane, second daughter of the late Rev. T. Bowys.

On the 3rd ult., Captain H. Fane, 4th Dragoon Guards, son of General Sir Henry Fane, G.C.B. to Miss Christine Roche, niece and co-heiress of the late General Sir Philip Keating Roche, K.C.B.

On the 28th ult., at Trinity Church, St. Marylebone, Lieut.-General Gosselin, to Miss Priscilla Dimsdale, of Brunswick Place, Regent's Park.


On the 18th of November last, at Tellycherry, Madras, Captain William John Butterworth, Acting Deputy Quartermaster-General of the Madras Army, to Harriet, second daughter of S. Nicholls, Esq.

On the 18th ult., at St. George's Church, Lawrence, son of Ormerod Heyworth, Esq., of Everett, to Charlotte Matilda, daughter of the late John Kayne, Esq., of New York.

Mr. Wm. Brown, of Sudbury, Suffolk, to Anne, youngest daughter of Mr. H. W. Gilbert, Redbourn, Herts.

DEATHS.

On the 24th ult., at Bitton, near Teignmouth, in the 79th year of his age, W. Mackworth Praed, Esq., Serjeant-at-Law.

At Calculta, on the 28th of September last, in his 19th year, John J. Shank, Esq., of the civil service, second son of H. Shank, Esq., of Gloucester Place.

On the 24th ult., at Ashdown House, the Hon. Mrs. Fuller, daughter of Lord Heathfield, and mother of Sir Trayton Fuller Elliott Drake, Bart. This lady was linearly descended from Sir Francis Drake, the first circumnavigator.

On the 3rd ult., at the house of Lord Arden in St. James's Place, London, the Hon. Caroline Lady Heathcote, the widow of Sir William Heathcote, Bart., of Hinsley Park.

On the 3rd ult., in Montagu Street, Portland Square, Christiana, relict of the late Magnus Morton Herbert, of the Island of Nevis, Esq.

On the 2nd of October, at Tittyghur, Maria wife of Theodore Dickens, Registrar of the Supreme Court of Calculta, and youngest daughter of the late John Bridgman, Esq.

On the 3rd ult., at the Lodge, South Lambeth, Major-general Thomas Hardwicke, Bengal Artillery, aged 79.

On the 23rd ult., at Frankfort-sur-Maine, aged 32, Stephen, second son of the late Capt. Cumberlidge, of the East India Company's service.

On the 7th ult., Mr. W. Jeffery, bookseller, Pall-mall.

On the 8th ult., at her house at Homerton, after a lingering illness, much regretted, Mrs. Elizabeth Portal, the daughter of Mr. Wm. Portal, formerly of Bishopsgate street, London, in the 79th year of her age.

At Millbrook, Cornwall, at the advanced age of 100 years, Mrs. Broad.

At Bayfield House, Bathwick-hill, aged 86, Mrs. Sarah Frowd, eldest sister of Dowager Viscountess Exmouth.

After a short illness, Lady Halsted, the lady of Sir L. W. Halsted, K.C.B. and eldest daughter of the late Lord Exmouth.

On the 18th ult., William Hore, Esq., of Copthall Court, aged 66.

On the 16th ult., Jane, fifth daughter of Mr. B. Standring, Minorities.

On the evening of the 11th ult., suddenly, at his house in Upper Grosvenor Street, Henry Bertram Ogle, Esq., aged 61.

On the 7th ult., Charles James Coverly, Esq., of Providence Row, Finsbury, and Lewisham, Kent, in his 73rd year.

On the 10th ult., at Woolwich, Frances Charlotte Romer, second daughter of Captain Romer, Royal Artillery, aged 17.

On the 8th ult., at the Grove, Hackney, Eliza, wife of Mr. John W. Scott, of the Stock Exchange.
THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF MAY, 1835.

EVENING DRESSES.—SITTING FIGURE.

The robe is composed of pale blue gaze sul-
thide over pout de soie to correspond. Low
corsage, plain behind, but draped horizontally
before. A row of tulle blonde, set in rather full,
borders the chemisette, rises above the corsage,
and delicately shades the bosom. Beret sleeves,
traversed obliquely by bands of blue gauze
ribbon, with a rich satin stripe at each edge;
knots are placed on the bands at regular
distances. The front of the dress is ornamented
with two rows of bands and knots, which
descend from the cincture to the bottom of the
waist. A bouquet of exotics with their foliage
is placed in each knot. The hair is parted à
la Madonn, on the forehead, arranged in a
round knot behind, and ornamented with a
full blown rose and foliage placed two on one
side. Blue satin slippers. White kid gloves.
Scarf à la Taglioni, of white Grenadine gauze,
bordered and figured with gold.

STANDING FIGURE.

White satin or pout de soie under dress, a
low corsage, the front square, and ornamented
en treillage with narrow rose-leaves of rose
noisette satin, they are placed perpendicularly;
a full quilting of blond lace borders the top of
the corsage, and stands up round the bust.
Open robe of rose noisette erare; the corsage
is plain, and of the same height as the white
one behind; it is open before, and descends in
longitudinal folds on each side, displaying the
trimming of the under dress, it meets at the
bottom of the waist, which is encircled by a
band of figured pout de soie ribbon, tied in a
short bow with long floating ends. Beret
sleeves, a bouquet of red moss roses is attached
among the folds about the centre of the sleeve,
by a knot of rose-coloured satin ribbon. The
skirt, open down the front, is trimmed down
the sides and round the border with a triple
fold of satin corresponding with the robe, it is
laid on in light waves. The hair is arranged
at the sides in tresses à la Clotilde; the hind
hair disposed in platted braids, is wound round
the summit of the head in the form of a coro-
net; two rose-coloured ostrich feathers placed
within it, droup to the back of the head; a
gold circlet completes the ornaments of the
corseture. Gold ear-rings of a new form. Rose-
coloured pout de soie slippers. Black lace
gloves.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND
DRESS.

Silk pelisses, both open and closed, are ex-
pected to be very fashionable this month in
curriage dress. They are composed of pout de
soie, gros d’été, and other silks of a very rich
kind. Some have the corsage nearly covered
by a pelerine which crosses on the bosom, and
has a square collar. Others have a high cor-
sage, trimmed with a drapery which comes
from the shoulders to the waist; it is com-
posed of three folds on each side; a small
torsade formed of two pipings, goes down the
centre of the corsage in front. The skirts of
these latter are closed before, and trimmed
with folds in the form of a tablier. Some of
the others have the skirts fastened down the
side by knots of ribbon. There are some also
closed, and these latter are trimmed with
pattes of a very novel kind, edged with an
exceedingly light and pretty fancy silk trim-
ning. Though nothing can yet be said to be
decided as to the form of dresses, it is however
certain, that their enormous width will be
considerably diminished. So, also, will that
of sleeves, though they are expected to re-
main full at the bottom. Pelerines will be
a little smaller, and in general more open on
the bosom. Several of the new ones are made
with points, which pass under the cincture,
but do not extend below it, but the greater
number are open upon the bosom, so as to
display the front of the pelisse.

Robes, in morning or half dress, do not as
yet present any striking alterations in the form.
Although several new materials have appeared,
it is supposed that summer silks of delicate
patterns will be preferred this month. The
prettiest of these are the quadrilled gros de
Naples, with a white or light-coloured ground, and a flower in each square; those that have the ground of the colour of unbleached linen, with the square of one shade of green, and the flower of another, are likely to be much in favour. Lilac and white, poussetè and rose, are also good contrasts; plain pou de soie of that rich kind, called gros grains, figured pou de soie, and Gros d’été, will be in favour for robes.

Persian shawls are an elegant spring novelty, the grounds are at once rich and light, the patterns are interlaced and shaded quite in the Asiatic style. Plaid satin shawls, though rather too showy in our opinion, are very likely to be fashionable; they have very large squares, with highly raised flowers in the centre of each, and a long fringe.

Rice straw, gros de Naples glacé, and pou de soie, will be employed both for hats and bonnets. It is expected that plain materials will be preferred, except for drawn bonnets, for which gros de Naples, quadridelled in two colours, will no doubt be very fashionable. We believe already seen a good many of white and rose, white and lilac, and white and green. Some are trimmed in a light and simple style, with gauze ribands to correspond. Others have a light sprig of flowers placed in a knot of riband on one side. Where the bonnet is of plain silk, it is always ornamented with a sprig of flowers, either white or to correspond; lilacs, roses, and hyacinths, are very generally employed.

Some change, but as yet a trifling one, has taken place in the form of hats, the brim shorter at the ears and wider across the forehead, is, we think, more generally becoming. The crowns are wider, they are still of the conical form, but only slightly so, and are placed farther back than they have lately been worn. Rice straw hats will be quite as fashionable in evening-dress as they were last season, and it is supposed that they will be generally trimmed with feathers. Flowers will be universally adopted in half-dress, those of a rare kind, such as exotics, and others that have been but recently cultivated, are expected to be the most fashionable.

The only novelties worth our fair readers’ attention in evening-dress, are those we have given in our engraving. Where the head-dress is not of hair, turbans continue in a majority; and those à la Pride, have lost nothing of their vogue. Fashionable colours are expected to be apple and emerald green, primrose, dust-colour, blue, lilac, and different shades of rose.

**Costume of Paris.—By a Parisian Correspondent.**

New materials for dresses are this year very numerous. Several of these for morning negligé, are of the finest Cashmere wool, and a lighter kind than Chali. These are the Etoffes à la Juive, the foulards de laine, both plain and printed, and the mousselines de laine, these latter are printed in very small patterns, it is supposed that they will be the only ones adopted in morning negligé. Plaid silks foulards, laines rubannés, and tissus Manufature, are a mixture of silk and wool, some in large and some in small patterns, for half-dress. Printed organdis, though not yet adopted, are likely to be very fashionable, both patterns and colours are of a delicate kind. Clear India muslin, a white ground figured in squares, with a filet of purple Cashmere, is also half-dress material, the high price of which renders it likely to be fashionable.

Silks are the only materials for promenade robes and redingtones; a beautiful kind of gros de Naples, called Haitienne. Furry taffœus, striped, plaids, and plain, figured and quadreiled, gros de Naples, and pou de soie of different kinds, seem all in equal favour. The redingote form is that principally adopted. Many are made closed down the side by knots of a different and strongly contrasted colour; the lining of the pelisse corresponds, and forms a piping round the edge. Pelerines are for the most part rounded in front, and only meet at the throat, this fashion is very advantageous to the shape. Sleeves are decidedly smaller, they are for the most part made à la Ferronière, that is to say, full at the bottom, but with the fulness confined at regular distances by bands.

Gros de Milan, double pou de soie, and gros de Naples glacé, begin to be employed for hats and bonnets; a good many of the latter are of the drawn kind, composed of plaid ribands, trimmed with knots of riband to correspond, and flowers in which the different colours of the riband are united. The brims, both of hats and bonnets are smaller, and stand more off the face than they did last year. The interior of the brim is very full trimmed with flowers and ribands, which, as the brims are now rather wide, is generally becoming. Paille de riz, which for so many seasons has been the most fashionable material for hats and bonnets, is expected to be as much as ever in favour. The majority of the hats composed of it are trimmed with white ostrich feathers.

It is certain, that as the season advances, white will be in favour, both in morning and evening dress. Some pelisse robes of cambrie have already been made for the former; the skirts are richly embroidered in the tablier form before, the corsege half high, with a very deep-collair trimmed with Brussels lace. Sleeves à la Ferronière, the bands edged with narrow Brussels lace, so were also the long ends of the cambrie ceinture.

It is expected that lingerie will be this season in very great request, both in morning and half-dress. Collars for the former are round
and small, and in general very full of work. Those for half-dress are larger, the embroidery is usually of a lace pattern, and they are bordered with Brussels or English point lace. Collars are now always single. Pelerines offer a variety of forms, as yet there is no saying which will be preferred, nor do we perceive any actual novelty in them. The most elegant are of Indian muslin, embroidered en armure, the work covers the bosom: this is an exceedingly rich style. The fichu à la Paysanne, are an elegant accessory to half dress, they are embroidered in a serpentine pattern in cordednet, interspersed with bouquets.

Riband scarfs are expected to continue in favour, some new ones have appeared of plain gros de Naples, bordered on each side by a wreath of flowers. The new ceintures are also of plain riband, edged either with a couloured sleipe, or a very narrow many coloured border.

Among the new materials that are expected to be fashionable in evening dress, we may cite the tissu Memphis d'été of Silk and Cashmere wool; tissu Dorcas, a new silk, printed in large patterns; taftetas Jane Grey, in broad stripes, and gros de Naples Écossais. The colours expected to be in favour are écrù, poussière, pale blue, Scabieuse, girloffée, mais, green and rose of different shades.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MRS. LOUDON, the Author of "First Love," has in the Press a new work, to be called "Philanthropic Economy," or the Philosophy of Happiness, practically applied to the social, political, and commercial relations of Great Britain.

A political and heroic Poem will be published in the course of a few days, entitled "The Prime Minister," dedicated to the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M.P., portraying the present great crisis of the country, the relation of Mr. O'Connell to the government, and the conduct of the late Premier, and the late opposition. By a Peer.


Mr. Stanfield, the eminent Marine Painter, is now preparing for publication, a series of Views in the British Channel, and on the Coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, and other picturesque portions of the European Continent.

MRS. J. K. Stanford, Author of "The Stoic," has a volume in the Press, under the title of "A Lady's Gift, or Woman as she ought to be."

Lieutenant Allen, of the Navy, has just completed a Series of Picturesque Views in the Island of Ascension, accompanied by a highly interesting description of its singular aboriginal inhabitants; its Mountains, Caverns, Precipices, and the various productions of this extraordinary portion of our Globe.

The Rev. A. Smith has a work in the Press, entitled, "An Essay towards a more exact Analysis of the Moral Perceptions: with a view to determine the ultimate essence of Right and Wrong, and illustrate the principles of Theology, Jurisprudence and general Politics.

In the Press, by the Author of "Old Maids," The Husband's Book, or the Book of Married Life.

Plebeians and Patricians, a Novel, is now preparing for early publication.

Mr. G. I. Bennett, the Author of "The Albanians," is about to publish a Novel, entitled "The Empress."

Mr. John Murray, of Montreal, has sent home a little Work for publication in this country, entitled, "The Emigrant and Traveller's Guide to and through Canada, by way of the River St. Lawrence, as well as by way of the United States of America."

A little volume of devotional poesy will appear next week, under the title of "A Voice from the Dormitory."

Early in May will appear a pious effusion entitled, "Spiritual Food for the Spiritual Mind."

The Rev. R. Spence Hardy, having recently returned from the Missionary Station at Ceylon, by way of the Red Sea, Egypt, Syria, Palestine, &c., has just produced a volume with plates, entitled, "Notices of the Holy Land."

Lieutenant H. Lyster Maw's Statement in reply to a letter from Captain James Scott, R. N., which appeared in the United Service Journal for April, will be published on the 5th instant.

In the Press, and shortly will appear, in one volume crown 8vo., "The History of the Assassins," by the Chevalier Joseph Von Hammer, translated from the German, by Oswald Charles Wood, M.D. &c.
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.
At Broomey, the Hon. Lady Ramsay, of Balmain, of a daughter.
At Edinburgh, the Hon. Mrs. Liddell, of a daughter.
The lady of Albert Green, Esq., surgeon, 11, Nottingham Terrace, Regent’s Park, of a son.
At Salisbury, the lady of A. Fane, Esq., of a daughter.
At Edinburgh, the lady of J. Osborne, Esq., of a daughter.
At the Hon. Lady Stuart’s, Richmond-park, Lady Vere Cameron, of a son and heir.
At Bevis Hill, near Southampton, the lady of J. E. Falwasser, Esq., of twin sons.
Beaumont-street, the lady of Major H. H. Farquharson, of a daughter.
At Upper Clapton, Mrs. Greatorex, of a daughter.
The lady of J. Stewart, Esq., of Clapham, Yorkshire, of a daughter.
At Lindsley, Mrs. Applethwaite, of a daughter.
On the 25th October, at St. Thomas’s Mount, Madras, the lady of Lieut. A. F. Oakes, Horse Artillery, of a son.

MARRIAGES.
At St. James’s Church, W. W. Pearson, Esq., to Lady Angela Alexander, daughter of the Earl of Stirling.
At St. Marylebone Church, J. C. Chaplin, Esq., of Birmingham, to Matilda Adriana Ayrton, only daughter of the late F. Ayrton, Esq., of Bombay.
At Lee, J. T. Mitchell, Esq., to Isabella, daughter of Capt. J. Young.
At St. George’s, Hanover-square, Mr. Webster, to Miss Claperton, of Curzon-street.
At St. George’s, Bloomsbury, J. A. Mello, Esq., of St. Andrew’s-place, Regent’s-park, to Anne Caroline, eldest daughter of the late T. R. Andrews, Esq., of Upper Bedford-place, Russell-square.
At the Bavarian Chapel, and afterwards at St. Martin’s-in-the-Fields, Captain J. H. Wood, of the Royal Artillery, to Maria Sophia, second daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Campbell, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

At All Souls’ Church, Marylebone, Major Frederick Hill, 53rd Regiment, brother of Sir Rowland Hill, Bart., M.P., to Maria Jane, only daughter of the late Major J. D. Bringham, King’s Dragoon Guards.
At St. Mary’s, Bryanston Square, Nathaniel Goldsmid, Esq., of Lincoln’s Inn, Barristerat-law, eldest son of Edward Goldsmid, Esq., of Upper Harley-street, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Brett, Esq., of Spring Grove, Kent.

DEATHS.
Henry David Inglis, Esq., son of the late Henry David Inglis, Esq., Advocate, and Author of “Spain in 1830,” “The Channel Islands,” “A Journey through Ireland, in 1834,” &c., &c.
At the Rectory House, in his 58th year, the Rev. Thomas Lane Freer, M.A., Rector of Handsworth, Staffordshire.
C. R. Rowatt, Mate of His Majesty’s ship Astrea, and eldest son of the Rev. C. R. Rowlatt, of Bromley, Middlesex.
At Greenwich, Mrs. Ann Morgan, eldest daughter of the late David Walter Morgan, LL.D., Confessor, &c. to his late Majesty George the Third, and Vicar of Little Leighs, in the county of Essex.
At his house in Spring Gardens, William George Maton, M.D., &c., &c., in his 61st year.
At her house, Manor Place, Edinburgh, Agnata Frances, Lady Ramsay, widow of Sir William Ramsay, of Bamff, Bart.
At the Promenade, after a few hours’ illness, Anna, the beloved wife of the Rev. R. Dickson, and sister to Sir William Chatterton, Bart.
On Thursday, the 2nd inst., Sophia, the wife of A. A. Goldsmid, Esq., of Cavendish-square, aged 36, to the great affliction of her family and friends.
Aged 74, at East Bourne, the Right Hon. Elizabeth Countess Dowager of Burlington.
At Forest-place, Leytonstone, Miss Gale, aged 63.
At Margate, Benjamin Blackmore, Esq., aged 69.
At Hythe, Mrs. Amelia Barry, aged 90.
In the Close, on the 29th of March, in the 14th year of her age, Emily, youngest daughter of the Rev. T. Garnier, Prebendary of Winchester Cathedral.
At Blackheath, in consequence of scarlet fever, aged two years, Arthur, youngest son of E. Holroyd, Esq., one of the Commissioners of his Majesty’s Court of Bankruptcy.
At his residence, 47, Grand Parade, Brighton, Rebecca Ann, wife of Sir R. Hunter.
In Grafton-street, aged 78, J. Blackwood, Esq., formerly of Canada.
Evening Dresses.
FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE, 1835.

COURT DRESS.

_Tulle_ robe over white satin. Square corsage trimmed with blond lace, bouffant sleeves with blond sabots and manchettes. A white and red moss rose with foliage adorns each shoulder, and the front of each sleeve near the bottom; a similar bouquet is attached at the ceinture by rich pale rose-coloured gauze riband, forming a long twisted noed of a novel kind. A blond lace drapery aigraffed near the bottom by corresponding bouquets, but of a larger size, is attached on the front of the skirt by a rich gauze riband. Train of rich rose-coloured _gros de Naples_ broché; it is bordered with blond lace, which is surmounted by a trimming _en bouillon_ of rose gauze riband, with a knot between each _bourillon_, in which a spig of white roses is inserted. Head dress, emeralds, and a profusion of white ostrich feathers. Parure gold and emeralds.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

Although silk pelisses are still fashionable in carriage dress, they begin to be partially superseded by robes, the major part of which are as yet of figured or quadrilled _gros de Naples_. Others are of materials of the half-transparent kind, composed either wholly of fine Cashmere wool, or of a mixture of silk and wool; those of small patterns and delicate colours are decidedly preferred. The pelisse or peignoir form is almost the only one adopted either for morning or half dress, round dresses being confined almost exclusively to full dress. An attempt has been made to bring up again the Amadis sleeves, but it appears certain that it will not succeed. Indeed the alteration that began last month to take place in the width of sleeves has remained stationary, and though their size is diminished, it is by no means so much as was expected. The same may be said of the skirts of dresses; they continue to be made long, but not ungracefully so. The principal novelty in morning dress is a mode of cutting the sleeve in such a manner as to set it in without any plaits round the arm hole, which, however, does not prevent it from being excessively wide on the shoulder. We consider that this adds much to the grace of the figure, but it is necessary to say that it is not generally adopted. Another innovation that appears to us a very happy one, is a drapery for the front of pelerines; this is a fashion which we believe is very likely to take, as it adds much to the beauty of the shape.

We may now consider the forms of hats and bonnets as settled for the season; the brims are, we think, a full inch larger than they were during the winter, but there is more latitude given to the taste of the wearer, for they may be open or close according to her fancy. Flowers are now rarely used for trimming the interior of hats or bonnets in half dress; the curtains at the backs of crowns are made of an unbecoming length and fulness. Drawn bonnets have lost something of their vogue: the most novel are those of _gros de Naples_, the colour of unbleached cambric, trimmed with ribands plaied in the same colour and rose, and lined with rose-coloured _gros de Naples_. This is a neat morning bonnet. Sewed Italian straw hats, trimmed with white ostrich feathers, are coming much into favour. There is quite a rage for rice straw; we see it employed for the plain morning bonnet, adorned only with a simple knot and _brides_ of riband; for the elegant half dress hat, with a round _erose_ brim, and cone crown wreathed with riband and crowned with flowers, a few light buds of which are intermixed with the blond lace that trims the interior of the brim; and for the evening dress _chapeau_, the brim turned up in front by an ornament composed of riband. A superb bouquet of ostrich feathers, a band, a knot, and perhaps floating ends of riband behind decorate the crown. The intermixture of flowers and feathers in the trimming of hats, which has been so long in favour, is now upon the decline.

There is a great variety of new and beautiful ribands both for hats and scarfs. The _ruban fleur des champs_ is flowered in a beautiful and delicate pattern, those with fringed _dents_ are
FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1835.

extremely rich; the Bayaderes and the gass oiseau are of a lighter but a very pretty kind.

White jacornot or mull muslin is much in favour in morning dress. These peignoirs are always embroidered, and worn with a pelerine worked to correspond. Pelerines are made of different forms; those of a round shape are shorter than last year in front, and those with a point, which passes under the ceinture, are cut out upon the bust so as to display the shape. The most elegant of these dresses have the embroidery edged with Valenciennes lace. Embroidery was never more in favour than this year, and it is remarkable both for beauty and richness. Fashionable colours are those which we last month said were expected to be in favour.

COSTUME OF PARIS.—BY A PARISIAN CORRESPONDENT.

Pelisse robes, or peignoir of light materials, with rich grenadine gauze shawls, or those broad riband scarfs called étolées, are now universally adopted in promenade dress. Etoffes à la Juive, mousselines de laisne, and other materials of a similar kind, are more in favour than printed muslins, though the latter begin to be in request, as do also white ones.

Lingerie enjoys a degree of favour hitherto unknown; manchettes and collars, or pelerines, are indispensable in morning dress, even of the plainest kind. Those of embroidered cambric are most in favour for morning négligé. There is no settled form for collars: they are worn large or small, round or square, but for undress the embroidery round the border should be narrow; caps are also indispensable in morning deshabille; those that are quite for négligé are frequently composed of fine clear muslin, with low caul; a border of Valenciennes lace falling on the hair, and embroidered muslin lappets instead of bridcs.

Pelerines for half dress, or for the promenade, are of different kinds. Some are of organdi à triple pelerine, each fall bordered with a deep hem, through which a rich riband of some light colour is passed; the scarf ends shorter than they were made last year, pass under the ceinture, which is composed of a riband to correspond, but broader; it is tied in a bow in front; the neck knot corresponds. Other pelerines, either round or pointed, are very thickly covered with embroidery, and edged with lace. Several are finished round the top by a trimming formed of coques of riband.

The materials mentioned in our last number are those in favour for hats and bonnets, with the addition of crape, and Italian straw; the latter, particularly the sewed kind, is in great request. Bonnets have this season lost the simplicity which used to distinguish them; they are, except for the early morning walk, quite as much decorated as hats, with the single exception of long white ostrich feathers, which are confined to the latter only.

Caps in half dress have the trimming of the front rather high; those in which the lace is disposed in three points, the centre large, the side ones lower over the forehead, are very pretty. A ferronière of flowers, if we may so call it, crosses the lace near the forehead, it terminates in a small tuft of flowers at each side, the trimming of the front narrowing by degrees, descends en cornette under the chin. Another pretty style of cap has a narrow lace laid flat on the hair, and a full trimming turned back all round.

Black mittens are still in request in half dress, but they are now embroidered in coloured silks, and edged with raw silk fringe.

Organdi, both plain and sprigged, with coloured cashmere worsted, is very fashionable in evening négligé. Some dresses of the former are made en peignoir, with a body almost up to the throat, and encircled at top with a full ruche of Valenciennes lace. Similar ruches go round the shoulders, and the bottom of the long sleeves, and a corresponding ruche closes the robe down the front. Although this is a very expensive dress, it is nevertheless, both in form and in the lace, an innovation, Valenciennes being always hitherto confined to morning dress. Although the materials mentioned last month are fashionable in evening dress, they are not so much in favour as white gaze or tulle over gros de Naples to correspond. We have seen some pretty dresses of these materials; with the sleeve of the beret kind, disposed in large hollow plaits, in each of which was a flower. The front draped very full across, had a single flower partially seen among the folds on each side, the bottom of the skirt was looped about half way to the knee on each side, by a knot of riband, in which a bouquet of flowers is inserted. This style of ornament appears to us lighter and more graceful than the tabliers which have been so long in vogue.

Besides the colours mentioned in our last number, we may cite as most fashionable, lilac, and a new shade of green vert, Lacordaire. It is called, strange to say, after a celebrated preacher, who has severely censured the present expensive style of ladies' dress.
DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

EVENING DRESSES.

STANDING FIGURE.
A robe of white crape, embroidered in very small gold sprigs. A broad hem surrounds the dress, bordered with a light wreath of gold; very full short sleeves, looped in three places with sprigs of flowers. The corsage of white satin, cut low and square behind, with very full drapery of white satin fastened with sprigs of gold. The hair is parted so as to display the whole of the forehead, and descends in long tire-bouchons on each side. The hair is plaited, and arranged in a low round knot at the back of the head. A gold wreath encircles the head, it is placed far back. Massive gold ear-rings. Straw-coloured grenadine gauze scarf. White pou de soie slippers. White kid gloves embroidered in straw-coloured silk.

SITTING FIGURE.
A white crape dress worn over white satin, the corsage low, with plain back, and the drapery crossed on the front. The brooch fastened sufficiently low to display a little of the blonde chemisette. Very full sleeves finished by a ruche of blonde; a small mantilla completes the back and shoulders, with a double row of blonde lace. An embroidered wreath of moss roses, with buds and foliage, goes round the skirt and up the front. A band of riband, commencing at the waist and terminating at the bottom of the dress with a bow, and edged with blonde lace, finishes the petticoat. The hair is dressed very flat on the summit of the head, and in long loose ringlets at the sides; two moss roses are placed in the plait, which is surrounded by a wreath of rose-buds. White satin slippers; white kid gloves.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In the Press, "Landscape Illustrations of Moore's Irish Melodies, with Comments for the Curious. To be completed in three or four Parts.

Lady Raffles is preparing for publication, an octavo edition of "The Memoir of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles."

Just published, in one volume 8vo., "Relics of the Sacred Ministry, being Thirteen Discourses by the late Rev. Philip Bearcroft, D.D., Master of the Charter House, Prebendary of Ely, and Clerk of the Closet to George II."


"The National, Municipal and Parochial Register.

"The Railway Magazine," to be published monthly.


Mrs. Joanna Baillie has in the Press three new Volumes of Dramas on the Passions, and Miscellaneous Dramas.

The Nineteenth Part of "Views in England and Wales, from Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A., with Descriptive and Historic Illustrations, by H. E. Lloyd, Esq.," in 4to., will be published shortly.

The Second Part of "Practical Observations on the immediate Treatment of the Principal Emergencies that occur in Surgery and Midwifery, systematically arranged by W. S. Oke, M.D.," is nearly ready.


"Lectures on Diseases of the Chest," By Thomas Davis, M.D.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.
On the 22nd March, in the Danish Island of St. Cris, the Lady of R. J. Grant, Esq., of a daughter.
In Harley-street, the Countess of Kerry, of a daughter.
In Gloucester-place, Portman-square, the lady of J. Shepherd, Esq., of a daughter.
At Cambridge-terrace, Hyde Park, the lady of the Rev. G. Musgrave, of a son.
At Charlton, the lady of Major G. Browne, of a son.
In Surrey-street, Strand, the lady of Mr. Crosse, of a daughter.
At Stone, Kent, the lady of the Rev. F. Heberden, of a daughter, still-born.
At Crooknecklee, near Enniskillen, the lady of Colonel T. Stewart, of the Madras Army, of a son.

MARRIAGES.
At Bisham, Berks, T. E. Brinsden, Esq., of Great Marlow, to Sophia, youngest daughter of Mr. Rolls, sen., of the same place.
At St. Pancras Church, Mr. George Tonge, of Mecklenburgh-square, to Ann, eldest daughter of the late John Hodgkinson, Esq., of Stamford-street.
At St. Pancras New Church, Anne, eldest daughter of B. Hinton, Esq., of Kensington, to Thomas Jervis Amos, eldest son of the late T. S. Amos, Esq., of New South Wales.
At Finchley, W. E. Lake, Esq., of Finchley, to Sarah, youngest daughter of R. Wisdon, Esq., of the same place.
At St. George's Hanover-square, Sir R. A. Douglas, Bart., to Martha Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Joshua Rouse, Esq., of Blenheim House, Southampton.
At Jersey, C. G. Bonsall, Esq., of Aberystwith, to Ellen Louisa, daughter of the late Major E. Browne, of the Hon. East India Company.
At St. George's, Hanover-square, Colonel E. B. Frederick, of Berkeley-square, to Caroline Mowbray, third daughter of the late George Smith, Esq.
The Rev. E. H. Dawkins, Fellow of All Souls, and Vicar of Markham Clinton, Notts, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Sir W. H. Cooper, Bart., and widow of G. A. Dawkins, Esq.
At Bampton, Oxfordshire, the Rev. C. Rose, B.D., of Long Coombe, Oxfordshire, Rector of Cethington, Bucks, to Frances, daughter of the late W. Manley, Esq., one of his Majesty's Commissioners of Excise.

DEATHS.
At Ealing, aged 88, E. Roberts, Esq., for upwards of 61 years Clerk of the Pells in his Majesty's Exchequer.
At Clapham, aged 94, Mrs. Elizabeth Cook, widow of the celebrated circumnavigator, Captain James Cook.
In the Isle of Wight, aged 79, Walter Lock, Esq., Vice Admiral of the White.
Richard, eldest son of T. Jesson, Esq., of Westerham, Kent.
In Basinghill-street, Mr. T. Lorkin, aged 28.
At Brighton, the wife of James Bouwens, Esq.
At Penzance, R. Alexander, Esq., aged 87.
Sarah Georgiana, third daughter of R. Skynner, Esq., of Mortimer-street, aged 17.
At Brixton-hill, Mary Ann, youngest daughter of Joseph Morris, Esq.
At Southampton-row, J. Capper, Esq., aged 88.
At York-gate, Regent's-park, Capt. H. Kater, F.R.S.
Helen Maria, infant daughter of Mr. E. S. Meyer, of Bedford-street, Covent-garden.
At Homerton, Thomas Parker, Esq., aged 71.
At Brighton, Mrs. Mary Portis, aged 74.
Ferdinand, infant son of Mr. H. Emanuel, of Bury-street.
At Blackheath, aged 69, the Hon. Sir A. Legge, K.C.B., Admiral of the Blue.